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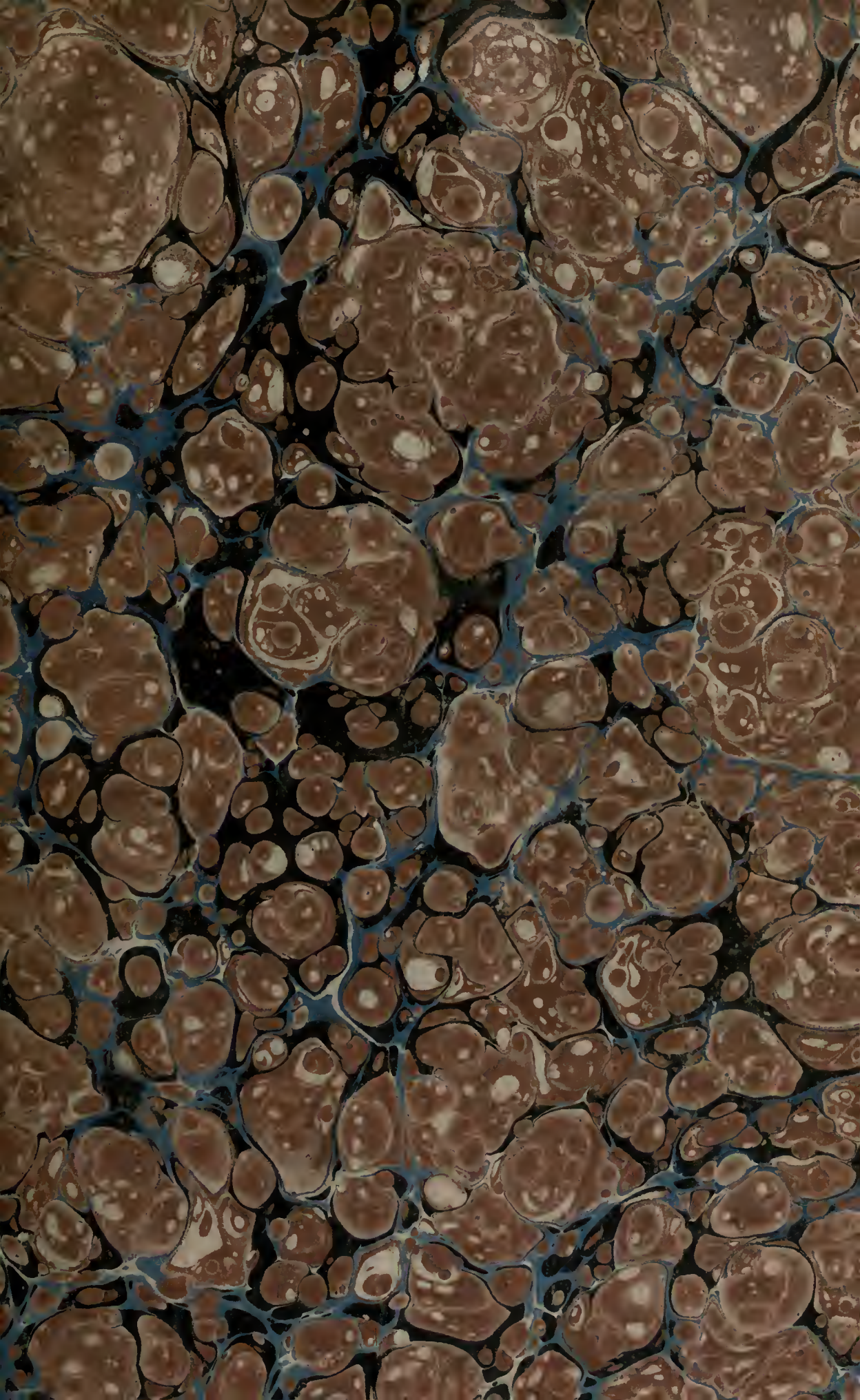

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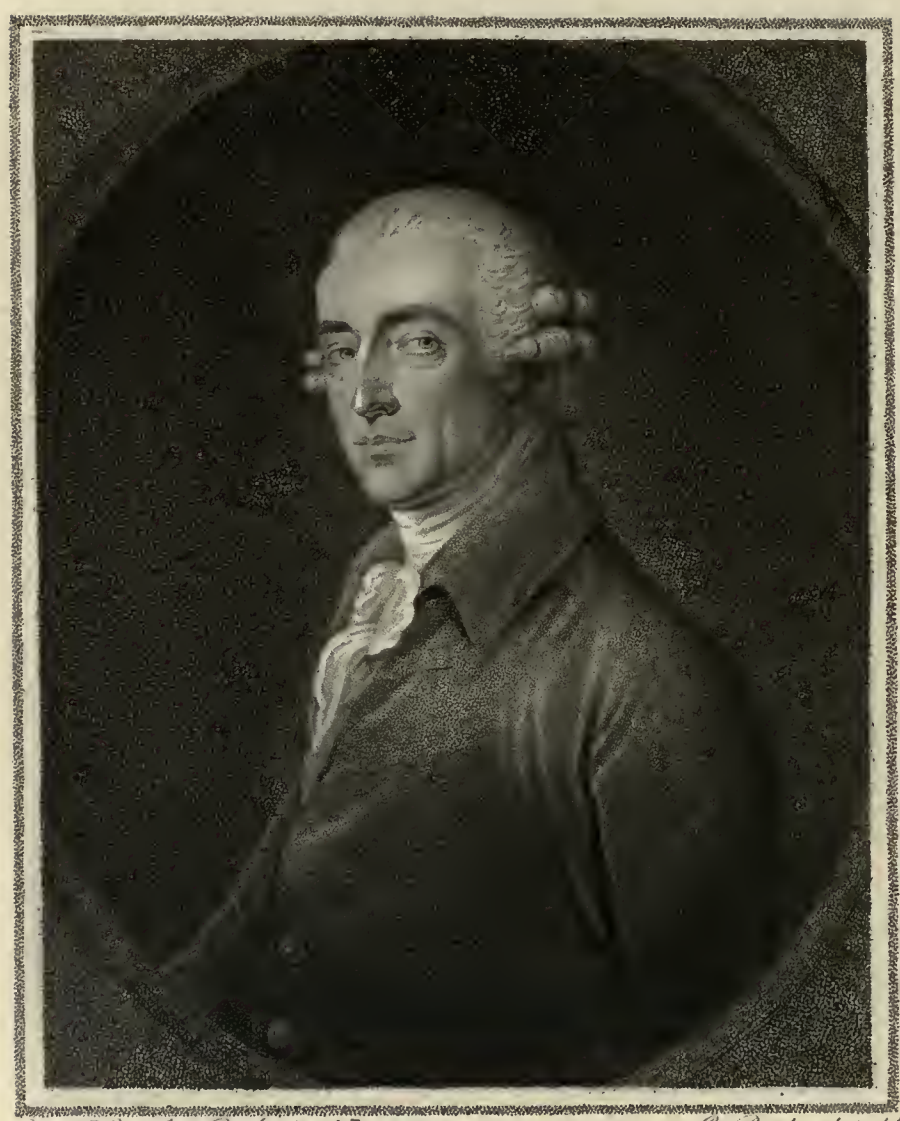

Ozias Humphry. R. A. pinxt — *C. Bestland Sculpt.*

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQR

ÆT. SV. LXI.

Pubd June 1. 1803, by C. Bestland, West End, Hampstead.

THE

WORKS

OF

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED:

WITH

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY HIS SON,

GEORGE OWEN CAMBRIDGE, M. A.

PREBENDARY OF ELY.

LONDON,

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N. B. The Book to be beat *before* the Prints are inserted.

N. B.

IT was the intention of the Editor, in the choice of the PORTRAITS, *to inſert ſuch only as had never before been publiſhed; this neceſſarily excluded many of the Author's literary friends, who are already at the head of their own works; but, in the two inſtances of Mr. Harris and Mr. Browne, this rule has been deviated from, at the expreſs deſire of their ſons, the Earl of Malmeſbury and Mr. Hawkins Browne, who each expreſſed their wiſh, that their Father's Portrait might appear among thoſe of the Author's moſt intimate and valued friends; ſo flattering a teſtimony of their reſpect for him could not be declined. The Editor has alſo to acknowledge his obligation to the Biſhop of Durham, for the uſe of a private plate of Lord Barrington.*

ERRATA.

In pp. 21. 27. and 361. *the middle* e *in the name of* Berkeley *is accidentally omitted.*

Page

59. line 6, *for* or *read* and.
131. In the note, *for* honore *read* honores.
197. In the note, *for* profilic *read* prolific.
231. In the note, *for* bed *read* bend.
268. line 10, *for* yon *read* you.
287. line 2, *for* modern *read* human.
355. line 2, *for* meux *read* maux.

In the laſt leaf of the Scribleriad, *for* page 244, *read* 238.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

AUTHOR.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

AUTHOR.

IN prefixing to this publication ſuch particulars, as may beſt delineate the life, character, and talents of the Author, I am influenced by very powerful motives. The ſolicitude I naturally feel at ſending into the world this edition of my Father's works, makes me wiſh, as far as poſſible, to fulfil the duty of his editor, by endeavouring to gratify that curioſity ſo generally entertained, of enquiring into the prevailing ſentiments and habits of thoſe, who have been at all diſtinguiſhed, or whoſe writings have attracted any ſhare of public attention. At the ſame time I do not ſcruple to acknowledge, that I am ſtill more ſtrongly impelled to it, by the high gratification afforded to my feelings, in paying this laſt and only remaining tribute of duty and affection to the memory of a revered parent; and in recording, I truſt for the benefit of others, thoſe virtues, the recollection of which is indelibly impreſſed on my own mind.

To this undertaking I am further encouraged, by the reflection that ſo much of my own life has been paſt in the enjoyment of my father's ſociety, and in the conſtant obſervation of his many eſtimable qualities, as enables me to aſſure the reader, that, whatever other attractions theſe memoirs may be thought to want, they will not be found deficient in thoſe eſſential parts of Biography, fidelity and truth. In order, however, to give to this account a ſanction of more unequivocal authority, than may perhaps be allowed to the affectionate intereſt and partial judgment of a ſon, I ſhall gladly avail myſelf of the voluntary teſtimonies, given by others to my father's virtues and talents, at different periods of his life; which coming chiefly from perſons, diſtinguiſhed for their accurate knowledge of the characters of mankind, and their ſkill in deſcribing them, will, I hope, be conſidered as furniſhing an additional weight to this relation, and render it more generally intereſting.

RICHARD CAMBRIDGE was born in London the 14th of February, in the year 1717. He was deſcended from a family, that had been for ſeveral generations eſtabliſhed in Glouceſterſhire: his father, being a younger brother, was bred to buſineſs as a Turkey merchant, and reſided chiefly in London until the time of his death, which happened not long after the birth of his ſon, who, upon this event, was left to the care of his mother, and of her brother, Thomas Owen, Eſq.

This gentleman had followed the profeſſion of the law, but was, at that time, retired to Britwell Place in Buckinghamſhire; and, as he had no children, he adopted his nephew as his future repreſentative, undertaking the ſuperintendence of his education, and receiving him at his houſe, during the vacations from ſchool and the univerſity.

My father was ſent early to Eton, where, amongſt his principal friends and aſſociates, were Mr. Bryant, Mr. Gray, Mr. Weſt, Mr. Aldworth Neville, Lord Sandwich, the Honourable Horace Walpole, Dr. Barnard (afterwards Maſter and Provoſt of Eton) Dr. Cooke (the late Dean of Ely) beſides many others, who became known in the world as men of taſte and learning, with moſt of whom he formed a friendſhip, which laſted through their reſpective lives.

Here alſo commenced that friendſhip with Mr. Henry Berkeley *, which, though diſſolved at an early period by his death, was, during its continuance, of the moſt affectionate kind, and left on the mind of his ſurviving friend a tender remembrance, and poignant regret for his loſs, which never were effaced.

To ſchool exerciſes my father profeſſed not to have paid laborious attention; and I have often heard him attribute his never having

* Henry Berkeley, Eſq. was the eldeſt ſon of Henry, third ſon of Charles ſecond Earl of Berkeley. He was a young man of very ſuperior and promiſing talents, who went early into the army, and was a Captain in the firſt regiment of foot guards, when he unfortunately loſt his life at the battle of Fontenoy, in the year 1745. The reader will find a pleaſing, and, I believe, a very correct delineation of the character of this my father's moſt favourite friend in early life, in a little poem entitled "Society", inſerted in this volume. It was unfiniſhed at the time of Mr. Berkeley's death, and, after that event, never was completed.

having received puniſhment to the good nature and forbearance of his maſter, Dr. George. But more, perhaps, was due, than he allowed or imagined, to an unuſual quickneſs of parts, which enabled him to acquire, whatever he applied his mind to, without much pains or exertion.

His time, however, at Eton was far from being idly ſpent, for whilſt he was ever foremoſt in the active ſports ſuited to his age, he ſtill found leiſure to read ſeveral of the Greek and Roman hiſtorians; but as Character was always his favourite ſtudy, the ancient dramatic writers, and other poets, by whom the paſſions of men are moſt correctly delineated, were preferred by him: with the beſt of theſe he was familiar before he went to the univerſity; and as he poſſeſſed a memory uncommonly retentive, what he had read at ſchool he could readily refer to at any ſubſequent part of his life, and name almoſt the page and line where the paſſage might be found. He was alſo converſant with the beſt writers of the Engliſh drama; of our own Shakſpeare he was a warm and judicious admirer, and had acted ſome of the principal parts in his and other of our beſt plays with ſingular ſucceſs. His performance of Falſtaff, and of Toriſmond in the Spaniſh Friar, were always mentioned by his ſchoolfellows as being particularly excellent, as alſo of Micio in the Adelphi of Terence. His chief aſſociates in theſe theatrical exerciſes, were Mr. Neville, Mr. Weſt, Dr. Barnard, Mr. Berkeley; and, in the Latin play, Mr. Bryant.

In

In the midſt of his application to graver ſtudies and theſe more lively exertions of genius, he manifeſted an early reliſh for the tranquil beauties of nature. The tranſparent ſtream of the Thames, and the pictureſque ſcenes in the neighbourhood of Eton and Windſor, appear to have made the ſame impreſſion upon his mind, as they did upon that of his ſchoolfellow Mr. Gray; and whilſt in the contemplative fancy of the one, they produced the celebrated Ode on a diſtant View of Eton College, they formed in the active mind of the other, a taſte for the varied combinations of wood, water, and lawn, which was exerciſed with great ſucceſs, firſt at his ſeat in Glouceſterſhire, and afterwards in the meadows at Twickenham: theſe exhibit a pleaſing memorial of his ſkill in landſcape ſcenery, the reliſh for which he always profeſſed to have acquired in the playing fields of Eton ſchool *.

From Eton my father was removed to St. John's college in Oxford, where he entered as a gentleman-commoner in 1734. His ſtudies at the univerſity were carried on much in the ſame manner as at Eton. No day was paſſed without ſome acquiſition

* Theſe particulars of my father's juvenile character and purſuits have been collected from converſations upon the ſubject with Mr. Neville, Dr. Barnard, the late Dean of Ely, and other friends of his youth, now no more. It is pleaſing to me to add, that ſince the above was written, every particular here ſtated, with many additional circumſtances, have been confirmed to me by his only ſurviving ſchoolfellow, the amiable and venerable Jacob Bryant, Eſq.: who ſays, that with the gayeſt ſpirits and moſt active diſpoſition, his propriety of conduct was ſo uniform, that he not only never was puniſhed for irregularity, but was regarded as a pattern of order and good behaviour, whilſt his ſweetneſs of temper and conſtant deſire to accommodate himſelf to others gained him the love of all, from his head maſter, Dr. George, to the leaſt boy in the ſchool.

ſition of knowledge, either in literature, mechanics, the polite arts, or other uſeful improvements: yet without any appearance of ſevere ſtudy, or of his wiſhing to be thought a diſtinguiſhed ſcholar.

During one of the Oxford vacations, he accepted from his ſchoolfellow, Mr. Horace Walpole, an invitation to King's College, Cambridge, where, after ſpending ſome time, they agreed to make the tour of Norfolk together, and conclude it by viſiting Houghton, at the time when the Congreſs was held there. This was an annual meeting, chiefly compoſed of perſons connected with Sir Robert Walpole in public life. The propoſal was gladly accepted by my father, who omitted no opportunity that offered of ſeeing and converſing with eminent men; in this viſit his curioſity was gratified by the ſight of ſome of the moſt diſtinguiſhed characters of the age. Amongſt others, whom I have heard him mention to have ſeen there for the firſt time, was, Holles Duke of Newcaſtle, long the prime miniſter of George the Second.

When the marriage of the Prince of Wales engaged the poetical talents of each univerſity, my father would willingly have declined a ſubject ſo little ſuited to his taſte or ſtyle of compoſition, which was chiefly of the humorous caſt; but, finding his college expected ſomething from his pen, he compoſed the poem that is inſerted in this volume; which was publiſhed with the other verſes ſpoken at Oxford on this occaſion.

As moſt of his Eton friends had gone to Cambridge, and as neither the ſociety of the college to which he belonged, nor the

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F. R. S.

the mode of ſtudy followed there were particularly ſuited to his choice, he was deſirous to leave Oxford before he was of ſufficient ſtanding for a degree, in the hope of rejoining at Lincoln's-Inn, ſome of the friends from whom he ſeparated on leaving Eton; he accordingly became a member of that ſociety in the year 1737.

It happened that his chambers were in the ſame ſtaircaſe with thoſe of Iſaac Hawkins Browne, Eſq. who had acquired, by his works then publiſhed, a high reputation both for the ſublime and playful kinds of poetry; and was not leſs celebrated for his wit and talents for converſation; which were ſo congenial to my father's taſte, that they led to a friendſhip, which laſted through the life of Mr. Browne, and deſcended to his ſon, the preſent member for Bridgenorth.

By Mr. Browne he was introduced to many literary acquaintance; he alſo found at Lincoln's-Inn his ſchoolfellow Mr. Henry Bathurſt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and commenced his friendſhip with the Honourable Charles Yorke, Mr. Wray*, and Mr. Edwards†.

Amongſt

* Daniel Wray, Eſq. was educated at the Charter-houſe, and at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was for many years a deputy-teller of the Exchequer under Philip, ſecond Earl of Hardwicke, with whom and other friends he was concerned in the Athenian Letters. He was a good ſcholar, equally converſant with claſſical and polite literature, and an eminent antiquary; nor was he leſs diſtinguiſhed for the goodneſs of his heart than the excellence of his underſtanding. He purchaſed a houſe at Richmond about the time my father ſettled at Twickenham, and a conſtant intercourſe was kept up between them until Mr. Wray's death in 1783.

† Thomas Edwards, Eſq. was the ſon of a barriſter, bred to the law, and a member of Lincoln's-Inn; but, being poſſeſſed of an independent fortune,

Amongſt theſe friends his time was agreeably and profitably ſpent; but it not being his intention to be called to the Bar, his deſire of improvement determined him to travel; for which, when every neceſſary arrangement was made, he was ſtopped by the hard froſt of the year 1739-40, which detained him the whole winter in London, and his plan never was reſumed.

Early in the ſpring he made a viſit to the houſe of George Trenchard, Eſq*. at Woolveton in Dorſetſhire, for whoſe ſecond daughter he had formed a previous attachment. To this lady he now made his propoſals, and the marriage took place in the beginning of the year 1741.

Whilſt my father was viſiting at Woolveton, he received the following poetic epiſtle from his friend Mr. Henry Berkeley,

tune, he never followed his profeſſion, but gave himſelf chiefly to the cultivation of letters, particularly in the branches of poetry and criticiſm. The laſt ſeventeen years of his life were ſpent at his own ſeat of Turrich, in the pariſh of Ellenborough, Bucks; he died January 3d, 1757, in the 58th year of his age. His writings were collected ſoon after his death, and conſiſt of the Canons of Criticiſm, and the trial of the letter Y, which is a critical eſſay upon the orthography of the Engliſh language, written with ſenſe and ſpirit; together with a collection of forty-nine ſonnets.

* George Trenchard, Eſq. then member for Poole, was deſcended from a very ancient family in Dorſetſhire, and ſon of Sir John Trenchard, ſecretary of ſtate to King William, and the confidential friend of that monarch, by whom he was commiſſioned to concert meaſures with his friends on this ſide the water, and enſure his favourable reception; for which purpoſe he made ſeveral voyages into Holland, and finally attended the king, when he came over to take poſſeſſion of the government. A private engraving from an original picture of this gentleman, being offered to me by my uncle John Trenchard, Eſq. I have conſidered it an acceptable addition to the portraits in this work.

Sr. John Trenchard Knt.

Secretary of State to King William the Third.

Engraved by C. Bestland. after an original Picture in the Possession of William Trenchard Esqr.

Published June 1 1809 by C. Bestland West End. Hampstead

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Berkeley, containing ſuch ſweet effuſions of fancy, as juſtify the high terms in which my father always ſpoke, of the elegant and claſſical taſte, of that amiable and accompliſhed young man.

" September 14th, 1741.

" Dear Dick,

" Having, according to ancient and right laudable cuſtom, nothing but nonſenſe to ſend you, I think you may as well take it out in verſe as proſe.

Intermiſſa Venus, &c.

" Forbear, I ſaid, thou trifler, Love,
Forbear on me thy ſhafts to prove.
Hence to thy mother! ſay that I
Her ceſtus and thy bow defy;
With cold indifference can ſurvey
Whate'er creates thy ſov'reign ſway,
Pitt's matchleſs air, and Tatton's face,
And blooming Wolſely's ev'ry grace.
Let me adviſe, to Wool'ton haſte,
There thou may'ſt prove a welcome gueſt:
Thou'lt find a conqueſt worthy thee,
A youth yet unconfined and free,
Though form'd for love, with ev'ry art
To pleaſe the eye and charm the heart.
For him thy keeneſt arrow chuſe,
And deep the thrilling ſmart infuſe;

Loud let thy well-ſtrung bow reſound,
Venus and Trenchard too ſhall bleſs the wound.
My ruder ſoul unhurt remains,
Nor hopes thy joys, nor dreads thy pains.
Yet ſay, Eliza, why I mourn,
Whene'er from thee unwilling torn?
O thou my thoughts' eternal theme,
My daily wiſh, my nightly dream,
Why heaves my breaſt the tender ſigh?
Why cloud the guſhing tears mine eye?
See Venus laugh, Eliza chide;
'Tis gone at once my rebel pride!
My boaſted reſolution's gone,
My liberty and reaſon flown,
Too ſure I feel th' unerring dart,
And own love's empire in my heart."

This marriage, which originated in a mutual preference, laid the foundation of the moſt tender and affectionate attachment, that ſubſiſted full ſixty years.

Beſides the beauty of her perſon, her cheerful temper, and pleaſing manners, my mother, with a peculiar delicacy of form, was endued with an uncommon ſtrength of conſtitution, which enabled her to be the conſtant companion of her huſband in all his moſt active purſuits; their journies were always performed on horſeback; and, when their children became of an age to join in theſe parties, they were always admitted into them.

Upon

Upon their marriage, my father ſettled at his family ſeat of Whitminſter in Glouceſterſhire, near the banks of the Severn, ſeven miles below Glouceſter. In this retirement he paſſed ſeven or eight years, in the enjoyment of ſuch happineſs as is not very often experienced, continually engaged in the acquiſition of knowledge, or in ſome uſeful application of it.

The ſituation of the place was well adapted to the diſplay of his taſte, and the purſuit of thoſe amuſements that were moſt intereſting to him. The houſe was ſituated on the banks of the little river Stroud, in the midſt of the rich meadows that characterize the vale of Berkeley; my father's firſt object was to introduce the more diſtant landſcape, and open to the view thoſe beautiful and lofty hills which bound that extenſive valley; and, by a judicious diſpoſal of his buildings and plantations, he greatly embelliſhed the place, and gave to the whole eſtate the appearance of a garden.

The ſtream, which ran through the grounds, he made navigable for boats, not only as far as his own property extended, but, by the permiſſion of his neighbours, for a diſtance of near three miles, and thus obtained, for his private uſe, at a very inconſiderable expence, what was undertaken forty years afterwards upon a larger ſcale for the public by the Stroud-water Company; who firſt made this river navigable from the Severn to the town of Stroud, and then, following the courſe of the ſame ſtream, carried their canal through Sapperton Hill by a tunnel, and united it with the Thames at Letchlade.

By means of this navigation he was enabled to convey with eaſe the ſtone and other materials requiſite for the various works and improvements carrying on upon his eſtate; he had alſo boats of pleaſure ſuited to the ſize and nature of the river, by which he tranſported himſelf and his friends to others of a different conſtruction, adapted to the navigation of the Severn. Such was his turn for mechanics, that it might be called the favourite of his various purſuits; and the ſtructure of his boats afforded him an opportunity of ſhewing his practical knowledge in that branch of ſcience.

His largeſt boat for the Severn was built upon the plan of thoſe made uſe of in the Venetian ſtate; the cabin of which was large enough to receive commodiouſly near thirty people, and was very handſomely fitted up. Amongſt other articles of furniture, it contained in the pannels between the windows eight pictures, painted for the purpoſe by that eminent marine painter, Mr. Scott, repreſenting every different ſort of ſhip, veſſel, and boat, then in uſe. Theſe pictures are now valuable as ſpecimens of the ſkill of that excellent artiſt, and as a pleaſing record of the taſte and ſpirit with which my father purſued every object to which he directed his mind, and the inſtruction that was always mingled with his amuſements.

Another of his boats that attracted attention was a twelve-oared barge built after a plan of his own, which was found to move with conſiderably more eaſe and expedition than any other boat of the ſame deſcription, though the rowers were

men

men unaccuſtomed to the water, being his own domeſtics, or the labourers employed in his various works*, who had no other inſtructions given them than what they received from their maſter.

But in this flotilla the boat moſt entitled to notice, from the ſingularity and the ingenuity of its conſtruction, was a double-boat, which owed its origin to the flying prow, the inconvenience and danger of which it was deſigned to remedy, whilſt it retained its moſt valuable properties, lightneſs and expedition. Lord Anſon, having admired the ſtructure and ſucceſs of theſe boats, as uſed by the inhabitants of the Ladrone iſlands, a particular deſcription of which is given in his voyage, was preparing to make trial of one in England, when my father ventured to ſuggeſt his doubts, whether a boat, whoſe ſafety depended upon the moſt exact equilibrium, would ſucceed in this uncertain climate, however well it might anſwer on the ſmooth ſea, and under the ſteady breezes of the Pacific Ocean; propoſing, at the ſame time, to conſtruct a boat upon a plan ſomewhat ſimilar, that might obviate thoſe objections. The experiment, in both caſes, was creditable to his knowledge of the ſubject. The flying prow was twice tried between Portſmouth and the Iſle of Wight, and each time (as I have been informed) it was overſet; after which it was hung up in the boat-houſe of the royal yard at Deptford, where it has ever ſince remained, and may now be ſeen; but the double-boat anſwered every purpoſe required, being ſo

* See a humorous deſcription of them in his poem of ARCHIMAGE.

ſo ſwift that no other boat could overtake it, and ſo ſafe that it was ſcarcely poſſible for it to be overſet*.

It happened about the time when the improvements at Whitminſter were completed, that Frederick the late Prince of Wales, accompanied by his Princeſs, his daughter the preſent Ducheſs of Brunſwick, and a large party, made a viſit to Lord Bathurſt at Cirenceſter. During their ſtay at his ſeat, he ſignified to my father his intention of bringing their Royal Highneſſes to ſee his place, and paſs a day upon the water. They were accordingly received by him in his ſmaller boats, at the head of his own private navigation, and after landing to view the houſe and grounds, continued their paſſage to the Severn, where they were conducted to the Venetian barge, on board of which having taken their ſtation in the moſt beautiful reach of the river, the whole party ſat down to a well-ſerved dinner, prepared in a boat fitted up as a kitchen, and previouſly placed there for that purpoſe. After taking as long a ſail as the time would admit, they again returned by the ſame conveyance to the ſpot where they had embarked.

The

* The double-boat conſiſted of two diſtinct boats, fifty feet in length, and only eighteen inches wide, placed parallel to each other at the diſtance of twelve feet, and ſecured together by tranſverſe beams, over which a ſlight platform or deck was placed. Thus conſtructed it was enabled to ſpread a much larger portion of canvaſs than any other boat that preſented ſo ſmall a reſiſtance to the element in which it moved. It is remarkable that Captain Cook ſhould, many years afterwards, find the ingenious inhabitants of the Sandwich Iſlands making uſe of boats upon a ſimilar plan, and which experience had ſhewn them was preferable to the flying prow, or any other form that could be deviſed by a people unacquainted with the uſe of iron.

The Prince and Princeſs were always graciouſly pleaſed to ſpeak of this as one of the pleaſanteſt parties in which they had ever been engaged. His Royal Highneſs particularly noticed the ſkill and diſcipline of the boatmen, and the regularity and order with which every thing was arranged; ſaying he had frequently attempted the ſame on the Thames at Cliveden, but from ſome cauſe or other had never been equally ſucceſsful.

The following letter from Lord Bathurſt, written on this occaſion, not only ſhews how well the party were pleaſed with their day, but contains alſo the moſt flattering teſtimony of the favourable light in which their hoſt appeared to his royal viſitors.

" Dear Sir,

" My royal gueſts are gone this afternoon, and they have charged me with their compliments to you. I do aſſure you they were highly pleaſed with you and your entertainment, and it proved, as I foreſaw, the moſt agreeable day they had paſſed in their whole progreſs. Maſham, who had never ſeen you before, had no inclination to the expedition, but after his return, was the moſt forward to acknowledge the ſatisfaction he had received; all agreed that a man ſo formed for a court, ought not to live hid in the country.

" Let me know when I can ſee you, for I long to tell you how much

" I am, Your's,

" BATHURST."

Cirenceſter,
Wedneſday Night.

For

For the ordinary diverſions of the field, to which country gentlemen uſually devote ſo much of their time and talents, my father had no reliſh; but inſtead of the gun, he took up the exerciſe of ſhooting with the bow and arrow, in which he acquired ſuch a degree of dexterity, as with a little further practice might have enabled him to enter the liſts with William Tell, or the man recorded in the Scribleriad, who deprived Philip of the ſight of one of his eyes with an arrow, which was addreſſed "To Philip's right Eye." The head of a duck, ſwimming in the river, was a favourite mark, which he ſeldom miſſed; he likewiſe ſhot many ſmall birds perching on trees, and ſome of the larger ſort he has brought down when upon the wing; until happening to ſee one of his arrows, that had accidentally dropped into a poſt, he was ſtruck with the hazard he ran of injuring ſome fellow-creature, and from that time relinquiſhed this amuſement. But as ſhooting fiſh was not liable to any riſk, he continued that diverſion, with arrows made for the purpoſe by the Indians of America, and was almoſt as expert in the uſe of them. Whatever purſuit he engaged in he followed with uncommon ardour, and ſeldom deſiſted until he had reached the extent of the ſubject: this fondneſs for the bow, therefore, induced him to collect ſpecimens of all the bows and arrows that could be met with in different parts of the world, and to make himſelf acquainted with

with the preciſe methods of uſing them.* He likewiſe procured whatever books he could find upon the ſubject of archery, particularly thoſe which related to the laws and practice of the old Engliſh bowmen, as well as what remained reſpecting the uſe of thoſe weapons among the ancients.

The various active amuſements which at this period engaged a conſiderable portion of his time, appear rather to have ſtrengthened, than abated his taſte for intellectual purſuits; and his mind was as much devoted to literature, and as entirely at the ſervice of the muſes, as if they had been without a rival to divide his attention. In the midſt of all theſe occupations he formed the plan, collected the materials, and wrote the whole of his mock-heroic poem, the Scribleriad; with very little communication, and certainly without any aſſiſtance. That he had made known his deſign to ſome of thoſe particular friends, with whom he was in the habit of correſponding on literary ſubjects; that both the plan and the parts of the work that were finiſhed were much reliſhed and approved by them; and that they ſtrongly urged him to proceed in the undertaking, appear by ſeveral letters he has preſerved, alluding to the ſubject. From among theſe I am induced to offer one from Mr. Henry Berkeley; which is written from a camp in Flanders, in the midſt of an active campaign, and not only contains the moſt pleaſing and judicious com-

* This collection of bows and arrows he gave many years afterwards to Sir Aſhton Lever, in whoſe muſeum they were placed, with ſeveral other articles preſented by my father.

mendations of his friend's work, but exhibits likewiſe a very favourable ſpecimen of his own correct taſte.

Ghendt, Nov. 11, 1744.

" My dear Richard,

" YESTERDAY I received your Scribleriad, and though I have not yet been able to beſtow that attention upon it which it deſerves, I have read it often enough to have that enthuſiaſm for it that you (I think falſely) accuſe me of; in ſhort, I like it prodigiouſly, and think your whole plan ſuch as, handled with the ſame taſte and ſpirit, will be as entertaining to all readers of genius and underſtanding, as to thoſe only of book-learning; and for other readers who would write? Scriblerus's ſpeech in the ſtorm, the preparing and lighting the pile, in a word, the whole paſſage from verſe 124 to 192, is worked up with every quality, pride, pomp, and circumſtance of poetry and humour.

'And ſtood my own ſad monument, a ſtone,'

puts me in mind of a paſſage in a poem called Sodoma, written by Saint Cyprian or Tertullian *, which I will tranſcribe:

----- ------- Stetit ipſa Sepulcrum,
Ipſaque imago ſibi, formam ſine corpore ſervans.
Durat adhuc etenim nudâ ſtatione ſub æthram,
Nec pluviis dilapſa ſitu, nec diruta ventis:
Quinetiam, ſiquis mutitaverit advena formam,
Protinus ex ſeſe ſuggeſtu vulnera complet.

The ſending Scriblerus to conſult a fool is finely thought, and Albertus accounts for that manner of propheſy with great ad-

* This poem is found in the works of St. Cyprian, but conſidered as of very doubtful authority.

dreſs.

dreſs. Your ſubject has greatly the advantage of the Dunciad and the Diſpenſary, though it rather yields to the *Trivia*; though I muſt diſſent from you when you ſay that this laſt is proper for a writer of ſmall parts and little induſtry, I confeſs it does not require, in a great degree, the true and ſublime ſpirit of poetry, as neither does your ſubject, or any other which verges upon burleſque or ridicule, which delight the mind when agreeably handled, and adorned with all the ſecond graces (if I may ſo call them) of poetry, but can hardly admit of the great ſublime, which belongs more particularly to ſerious poems; but, in regard to Trivia, I have always thought that expreſſing the common accidents, and buſineſs, and actions of life in elegant verſe, was the moſt difficult matter in poetry, and required the greateſt induſtry; what Horace means by,

Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem

* * * * * * * * *

And let me tell you, that although I have either partiality or taſte enough to admire all your compoſitions, there is nothing you ſeem more to excel in than this laſt ſpecies of writing, which likewiſe requires the moſt uncommon talents, and much judgment in particular, though it ſeems to be trifling and eaſy; nor do I mean at all to compliment you in ſaying, that you have an infinite fund of true humour, and an admirable faculty of taking hints from all occurrences, and improving upon them.

" London is the great ſchool where you may beſt cultivate this vein, and I could wiſh, whenever you go thither, you

would be always particularly diligent in it: don't think me an enthuſiaſt if I ſay, that 'tis poſſible the time may come, when Swift or Addiſon himſelf ſhall be no longer regretted."

Such approbation of the work he was engaged in from Mr. Berkeley and other friends, whoſe judgment he highly valued, could not but be acceptable to my father, and encourage him to perſevere in it; for though he was in general backward in ſeeking after, or accepting the aid of his friends in his literary productions, yet this reluctance did not ariſe from any undue confidence in his own powers, or too ſanguine expectations of ſucceſs: ſo far indeed was he from being vain or ſelf-opinionated, that it was the obſervation of all who knew him, that he ſeldom aſſumed the credit he was fairly entitled to, for the talents he poſſeſſed, and thought humbly of the beſt of his performances, readily yielding his own opinion to that of others, whom he conceived to be in any reſpect ſuperior to himſelf in knowledge or abilities.

Of this diffidence a ſtriking inſtance is afforded by that which occurred relative to this poem. When finiſhed it was put into the hands of a friend, on whoſe judgment he had great reliance, who returned it to him with a letter full of admiration of the poetry; but as he ſaid little of the deſign and contrivance, or the criticiſm it contains on falſe taſte and falſe ſcience, which were the chief objects of the author's aim, and

on

on which he had beſtowed his principal attention, the verſe being written with great eaſe and rapidity, he concluded that the work was deficient in thoſe requiſites he wiſhed it to poſſeſs; and under this impreſſion he actually threw it into a drawer, where it lay for ſome years, until he was ſtrongly encouraged by many of his friends to publiſh it.

It is uſually found that men who are thus conſtantly and buſily employed at home in the alternate occupations of literature and a country life, gradually withdraw themſelves from general ſociety, and grow daily more fond of retirement: theſe habits of ſecluſion my father never was diſpoſed to indulge. He thought it his duty, as much as he felt it his inclination, to encourage that love of intellectual improvement by rational ſociety, which formed a conſpicuous feature of his character; ſo that when he was moſt deeply engaged in his favourite purſuits, he never declined an opportunity of obtaining the converſation of thoſe from whom he could expect to reap either amuſement or inſtruction. His vicinity to Glouceſter enabled him to profit by frequent communications upon literary and philoſophical ſubjects with Dr. Atwell *, then a prebendary of that cathedral, and alſo by the converſation of the excellent Martin Benſon, at that time biſhop of the dioceſe. The more grave diſcourſe

* Joſeph Atwell, D. D. was a very learned and ingenious man: particularly converſant in ſubjects of experimental philoſophy and natural hiſtory, as appears by his correſpondence with my father. Many papers of this gentleman's are publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions. His acquaintance among literary men was very extenſive. He died at Glouceſter in the year 1763.

of

of theſe gentlemen was often contraſted by the ſprightlineſs and wit of Sir Charles Williams and Mr. Henry Fox, which he enjoyed at the houſe of his friend and near neighbour Lord Ducie: He was alſo very frequent in his viſits to the firſt Lord Bathurſt at Cirenceſter. To an early intimacy with his ſon, Mr. Henry Bathurſt, my father owed his firſt introduction to this celebrated nobleman, by whom he was ever afterwards treated with the greateſt kindneſs and friendſhip. In him was ſeen the plain unaffected behaviour of an Engliſh country gentleman, graced by the poliſhed manners of a court; an extenſive acquaintance with literature, united to a perfect knowledge of the world, and in a degree not often to be met with, the gaiety of youth tempered with the experience and ſagacity of age. From the converſation of ſuch men, the dulleſt could hardly fail to derive ſome improvement; but by a young man of my father's inquiſitive and comprehenſive turn of mind, conſiderable entertainment and information would naturally be acquired; for in whatever company he found himſelf, it was always his endeavour to purſue thoſe topics, on which he conceived the perſons he converſed with could ſpeak to moſt advantage, and that which was worthy to be remembered he ſeldom forgot.

Beſides this circle of friends near home, his ſocial pleaſures were increaſed by frequent journies to London, Eton, and other diſtant places, by which means he kept up his connexion with his ſchool and college friends, who, in return, viſited him in Glouceſterſhire. In their company he fre-

Allen Bathurst Æt. 25.

Created an Earl 1772.

Engraved by C. Bestland; from a Picture in Enamel,
in the Possession of Earl Bathurst.

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quently made excurſions into the neighbouring parts of Wales, the pictureſque ſcenery of which was a conſtant ſource of amuſement to him, though at that time comparatively little known or regarded. The beauties of the Wye he was particularly fond of ſhewing, and was ſo much captivated with the bold and romantic character of Piercefield, that he treated for the purchaſe of it, and was only induced to relinquiſh his intention from the love of ſociety, which decided him in the choice of a reſidence nearer London. He however recommended it to Mr. Morris, and had ſome ſhare in making thoſe improvements which ſhewed the peculiar and ſtriking features of the place to their proper advantage; and thus aſſiſted in laying the foundation of that celebrity it has ſince acquired.

I have been ſomewhat more particular in the detail of the various active employments, which engaged his time and attention at this early period of life, that the reader may the better be enabled to underſtand and reliſh a lively and intereſting picture drawn of him by the hand of a maſter, whoſe ſkill in the delineation of character is fully diſplayed in his dramatic writings, as well as in the other productions of his muſe. The following epiſtle was the genuine offering of a warm and ſincere friendſhip, founded upon a juſt view of my father's worth and talents, and is written with all that playfulneſs of fancy and good humour which eminently characteriſed the pen of Mr. Whitehead. It very happily deſcribes the ſingular facility with which his friend embraced a variety of

of different and apparently oppoſite purſuits at the ſame time.

Although this poem has already been publiſhed in the works of its author, it is no leſs entitled to a place in the memoirs of him to whom it is addreſſed, whoſe character and manner of life it ſo faithfully records.

TO RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

"Dear Cambridge, teach your friend the art
You uſe to gain the Muſe's heart,
And make her ſo entirely yours,
That at all ſeaſons, and all hours,
The anxious goddeſs ready ſtands
To wait the motion of your hands.

It was of old a truth confeſt
That poets muſt have needful reſt,
And every imp of Phœbus' quire
To philoſophic ſhades retire,
Amid thoſe flowery ſcenes of eaſe
To pick up ſenſe and ſimilies.
Had Virgil been from coaſt to coaſt,
Like his Æneas, tempeſt-toſt,
Or paſs'd life's fluctuating dream
On Tyber's or on Mincio's ſtream,

He

He might have been expert in ſailing;
But Mævius ne'er had fear'd his railing,
Nor great Auguſtus ſav'd from fire
The relics of a rambling ſquire.

Had Horace too, from day to day,
Run poſt upon the Appian way,
In reſtleſs journies to and from
Brundiſium, Capua, and Rome;
The bard had ſcarcely found a time
To put that very road in rhyme;
And ſav'd great critics much expence
In lab'ring to miſtake his ſenſe.
Nay he, whoſe Greek is out of date
Since Pope deſcended to tranſlate,
Tho' wand'ring ſtill from place to place,
At leaſt lay by in ſtormy weather
(Whate'er Perrault or Wootton ſays)
To tack his rhapſodies together.

But you, reverſing every rule
Of ancient or of modern ſchool,
Nor hurt by noiſe, nor cramp'd by rhymes,
Can all things do, and at all times.
Your own Scriblerus never knew
A more unſettled life than you,

Yet Pope in Twit'nam's peaceful grot
Scarce ever more correctly thought.
In whirligigs it is confeſt
The middle line's a line of reſt;
And, let the ſides fly how they will,
The central point muſt needs ſtands ſtill.
Perhaps your mind, like one of theſe,
Beholds the tumult round at eaſe,
And ſtands, as firm as rock in ocean,
The center of perpetual motion.

That Cæſar did three things at once,
Is known at ſchool to every dunce;
But your more comprehenſive mind
Leaves pidling Cæſar far behind.
You ſpread the lawn, direct the flood,
Cut viſtas through, or plant a wood,
Build China's barks for Severn's ſtream,
Or form new plans for epic fame,
And then in ſpite of wind or weather,
You read, row, ride, and write together.
But 'tis not your undoubted claim
To naval or equeſtrian fame,
Your nicer taſte, or quicker parts,
In rural or mechanic arts,

(Tho'

(Tho' each alone in humbler ſtation
Might raiſe both wealth and reputation)
It is not theſe that I would have,
Bear them, o' God's name, to your grave.
But 'tis that unexhauſted vein,
That quick conception without pain,
That ſomething, for no words can ſhew it,
Which without leiſure makes a poet.

Sure Nature caſt, indulgent dame,
Some ſtrange peculiar in your frame,
From whoſe well-lodg'd prolific ſeeds
This inexpreſſive power proceeds.

Or does Thalia court your arms,
Becauſe you ſeem to ſlight her charms,
And, like her ſiſter females, fly
From our dull aſſiduity.
If that's the caſe, I'll ſoon be free,
I'll put on airs as well as ſhe;
And ev'n in this * poetic ſhade,
Where erſt with Pope and Gay ſhe play'd,
E'en here I'll tell her to her face,
I've learn'd to ſcorn a forc'd embrace.
In ſhort, here ends her former reign;
And if we e'er begin again

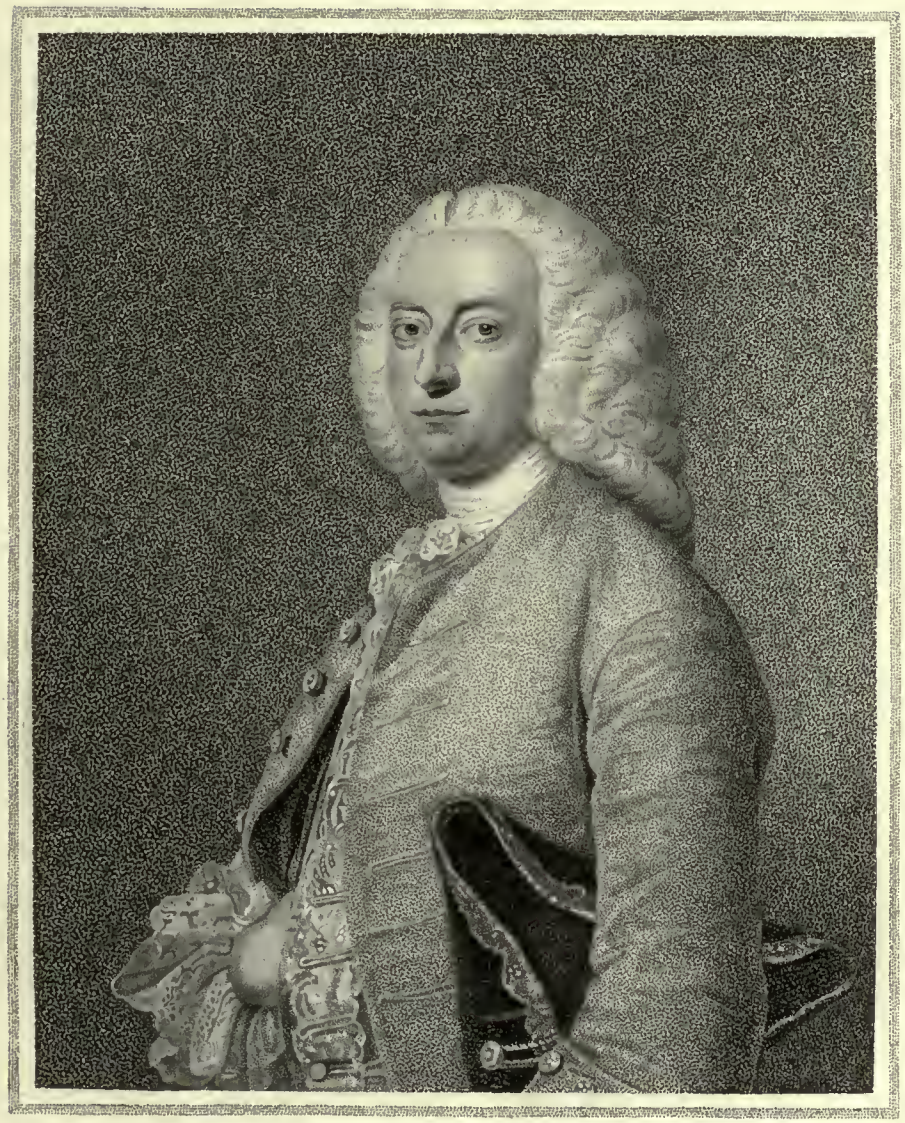
* Middleton Park, Oxfordſhire.

It muſt be on another ſcore—
I'll write like you, or write no more."

The friendſhip for Mr. Whitehead commenced about the time when this gentleman was appointed tutor to Lord Villiers, ſon of the Earl of Jerſey, in the year 1744, and it naturally produced an intercourſe with that family, to which my father was uſed to attribute the moſt agreeable events of his ſubſequent life. In the circle of Lord Jerſey's family he became known to the Honourable Thomas Villiers, afterwards Earl of Clarendon, who was then recently returned from concluding the treaty of peace between the King of Pruſſia and the Empreſs. The preference Mr. Villiers and my father ſhewed for each other was very ſoon ſucceeded by a cloſe and brotherlike friendſhip, which never experienced change or abatement. They paſſed much of their time together, and, as my father always reſided at Mr. Villiers's houſe when in London, he was induced to viſit that place more frequently.

At this gentleman's houſe he aſſociated with the moſt diſtinguiſhed men of that time, with many of whom he formed an intimacy productive of much pleaſure, and from whoſe ſociety he derived conſiderable advantage, when he afterwards ſettled in the neighbourhood of London, and mixed more in the world. Among this number were Lord Granville, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Grenville, Lord Cheſterfield, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Bath.

By



Thomas Villiers, Lord Hyde,
Ae: 47;
Created Earl of Clarendon 1776.
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By ſeveral of theſe friends he was ſtrongly ſolicited to come into Parliament, and engage in public life. As he had a ſincere love for his country, a clear inſight into its real intereſts, and a great knowledge of political affairs, which he was deſirous on all occaſions to improve, he certainly was well qualified for ſo important a ſtation, nor would he have declined it, if at any period of his life he had felt himſelf called upon by any very ſtrong claim. He was remarkably exempt from thoſe paſſions which uſually incline men to exchange domeſtic enjoyments for the toils of public buſineſs. His love of fame was limited to a deſire of being reſpected and beloved by thoſe in whoſe ſociety he wiſhed to live; his natural diſpoſition and talents were peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of polite literature, and the charms of familiar converſation; he therefore thought that, without any deſertion of his duty, he might give way to the preference he entertained for private life. It was indeed his favourite maxim, that the purſuit of general knowledge, and the ſtudy of the liberal arts, by gentlemen of independent fortunes, who have no lucrative views, are of the greateſt advantage to a country, and form the moſt marked diſtinction between an improved and a degenerate age; between a poliſhed nation and a people wholly addicted to commerce or to arms.

His own ſentiments upon the ſuperior comforts of a private ſtation, and the value he ſet upon that leiſure which it affords, may be collected from various parts of his writings; but they are no where ſo diſtinctly ſtated as in the following letter, which he wrote about this period to his old

old friend and ſchoolfellow, Dr. Barnard, who was then ſettled upon a curacy in the country, where he conſidered his learning and talents as buried in obſcurity; but from whence he was ſoon afterwards removed, and by degrees preferred to ſituations of dignity and affluence.

" O! Tite ſiquid ego adjuero —I am very ſorry to find you frequently expreſs yourſelf not well ſatisfied with the manner in which your time paſſes, and I heartily wiſh I could ſay any thing acceptable on that head, or that even I had leiſure or reſolution to digeſt what I have to ſay in any method. Though I have little aſſurance of either, I ſhall however go on in my uſual rhapſodical way, and I know you are always ſo good as to take up with whatever may fall from my pen in the progreſs of my letter, which never was in my thoughts in the beginning: in this I imitate Montagne as well as in my egotiſm; which latter is a thing I do not diſapprove, as I think a man muſt ſpeak of himſelf more knowingly, and, where vanity does not interfere, with more truth and certainty. I premiſe this, as I do not know how much I may play the egotiſt at preſent; for though our caſes may be far from being alike, they are ſo in this reſpect at leaſt, that they are different from the generality of the world in many points, and moſt eminently in theſe two, that though we are not without ſpirit, we have *no purſuit* (as I am perſuaded you underſtand that expreſſion I go on) and that though we are vigorous in queſt of and in the enjoyment of pleaſures, they are chiefly thoſe of a mental or ſpeculative kind, ſuch as reading, converſation, proſpects,

proſpects, works of art, and all the pleaſures of the imagination: from which reſemblance I ſhall preſume to judge of the operations of your mind from thoſe of my own.

I believe the firſt thing we have to do is to enquire why we are at any time leſs happy than our neighbours, and this I take it is owing to refinement, or, in a plain word, nicety; for inſtance, we cannot play at cards, becauſe we reflect all the while, that in thoſe hours, which are loſt to us, we might have improved our minds by reading or our bodies by exerciſe; and you may ſuggeſt to yourſelf many like caſes, which, however, we are the more exempted from by having no purſuit, and it is for that reaſon, I preſume, we have both declined it, a lucrative one I mean; for thoſe of another kind I ſhall mention hereafter. I dare ſay you are not a diſcontented man, and I would not have you think yourſelf ſo; however, Horace's lines upon diſcontent may be ſome help to us. To be ſure, if you were in ſome purſuit, you would not be troubled with any of thoſe thoughts which you now complain of, but then how often would you wiſh yourſelf in that otium you now enjoy; and put the caſe to yourſelf, and I dare ſay you will anſwer it with

Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipſum
Ludere, quæ vellem, calamo permiſit agreſti:

are lines that I often reflect on with tears in my eyes, through joy that they are applicable to me; and it is with the utmoſt gratitude

gratitude that I conſider myſelf *now* in *youth* and *health*, in the enjoyment of that retirement which is the end propoſed to crown the labours of thouſands who are now toiling for it, and muſt never taſte it with ſo ſtrong a reliſh.

Now being brought together, the next thing is that we part, and having found how like we are to each other, it will be expedient to ſee how much we are unlike. Our different fortunes give *me* the opportunity of converſing with a greater variety of mankind, and the power of betaking myſelf to that converſe when tired with retirement. *To you* that retirement is without the interruption which I often experience, ſometimes from company, at other times from the neceſſary thought which muſt attend the care of a family, and a larger intercourſe with the world; perhaps, were I in your caſe, I might not be able to bear with myſelf ſo long as your retirement enjoins, and thoſe interruptions which I complain of may be neceſſary ingredients to my happineſs, nay the very ſpurs to my pleaſures in retirement; but let me aſſure you, I often wiſh for your otium to accompliſh many undertakings which I am now afraid to engage in; and ſeveral there are for which I think even your leiſure too ſhort: do not then think too lightly of that ſtate which another envies, and let me exhort you to throw off your indifference, when I deſire you to rank yourſelf not only with the ſect of the happier, but of the happieſt. Let a man employ his hours alone ever ſo well, I'll allow it to be very hard upon him to be long with-

out company, and not to be cheered now and then with the human face divine; but this is not your caſe, and I dare ſay, if you was taken up in any abſtruſe ſtudies, you would have much ado to find time for thoſe neighbours you value. Your greateſt misfortune is your audience, in which as you would not be likely to mend yourſelf much, if you had preferment in every county, I would adviſe you to alter your main end (which you otherwiſe rightly choſe as the end of your profeſſion) and turn your thoughts to writing, by which your audience will be enlarged from a country church to a whole nation, and you will have this recompence to your labours, that they will receive their reward from the beſt judges."

Among my father's literary friends there was none with whom he lived in greater habits of intimacy, whilſt he reſided in Glouceſterſhire, or by whom the leading points of his character appear to have been more diſtinctly appreciated, than Thomas Edwards, Eſq. the admired author of the elegant ſonnets in Dodſley's collection. Of theſe the one addreſſed to the ſubject of this memoir is ſo preciſely deſcriptive of his prevailing ſentiments, as well as of that total abſence from vanity and ambition, which ſo peculiarly characterized him, that it deſerves to be inſerted; and it will perhaps be rendered more intereſting to the reader, if that part of his correſpondence with Mr. Edwards, which relates to it, be added, including a beautiful ſonnet on his own

family picture, as well as a criticiſm of my father's upon this ſpecies of writing, not unworthy of notice *.

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ. TO R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

—— "I will even do as the news writers do, fill up my paper with indifferent verſes for want of better ſtuff. They are upon our family picture, which you have ſeen, and were made during my late indiſpoſition, when the reading of Spenſer had given me ſomething of a turn towards ſonnet writing. The ſtanza indeed is neither Spenſer's nor Milton's, but after the Italian faſhion, which is more artificial, and I think more harmonious. But I ſhall make the porch too big for the houſe, and oblige you to cry out,

"Cut off thy reflections and give us the tale."

Here then it is, take it without farther ceremony.

SONNET.

When penſive on that portraiture I gaze
Where my four brothers round about me ſtand,

* Among other ſubjects, I find a correſpondence relative to the mundic or ſhining mineral ſtone, which forms the principal ornament of Mr. Pope's grotto at Twickenham. Mr. Edwards having ſeen it uſed for a ſimilar purpoſe at Whitminſter, recommended it to Mr. Pope, and obtained my father's aſſiſtance in procuring it for him, from a cliff on the banks of the Severn. Mr. Edwards concludes one of his letters upon the ſubject by obſerving, that "as this grotto, made by ſo celebrated a man, will be likely *virúm volitare perora*, we ſhall be carried up to fame along with it like the fringe at the tail of a kite."

And

And four fair ſiſters ſmile with graces bland,
The goodly ornament of happier days;
And think how ſoon inſatiate death, who preys
On all, hath cropt the reſt with ruthleſs hand;
While only I ſurvive of all that band,
Which one chaſte bed did to my father raiſe:
It ſeems that like a column left alone,
The tottering remnant of ſome ſplendid fane,
Scaped from the fury of the barbarous Gaul,
And waſting Time, which has the reſt o'erthrown;
Amidſt our houſe's ruins I remain
Single, unpropp'd, and nodding to my fall."

R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ. TO THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.

" I thank you for your ſonnet, which I admire extremely; I muſt ſay I never ſaw ſimplicity ſupported with more dignity. You muſt have obſerved the *thin partitions* that are in all kinds of poetry. In the ſublime, between that and nonſenſe or madneſs: in the paſtoral, between ſimplicity and ruſticity; in this manner of yours, between ſimplicity, and (what I don't know how to expreſs but by) a nothingneſs or penury of thought and expreſſion: and how eaſy it is to tranſgreſs theſe ſlight bounds many authors will ſhew. I am not ſure whether I may take it for a rule, that he who comes neareſt to tranſgreſſing all theſe bounds without doing it, will hit upon the true criſis. But this I know, that there are many things in Shakſpeare univerſally admired as the fineſt, which, I think, are on the wrong ſide of the partition; and again, many which are

exploded as *bombaſt* or *trifling*, which, ſometimes, I can fancy to be the utmoſt ſucceſs of true genius. There is nothing ſo dangerous, and ſo doubtful of ſucceſs as the ſonnet. For the ſublime, if it does not ſucceed, will have ſomething glaring in it, that ſhall pleaſe many; but nothing in the ſonnet can pleaſe but excellence. That, which you ſent me, is, I think, the greateſt maſter-piece of its kind, and I muſt beg you to omit no opportunity of purſuing this vein, and cultivating this particular ſpecies of writing; not only becauſe I promiſe myſelf you will execute it ſo well, but becauſe I deſpair of the like ſucceſs from any other hand."

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ. TO R. O. CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

" I am very much obliged to you for your favourable opinion of my ſonnets, but I do not know whether I am or not for your exhortation, that I ſhould go on and purſue that manner.

" In writing that which I ſent you firſt, the thought ſtruck me with ſo much force, as I lay one night ſleepleſs, that, having a candle burning, I got out of bed and wrote down the greateſt part of it immediately with a pencil; ſo that it was ſomething like the inſpiration which the poets dream of, and it is ſo much better than what I have elſe written, or can write, that I think it would be prudent in me to burn all the reſt and attempt no more.

" However, I have long thought I owed you one among the reſt of my friends, for *non omnibus dormio*, and therefore, notwithſtanding

withſtanding the prudence of the above-mentioned propoſal, I here ſend it you.

SONNET.

Cambridge, with whom my pilot and my guide,
Pleaſed I have traverſed thy Sabrina's flood,
Both where ſhe foams impetuous ſoil'd with mud,
And where ſhe peaceful rolls her golden tide;
Never, O never, let Ambition's pride,
(Too oft pretexed with our country's good)
And tinſell'd pomp, deſpiſed when underſtood,
Or thirſt of wealth, thee from her banks divide:
Reflect how calmly, like her infant wave,
Flows the clear current of a private life:
See the wide public ſtream, by tempeſts toſt,
Of every changing wind the ſport or ſlave;
Soil'd with corruption; vex'd with party ſtrife;
Cover'd with wrecks of peace and honour loſt."

About the year 1748, the death of Mr. Owen put his nephew in poſſeſſion of that gentleman's property, which, though not very extenſive, was an acceptable addition to the ſmall income upon which he had hitherto lived; and, by his uncle's deſire, he added the name of Owen to his own. He was now enabled to cultivate, more at his eaſe, that very ſelect ſociety to which he had acceſs; he accordingly took a houſe

houſe in London, near his friend Mr. Villiers, where he paſſed two winters, but found the air diſagree with his own and my mother's health; not chooſing, however, to forego the pleaſure of that more general intercourſe, for which he had ſo much reliſh, he determined to alter his plan, and, quitting his ſeat in Glouceſterſhire, to ſettle himſelf in the neighbourhood of London, where he might at once enjoy the advantage of country air, and a conſtant communication with the world. It happened fortunately, that a villa on the banks of the Thames, immediately oppoſite to Richmond Hill, was then upon ſale; which, from its ſituation, ſeemed to be a reſidence particularly ſuited to him; accordingly, in the year 1751, he made the purchaſe, and eſtabliſhed himſelf at Twickenham; an event which contributed eſſentially to the happineſs of his future life, during a period of more than fifty years.

The ſituation of Twickenham meadows, and the pleaſing appearance they now aſſume, are very generally known; but it is a tribute of juſtice, due to his taſte, to obſerve, that at the time when the place came into his hands, the river, with all the rich ſcenery on the oppoſite ſhore, was ſo entirely excluded from the houſe by high walls and terraces, and the grounds ſo crowded and diſfigured by numerous avenues, and unmeaning maſſes of wood, that the aſpect it bore was the very reverſe of that gaiety and cheerfulneſs, which conſtitute its preſent character.

As ſoon as he was in poſſeſſion, he loſt no time in making the improvements he wiſhed; and as his good nature and be-

nevolence inclined him always to conſider the pleaſure he might afford to others, he was very attentive to the effect his alterations would have from the houſes and grounds of his neighbours; but chiefly from Richmond Hill, whence he knew they would be ſeen and enjoyed by greater numbers, than from any other point of ſight. On the good taſte diſplayed on this occaſion, he received many flattering compliments, particularly from the celebrated Mr. Browne.

At the time of making this purchaſe, he gave due conſideration to the ſtep he was taking, well aware that a large and beautiful villa in ſo frequented a neighbourhood, in the poſſeſſion of one fond of ſociety, and whoſe acquaintance was already very extenſive, might lead to habits of expence beyond the limits of his income, and prove an occaſion of future embarraſſment: But he felt at the ſame time, what has ſince been fully proved, that he knew, and could truſt himſelf; that he poſſeſſed a ſufficient degree of ſelf-command to incur only ſuch expences as were ſuited to his ſtation, and eſſential to his comfort, and to avoid thoſe which originate in vanity or oſtentation.

His mode of living at Twickenham was in the hoſpitable ſtyle of a country gentleman: his table was furniſhed in a plain but ample manner; his houſe was always open to his friends, and to thoſe whom merit, talents, or knowledge entitled to his notice; and they were received by him with unvaried frankneſs and cordiality. When a ſelect party was aſſembled to meet ſome literary character or ingenious traveller,

veller, from whom entertainment or information might be obtained, it was his care to ſuit the company to each other, and thus to avoid the interruptions, which frequently defeat the object of ſuch meetings: If the converſation wandered, or got into unſkilful hands, he had a moſt happy talent of bringing it back to the proper point, and of ſuppreſſing the ſuperfluous talker *; which was always done with ſo much dexterity and ſuch perfect good humour, that the perſon in queſtion was generally the laſt in the company, who was ſenſible of any intention to take the converſation out of his hands.

As he never was the dupe of flattery, and always ſuperior to that meanneſs, which leads men to ſacrifice their time to unneceſſary civilities or undue compliances from the fear of giving offence, he was freed from thoſe intruſions of impertinence, of which Pope ſo bitterly complains†. His attentions were limited to thoſe who had a juſt claim to them, and towards ſuch he never was deficient. Though he ſought the converſation of all, who could amuſe or inform him, and received a great variety of perſons of almoſt every rank and deſcription at his houſe, he never gave them reaſon to imagine, they had a greater ſhare of his regard, than they really poſſeſſed; by this uniform ſincerity, and the conſtant care he took to avoid perſonalities, and ſevere reflections, he never made an enemy, or loſt a friend.

* The reader will find a humorous deſcription of ſuch in the 56th Eſſay of the WORLD.

† All fly to Twit'nam, &c.
Pope's Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

In

In the choice of his acquaintance, neither titles or wealth were to him any recommendation; the qualities he looked for and regarded, were worth, talents, or accompliſhments. It would not, indeed, be eaſy to ſay, whether his independent, but reſpectful behaviour to thoſe of ſuperior ſtation, or his kindneſs and condeſcenſion to inferiors, was moſt remarkable; by the former he was generally eſteemed and admired, and by the latter he was univerſally reſpected and beloved. To theſe, indeed, his manner was peculiarly acceptable and engaging; thoſe little attentions which he delighted to pay, where he thought they would give pleaſure, were ſhewn in a way almoſt peculiar to himſelf; and towards ſuch as were connected with him he ever manifeſted a fatherly regard. His domeſtics were made happy in his ſervice; they were ſeldom changed; and ſeveral, after age and infirmities had rendered them unequal to their duty, were ſtill maintained in his houſe; which induced a lady, who was converſant with the northern parts of Europe, to obſerve, that his houſe reſembled a Poliſh family, where all the dependents continue to live under the ſame roof.

From the time when my father ſettled at Twickenham, his name became known in the literary world as an author, for in the courſe of that year he publiſhed his Scribleriad. This work, which is a mock Heroic Poem, deſigned to ridicule and expoſe falſe taſte and falſe ſcience, could not be expected to attract the ſame ſhare of public attention, as if the ſub-

ject had been of a more popular nature, and the humour ſuited to readers of every deſcription. This defect, however, if ſuch it can be conſidered, is compenſated by the wit and criticiſm it contains, which is of that durable kind, and founded on ſuch juſt principles, that the poem may be read with equal pleaſure, by men of judgment and learning, in all times. It was much noticed and admired, on its firſt appearance, by that claſs of readers, for whoſe uſe and entertainment it was chiefly written, and eſtabliſhed the reputation of its author as a critic and a ſcholar*. Several of his ſmaller pieces were publiſhed ſoon after, which, being of a livelier caſt and adapted to the ſubjects of the day, were more generally read, and brought their author into further notice and eſtimation; of theſe the moſt celebrated were, The Elegy written in an Empty Aſſembly Room, the Fakeer, and the Borough Hunters. But what moſt contributed to eſtabliſh his reputation for humour, and a juſt inſight into character, united with an extenſive acquaintance with living manners, were his Eſſays publiſhed in the World; a periodical paper began

* The following is the character given of this poem, fifty years after its publication, by a diſtinguiſhed ſcholar and critic of the preſent day.

" The Scribleriad is a work of great fancy, juſt compoſition, and poetical elegance; but, above all, of mature judgment conſpicuous throughout. It ſhould be read as well for inſtruction as amuſement. The Preface is entitled to much attention.—Note to the SHADE OF POPE, by the Author of the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

began in the year 1752, and kept up with great ſpirit for four years. To an acquaintance with Mr. Moore, the conductor of the work, he was introduced by Lord Lyttelton, who was diligent to promote the ſucceſs of this undertaking by intereſting men of talents in its favour. Some of my father's intimate friends had already joined in the publication; and, finding Mr. Moore to be an amiable and deſerving man, he gave him the promiſe of aſſiſtance whenever he was at a loſs for an eſſay *; of this indulgence Moore frequently availed himſelf, nor did he ever apply in vain. Many of theſe papers, therefore, were written in great haſte, and none of them with laboured attention. They were, however, much reliſhed and admired, and as his converſation was found to partake of the ſame wit and humour that characteriſed his writings, his company became more generally ſought after. In what light he

* This circumſtance gave occaſion to a bon mot that has already appeared in print. A note from Mr. Moore, requeſting an eſſay, was put into my father's hands on a Sunday morning as he was going to church; my mother obſerving him rather inattentive during the ſermon, whiſpered, "What are you thinking of?" he replied, "Of *the next World,* my dear."

I cannot help mentioning another inſtance of the ſame ſpecies of pleaſantry. In one of his rides late in life, he was met by His Majeſty on the declivity of Richmond Hill, who, with his accuſtomed condeſcenſion, ſtopped and converſed with him; and obſerving, that "he did not ride ſo faſt as he uſed to do", my father replied, "Sir, *I am going down hill.*"

was regarded by men of ſuperior talents, will be ſeen by the following character, drawn of him in one of theſe eſſays by the late Earl of Cheſterfield.

" CANTABRIGIUS drinks nothing but water, and rides more " miles in a year than the keeneſt ſportſman, the former keeps " his head clear, the latter his body in health; it is not from " himſelf that he runs, but to his acquaintance, a ſyno- " nimous term for his friends. Internally ſafe he ſeeks no " ſanctuary from himſelf, no intoxication for his mind. His " penetration makes him diſcover and divert himſelf with " the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expoſe " with the trueſt ridicule, though always without perſonal " offence. Cheerful abroad becauſe happy at home, and " thus happy becauſe virtuous."

This character ſtands at the cloſe of a paper written to expoſe the folly and ill effects of hard drinking; and Lord Cheſterfield names my father, who was a water drinker, as a living example of one, who did not require the exhilarating aid of wine to enliven his wit or increaſe his vivacity.

How far that even and regular flow of ſpirits, with which he was bleſſed, was the effect of conſtitution, the conſequence of temperance, or of an habitual activity; or whether it aroſe from an union of all the three, it may be difficult to determine;

determine; but, from whatever cauſe it proceeded, there is no doubt that he poſſeſſed in a ſuperior degree the rare and happy talent not only of regulating his converſation, but even his ſpirits, by the temper and feelings of the company he was in; who always found him equally diſpoſed to liſten or to converſe, to be grave or gay, humourous or inſtructive, as beſt accorded with their wiſhes and inclinations: by ſuch behaviour in ſociety it was, "that his acquaintance ſoon became a ſynonimous term for his friends."

In what manner "he diverted himſelf with the follies of mankind," the reader will have an opportunity of judging by a peruſal of his works. Certain it is, there will be found in them none of that "perſonal offence" which almoſt all humourous and burleſque writers have allowed themſelves, and without which the generality of authors ſeem falſely to imagine, that this ſpecies of writing becomes tame and inſipid. That he was "cheerful abroad becauſe happy at home, and thus happy becauſe virtuous," is eſtabliſhed by the univerſal teſtimony of his friends, which it muſt be the pride and pleaſure of his family to confirm.

Beſides men of profeſſed wit and lively parts, like Lord Cheſterfield, Lord Bath, Lord Egremont, and Mr. Soame Jenyns, who were ſolicitous for my father's company on account of the powers of entertainment he brought with him, he was not leſs acceptable to men of the graveſt characters and

and moſt dignified ſtations; of theſe, the moſt eminent was Philip Earl of Hardwicke, at that time Lord Chancellor, to whoſe acquaintance he was firſt introduced through his intimacy with Lord Royſton and Mr. Charles Yorke.

The character and talents of this nobleman are too well known to make it neceſſary to dwell upon them, or to point out the advantages, that muſt ariſe to one, who was ever diligent to improve his mind, from a familiar intercourſe with ſo diſtinguiſhed a lawyer, and ſo enlightened a ſtateſman. I have often heard my father mention, with pleaſure and gratitude, the valuable information he collected in converſations with the Chancellor upon conſtitutional ſubjects; and more eſpecially upon the great political queſtions, which were at that time matters of eager diſcuſſion.

In this family commenced an acquaintance with Count Poniatowſki. The reſtraints impoſed by a foreign language upon that playfulneſs of converſation, in which my father delighted, made him in general unwilling to cultivate the ſociety of foreigners; but he was ſo much pleaſed with the amiable manners of this young nobleman, that he lived with him in great intimacy during his ſtay in England; nor did the dignity to which this prince was unexpectedly raiſed ſoon after he quitted this country, or the troubles and misfortunes he encountered in the latter part of his life, ever efface from his mind the remembrance of their friendſhip. Of thoſe

Philip Earl of Hardwicke,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain,
Æt. 66.

Engraved by C. Bestland, from a Picture by Wm. Hoare,
in the Possession of R. P. Carew Esqr.

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Engliſhmen, who came to his court, he ſeldom failed to enquire after his old acquaintance. This will be ſeen by an extract of a letter to a common friend, written from Warſaw by the late Lord Mansfield, who ſays, "Our converſation turned on our Twickenham friend, his Majeſty expreſſed the greateſt regard for him, and pleaſure in being remembered by him: ſaid, he was the only man, he had ever ſeen in his life, in equally good ſpirits at all times. He dwelt with much pleaſure on many circumſtances, which he called to mind, reſpecting their intercourſe whilſt he was in England. At the concluſion of our converſation, the King charged me very particularly to aſſure Mr. Cambridge of the continuance of his friendſhip and eſteem, and that he wiſhed the Viſtula had on her banks as good a poet, and as honeſt a man, as the Thames."

Beſides men of eminence and talent, with whom my father aſſociated, he poſſeſſed the friendſhip, and enjoyed the ſociety of women of very ſuperior merit and accompliſhments. The ſoftneſs of manners and ſprightlineſs of fancy which characteriſe the ſex, made him always very partial to their company, and his own eaſy and pleaſant behaviour, and brilliant converſation, could not fail to render him a general favourite. Among the moſt diſtinguiſhed of his female friends were, the Marchioneſs De Grey, the Ducheſs of Portland, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Catharine Talbot, the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, Lady Egremont, Mrs. Montagu, and Mrs. Carter.

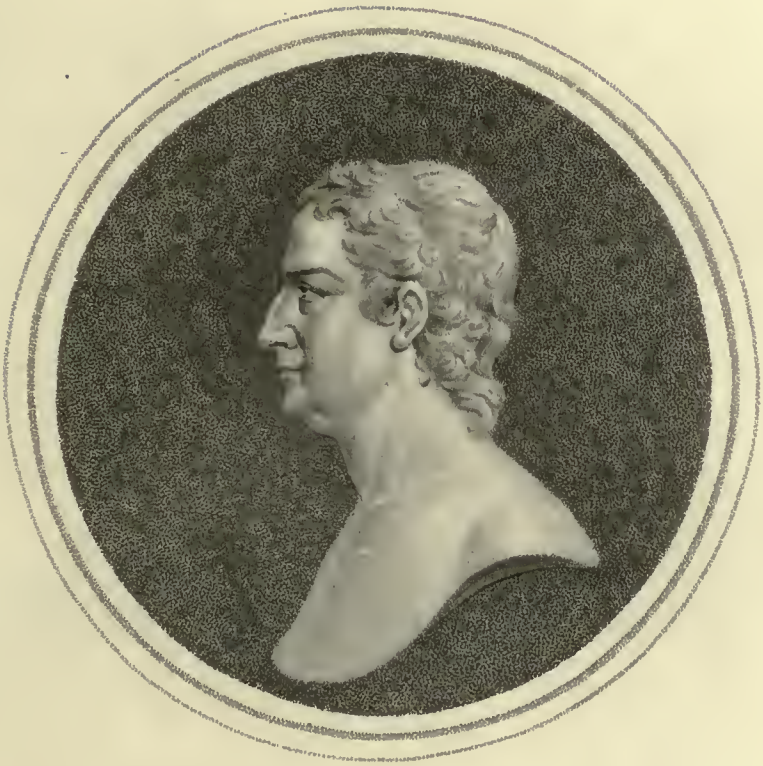
The

The arduous ſituation in which this country found itſelf at the commencement of the French war in 1756, turned the attention of every conſiderate man in the kingdom, to the dangers that threatened it from various quarters, and to the meaſures neceſſary to avert the impending ſtorm. In the general alarm my father heartily partook, and as his active mind was naturally anxious to acquire early and correct intelligence of the events of that intereſting period, he was happy, for that purpoſe, to avail himſelf of the familiar footing on which he lived with ſeveral men of the firſt ſtations and abilities, whoſe talents were called forth in parliament or in the cabinet.

It is well known, that the unſettled ſtate of parties at this juncture weakened the national councils, and added conſiderably to the anxiety of the public mind, whilſt it greatly interrupted the freedom of ſocial intercourſe amongſt political men; but as my father was known to be perfectly independent in his principles, attached to no ſet of men or meaſures, beyond what was dictated by a ſincere concern for the honour and proſperity of his country, he was received with equal cordiality by them all.

His intimacy with Lord Hardwicke's family promoted his friendſhip with Lord Anſon, who had married a daughter of the chancellor, a lady of rare and diſtinguiſhed accompliſhments, whoſe ſociety was much prized by all who knew her.

This



George Lord Anson

Engraved by C. Bestland from a Medal by J. Tinge.

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This nobleman was then at the head of the admiralty board *, where he preſided, with the exception of a few months, through the whole of the war, which, however unpromiſing in its outſet, proved in the event ſo glorious to the Britiſh arms, particularly in its naval ſucceſſes.

At Lord Anſon's table, which was filled with gentlemen of the navy, my father was ſure to find ſociety ſuited to his choice, and to receive the beſt information reſpecting that ſervice, with the practical part of which few men, not regularly bred to the ſea, have been ſo familiarly and correctly converſant. This circumſtance naturally led to an intimacy with many of our moſt diſtinguiſhed commanders, whoſe gallant actions, whilſt they afforded him the ſatisfaction common to every Engliſhman, excited a deeper intereſt in his mind, from the perſonal eſteem he entertained for thoſe who concerted the meaſures, as well as for thoſe by whoſe bravery they were carried into effect. But the concern he took in the naval opera-

* Dr. Barrow, in his admirable deſcription of wit, has enumerated *acute nonſenſe*, as one of its branches. In this ſpecies of pleaſantry my father was often very ſucceſsful, and found it particularly convenient in getting rid of diſagreeable ſubjects. It is mentioned in Lord Anſon's Life, in the Biographia Britannica, that his enemies reported of him that he had ruined himſelf by play. This was often aſſerted by thoſe who differed with him in politics. A lady of high rank in a large company attacked my father upon this ſubject, repeatedly declaring, that ſhe knew his friend Lord Anſon was a beggar—to which he, having in vain aſſured her, from his own conviction, that ſhe was miſtaken, replied, Madam, I can *prove* the contrary, to the ſatisfaction of this company; you all know the proverb, " ſet a beggar on horſeback, and he will *ride* ——." Now, you have only to look at Lord Anſon, when on his horſe, to be convinced that he is *no beggar*, but an *excellent ſeaman*.

tions of that period, was not confined to the friends of Lord Anſon; he was acquainted with almoſt every ſeaman of diſtinction; and Admiral Boſcawen was his particular friend: the eminent ſervices performed by him in the courſe of this war, which have immortalized his name in the annals of the Britiſh navy, afforded my father particular pleaſure, which was heightened by his friendſhip and eſteem for the excellent wife of this brave officer, who, in the tendereſt anxiety for her huſband's ſafety, never loſt ſight of what was due to his honour and fame.

Through his acquaintance with ſo many of the firſt naval characters, my father naturally acquired early intelligence of the voyages of diſcovery, that were ſet on foot after the peace of 1762, and became ſucceſſively intimate with Captains Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Phipps, (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) Vancouver, and above all the illuſtrious circumnavigator Captain Cook. With moſt of theſe officers he communicated upon the objects of their reſpective voyages, previous to their departure, and ſome of them he afterwards aſſiſted in preparing the accounts they gave to the public of their diſcoveries. He was likewiſe known to a great variety of other voyagers and travellers, who uſually found themſelves well repaid for the entertainment they afforded him, in the relation of their own adventures, by the additional lights he was able to throw upon the ſubjects they ſpoke of, from his own ſtock of information, or from the extenſive and valuable collection of voyages and travels he poſſeſſed; and by ſuch other means

The Rt. Hon.ble Edward Boscawen,
Admiral of the Blue.
Æt. 49.

Engraved by C. Bestland, from a Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds,
in the Possession of Viscount Falmouth.

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means as were in his power he always endeavoured to render himſelf moſt ſerviceable to them*.

But of the various objects that claimed the public attention at this time, none appeared to my father of greater magnitude than the ſtate of our Aſiatic colonies. He was among the few, who ſaw in its true light the rapid extenſion of our poſſeſſions in India, and viewed with ſufficient foreſight the importance of ſuch an acquiſition of territory, both in a commercial and political view. Finding how little this ſubject was in general underſtood, partly from the diſtance of the country, and ſtill more from the diſſimilarity of its whole ſyſtem of government, religion, and manners from our own, he conceived that it would be an intereſting and uſeful undertaking to give a general hiſtory of the riſe and progreſs of the Britiſh power in India.

This work was intended to commence with the eſtabliſhment of the firſt European ſettlement in that country, and

* Of this attention to collect original papers, and the deſire to make them uſeful to the public, a handſome teſtimony is given by Mr. Horace Walpole, who, actuated by the ſame liberal motives, printed at Strawberry-Hill, in the year 1758, "An Account of Ruſſia as it was in the year 1710, by Charles Lord Whitworth." In the preface to this little book, Mr. Walpole, after ſtating that the manuſcript was communicated to him by Mr. Cambridge, who had purchaſed it among a very curious ſet of books, collected by Monſieur Zolman, Secretary to the late Stephen Poyntz, Eſq. adds, "This little library relates ſolely to "Ruſſian hiſtory and affairs, and contains, in many languages, every thing that "perhaps has been written on that country. Mr. Cambridge's known benevo-"lence, and his diſpoſition to encourage every uſeful undertaking, has made him "willing to throw open this magazine of curioſity to whoever is inclined to "compile a hiſtory, or elucidate the tranſactions of an empire almoſt unknown "even to its cotemporaries."

to be brought down to the period of its publication; but perceiving a general impatience for ſome authentic information relative to the events that had recently happened upon the coaſt of Coromandel, and thinking it important that the bold and artful attempts of France to wreſt theſe poſſeſſions out of our hands, ſhould be more generally known and attentively watched, he determined to poſtpone his original plan, and publiſh without delay ſuch an account of the recent tranſactions in that part of India, as would be moſt inſtructive, and ſerve to confute the groſs miſrepreſentations made by the French, relative to thoſe affairs. Colonel Lawrence's narrative, and other authentic papers being offered to him for this purpoſe, he began with all expedition to arrange his materials in the beſt and moſt intelligible form, adding an introduction and preface of his own, with ſuch maps and plates as were neceſſary to illuſtrate the ſubject; and in a very ſhort time afterwards, the "Hiſtory of the War upon the coaſt of Coro-"mandel," made its appearance.

On the publication of this work in 1761, he reſumed the intention of proceeding in his larger undertaking, having already obtained permiſſion of the Eaſt India Company to have acceſs to ſuch of their papers as might be requiſite. He had alſo a promiſe of Mr. Orme's papers; but that gentleman happening to return from India at this juncture, with an intention to publiſh himſelf the hiſtory which afterwards appeared, my father conſidered that his own work would now be in a great meaſure ſuperfluous, and therefore relinquiſhed the further proſecution of his plan. I have

I have been induced to enter more particularly upon the ſubject of this publication, in order that the reaſon may be known, why it appeared in the form of a compilation rather than a well-digeſted hiſtory, and to ſhew that it was deſigned chiefly for a temporary purpoſe, to gratify the immediate curioſity of the public*. The work, however, was very favourably received, and proved highly intereſting, not only in this country, where it was reprinted in a ſmaller ſize without the plates, but in Ireland and alſo in France, where a French tranſlation, printed at Amſterdam, found a very general circulation, and was eſteemed the faireſt and moſt correct repreſentation of the French proceedings in India†. In what light the book was regarded by thoſe who had been in India, and who were more immediately connected with the tranſactions

* The later accounts of India make the republication of this work unneceſſary. Thoſe who wiſh to refer to it as a valuable repoſitory of correct and authentic information, will find it in the moſt reſpectable libraries.

This edition of my father's works is made to correſpond with the "War in "India," on the larger paper.

† A pleaſing and unexpected teſtimony was afforded my father a very few years before his death, of the eſtimation in which this work was held in France. M. Lally Tolandel, the ſon of M. Lally, who commanded the French force in India in the war of 1756, happening to meet my father at a friend's houſe, eagerly enquired if he was the author of a work relative to India, and being anſwered in the affirmative, ſprung forward and embraced him with great emotion, apologizing for this liberty, by aſſuring him, that he was under more obligation to him than to any man living; for that his work had been of greater ſervice than all the other documents he could procure, towards redeeming his father's honour and recovering his property; owing to the clear and intelligent detail it contained of the tranſactions on the coaſt of Coromandel, in which M. Lally bore ſo principal a ſhare, and to the juſt repreſentation it gave of the conduct of the French in that quarter.

actions there, will beſt be ſeen by the following letter from Luke Scrafton, Eſq.

March 20th, 1761.

" Dear Sir,

" I HAVE read your book with vaſt pleaſure, and own I could not have thought it poſſible for a man, who had never been in the country, to enter ſo deeply into the character of the natives.

" The India gentlemen are much obliged to you for the polite and obliging mention you have made of them, but more for the faithful account you have given of a number of heroic actions which were unknown to the world; for I believe no hiſtory abounded with more, from the days of Leonidas and the Grecian heroes. I am amazed, when I read your introduction, to find it upon the ſame plan as my own, and yet we have not met in any one obſervation, and I now regret that I had not given my performance to have added to yours; but as your introduction calls for mine, at leaſt for ſome account of the Bengal affairs, in my preſent diſpoſition I am determined to publiſh my own; but I intend to enlarge my account of the Indian policy and government, and ſhall be very happy if you will favour me with your correction, before I venture to the preſs.

" I have many new obſervations and reflections in my own mind, which I ſhall be glad you would aſſiſt me in reducing to order, and rendering it agreeable to the reader; and I

ſhall, if you will allow me, attend you from time to time at Twickenham and in town for that purpoſe; for many reaſons I think myſelf no longer under any reſtraint, with reſpect to publiſhing the Bengal affairs.

I am, dear Sir,
Your very obliged humble Servant,
LUKE SCRAFTON."

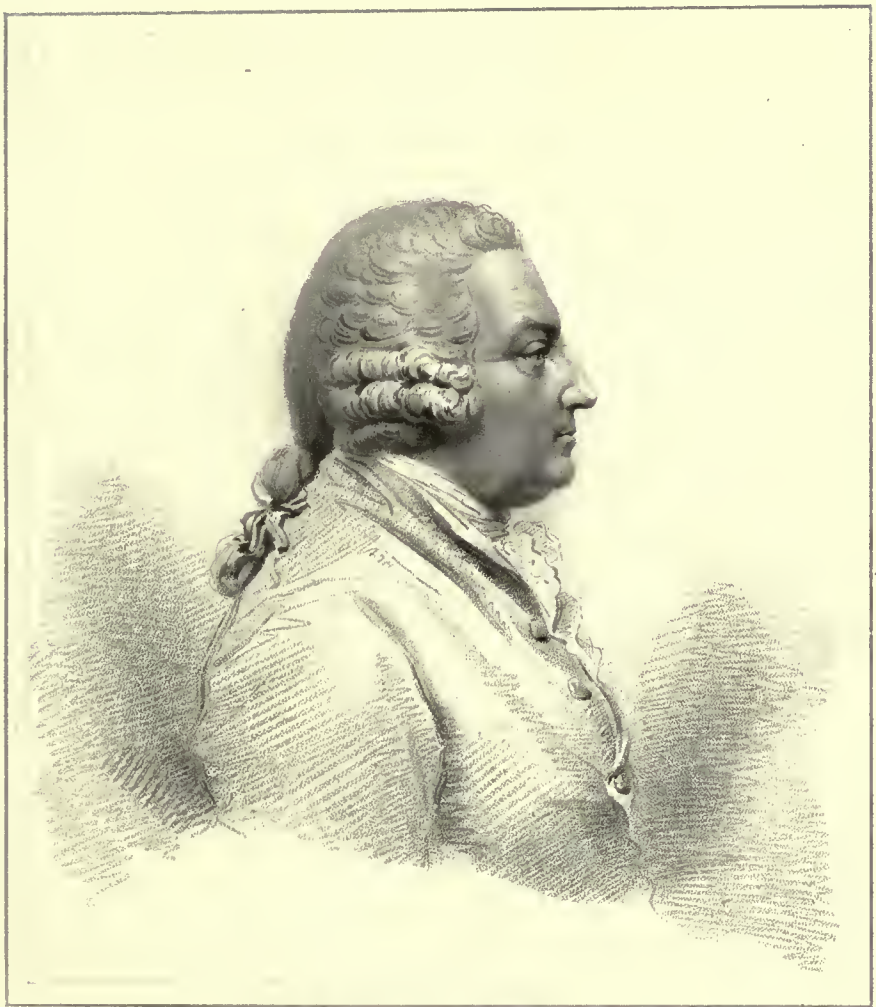
The increaſed intereſt which this publication induced my father to take in the affairs of India, and the intimate knowledge he had acquired relative to that ſubject, made it a favourite one with him for the remainder of his life, and led to an acquaintance with moſt men of experience who returned from thence, and from whom he learned whatever they had to communicate worthy of notice; with many of theſe he preſerved a laſting intimacy; among ſuch I may enumerate Lord Clive, General Carnac, Mr. Scrafton, Major Pearſon, Mr. Varelſt, General Caliaud, and, in particular, Mr. Haſtings, whoſe vigorous and ſucceſsful exertions, for the preſervation of that extenſive and valuable part of the Britiſh territory, over which he preſided, under circumſtances of peculiar difficulty and danger, engaged my father's reſpect and admiration, as much as his private virtues won upon his eſteem and friendſhip.

About the year 1762, my father received a valuable acquiſition to his ſocial circle, in his much eſteemed friend, the amiable

amiable author of Hermes. Mr. Harris, by obtaining a ſeat in parliament, and ſoon after having a place, firſt at the Admiralty Board, and then at the Treaſury, reſided a conſiderable portion of the year in London, from whence he and his family paſſed much of their time at Twickenham. This eaſy and familiar intercourſe was improved by the intimate friendſhip that grew up between the daughters of the two families, which ſtrengthened with their years, and now ſubſiſts between them and my ſurviving ſiſter; nor can I forbear to mention, the very marked reſpect and attention that was always paid to my father by the children of his old friend, the preſent Earl of Malmeſbury and his ſiſters, to the very lateſt period.

In the journey of life it unavoidably happens that friends, who have at one period lived together in great intimacy, ſhall at another be ſeparated by a variety of accidental cauſes, and when they chance to meet each other again, do not always appear the ſame that they were before; but of my father it was frequently remarked by his oldeſt acquaintance, that whatever ſeparation took place, or under whatever circumſtances they met him again, they always found him exactly what they had left him, holding the ſame opinions, engaged in the ſame purſuits, and equally glad to receive thoſe who had ever entitled themſelves to his eſteem or notice. Of this conſiſtency of character and ſentiment I am induced to offer the following teſtimony, which occurs in a letter from an old and intimate friend, who, had formerly paſſed much of his time at Twickenham, which he uſed as his country houſe,

but



Drawn & Engraved by Wm Evans

James Harris Esq.

Æt. 60

Published as the Act directs, May 1 1803, by T Cadell, and W Davies

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but had now attained ſuch a degree of eminence in the profeſſion of the law, as left him no leiſure for the enjoyment of his friends.

" I was more pleaſed with my luck in finding you and " Mrs. Cambridge, and your whole family ſo well, and viſiting you in fine weather, than I can well expreſs; it recalled to my mind, as I returned home, the many agreeable hours I have ſpent at Twickenham in former years, with various reflections on the uniform appearance of things there during the whole period, and the changes every where elſe. This you owe to ſocial life mixed with philoſophical retirement."

Although my father was always diſpoſed to draw ſociety about him at his own houſe, where he had very frequent parties of ſelect friends, he ſtill kept up his communication with London; his eaſy diſtance from thence, and his habitual activity, enabling him to preſerve his intercourſe with it till very late in life. When not called to London by a fixed engagement, he was accuſtomed, being a very early riſer, to reach town as ſoon as he expected to find any of his friends viſible; to divide his morning as the various purſuits of his mind directed; and, in addition to the lighter topics of the day, he uſually collected ſome ſolid and valuable acquiſitions upon literary or other profitable ſubjects, and returned home with a mind recreated and improved.

After a day ſo ſpent, it was his conſtant practice and greateſt pleaſure to collect his family round him, and communicate to

them whatever he had met with either of amuſement or more ſerious inſtruction. That he made my mother his companion on all occaſions has been already noticed; this tenderneſs of affection extended to his children, whom he delighted in having about him, and with whom, while he retained the authority of a parent, he always lived upon the footing of a fond brother. From his ſociety therefore they were never excluded, they partook of all that was intereſting to him, his ſtudies were carried on while they ſurrounded him, and his library was the common room of the family.

Towards the concluſion of the year 1773 my father experienced the loſs of a very near neighbour and much eſteemed friend, Andrew Stone, Eſq. who had been ſub-preceptor to His preſent Majeſty, and was afterwards made Treaſurer of the Houſhold to the Queen. This honourable office he held to the time of his death, which took place, after a ſhort illneſs, on the 17th of December, on which day my father had ſeen and converſed with him for ſome time. For this gentleman he entertained a very high eſteem, and of his extenſive knowledge, his temperate judgment, and his unſhaken virtue, he ever ſpoke in the warmeſt terms, always conſidering himſelf inſtructed and improved by his converſation. Among the numerous friends with whom my father lived in habits of great intimacy at this time, and reſorted to in his frequent viſits to London, I muſt alſo name Dr. John Egerton, the late Biſhop of Durham. Their friendſhip commenced at an early period, and was mutual in its warmth and duration.

Andrew Stone Esq.r

Æt. 71.

Engraved by C. Bestland, from a Model

by Gossett.

Published June 1 1803, by C Bestland, West End, Hampstead

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It was a fortunate circumſtance that, added to the ſocial advantages ariſing from its vicinity to London, his reſidence at Twickenham was rendered more intereſting and agreeable to him as he advanced in life, by the acceſſion of ſeveral of his old and intimate acquaintance who ſettled around him; beſides Mr. Horace Walpole, Mr. Wray, and one or two other friends whom he found already eſtabliſhed there, he had the addition of Lord Hardwicke, Sir Richard Lyttelton, Lord Camelford, Mr. Welbore Ellis, and ſome others, who, at different times, came to reſide near him; and he had alſo another very valuable acquiſition, when Lord North became his neighbour, ſoon after he was prime miniſter, in conſequence of Lady North's appointment to the rangerſhip of Buſhy Park. It is well known, that this nobleman was eminent for his ſocial talents, and particularly for a vein of comic humour, that was exactly ſuited to my father's taſte.

The time Lord North paſſed at Buſhy was that of relaxation from public buſineſs; he then uſually devoted ſome hours of the day to exerciſe on horſeback, when my father was his almoſt conſtant companion; in theſe rides he was gratified by hearing early and correct intelligence of the important public events, that took place during the adminiſtration of this miniſter, as well as by thoſe ſallies of wit and pleaſantry, wherein Lord North ſo much excelled *. Having frequently

* Among the many inſtances my memory affords me of the lively humour with which their converſation abounded, I am induced to offer the following:

quently noticed this familiar intercourſe with perſons high in miniſterial office, I feel it a duty due to that diſintereſtedneſs and independence of character which marked every action of his whole life, to obſerve, that from none of them did he ever aſk or receive for himſelf, or any of his family, the moſt trivial favour.

Another of his neighbours, whoſe unrivalled excellence in his profeſſion had long excited my father's admiration, and led to an early intimacy between them, was Mr. Garrick; this was increaſed by their mutual reliſh for our great dramatic bard, and the quick inſight they both poſſeſſed into character and manners.

It is natural to imagine, that in a ſociety compoſed of the perſons I have named, frequent effuſions of wit and humour would circulate. On ſuch occaſions my father was never reluctant to bear his part. Of theſe lighter productions of his pen, intended only for the amuſement of his particular friends, ſome will appear in the following collection,* but it will

lowing: As my father entered the room one morning, Lord North obſerved to him, that he had written a very handſome letter to his old friend and ſchool-fellow, Dr. ———, giving him the Deanery of ———. and put it into his hands, which having read he replied, "Yes, the letter is very handſomely expreſſed, and all very true, but ſhews plainly how little you know of your buſineſs as a miniſter. It reminds me of a ſtory of an Iriſh peaſant, who, upon ſeeing a partridge that was ſhot, fall from a conſiderable height, picked it up, and running with it to the gentleman who had killed it, cried out, "Arrah, your honour need not have ſhot; *the fall would have killed him.*—The *deanery* was ſufficient for one man, the *letter* ſhould have been ſent to the *unſucceſsful* candidate."

* The pleaſant and lively manner in which the author was uſed to repeat many of theſe poetical trifles, certainly added much to their value, and will not ſoon

will be remembered that in moſt vers de ſocietè, the local and perſonal alluſions they contain, often conſtitute the chief part of their merit, in the ſmall circle they are intended for, and render them leſs intereſting to readers, not acquainted with the circumſtances to which they refer.

The following correſpondence with Mr. Garrick, although it partakes in ſome degree of this deſcription, may not be unacceptable. It took place on the breaking up of an agreeable party at Burleigh, the ſeat of the Earl of Exeter, where they had ſpent ſome days together.

Mr. Garrick, upon leaving the place, ſent the following lines from the firſt ſtage of his journey.

GARRICK TO CAMBRIDGE.

When you bid me farewell, I was mute and was dull,
A little too ſelfiſh, my heart was too full;
I ſaw you quite happy, myſelf the reverſe,
You bid me farewell when I could not *fare worſe*.
I parted with thee, who, without ſpleen or ſatire,
Delighteſt with me in the whimſies of nature.
I left thee with Cecil, our right noble hoſt ——
O Cambridge, the worth of ſuch men thou well know'ſt.

With

ſoon be forgotten by his friends; to keep alive that pleaſing remembrance is one inducement for their publication. The only motive he had in writing, or in repeating them, was, one always active in his mind, a deſire to give pleaſure; that ſame principle influenced him in the future diſpoſal of them. He authorized his family to give to the world ſuch as might add to the public ſtock of innocent amuſement, and it is hoped the bias of partiality and affection has not perverted their judgment in the ſelection that has been made.

With Patoun too I left thee, and left thee with Weſt,
Who in painting will tell thee and do what is beſt.
With the great planner Browne, who's himſelf the beſt plan,
I envy his genius, yet doat on the man.
Then be not ſurpriſed I was ſilent and ſurly,
I left you with theſe, and I left you at *Burleigh*.

CAMBRIDGE'S ANSWER.

When Garrick and his lovely ſpouſe
Left Burleigh's hoſpitable houſe,
A tear was dropt from every eye,
From every boſom burſt a ſigh;
Each look'd on each, but look'd in vain
For conſolation in their pain.
Then I, who moſt of all regret ye,
Sought for amuſement in Baretti*;
But Cecil† and his tutor Weſton,
With foil in hand and fencing veſt on,
Made ſuch loud lunges o'er my head,
I minded nothing that I read.
Weſt with Patoun, his ancient crony,
To Raphael flies and Pordonone,
And to prepare a ſovereign varniſh,
That time ſhall neither crack nor tarniſh,

Weſt

* Baretti's Travels into Italy were then juſt publiſhed,

† Mr. Cecil, the preſent Marquis of Exeter.

Weſt ſends his gentle wife to ſtew well
An ounce of gum in water gruel,
And Raphael ſhines a perfect jewel.
Depreſt his genius planner Browne
In puns his feeling ſtrives to drown;
Our gen'rous hoſt, intent for lack
Of thee "to hang his heavens with black,"
Prevented was by active herald
Diſpatch'd by Briſtol and Fitzgerald.
She, as moſt other ladies do,
Took a ſhort tranſitory view;
Their eyes on glaſs not picture thrown,
They ſee no painting but their own.
No leſs in haſte her brother Briſtol,
Came and was gone like flaſh of piſtol.
My wife, poor woman, much addicted
To be with ſilent grief afflicted,
What can her action repreſent
But patience on a monument?
At ſuch a time, to each Aufrere;
That happy yet unhappy pair,
'Tis vain to offer conſolation,
They wiſh to practiſe reſignation:
And for the happier Pelhams*, Hymen
Will tell you what they paſs their time in.

It

* Mr. Pelham, the preſent Lord Yarborough, was recently married to Miſs Aufrere.

It has been already noticed, that at Eton my father was an excellent actor. This taſte he retained through life, but his great love of friendly and elegant ſociety prevented his ever being a frequenter of theatrical entertainments; he was, however, a conſtant reader of dramatic writings, in various languages, and often to his family and particular friends read them aloud with admirable humour and effect. At Mr. Garrick's requeſt, he was induced to write the two Epilogues which will be found in this volume. The one was ſpoken by Miſs Pope for her benefit, and was the firſt ſhe ever delivered; the other was for a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard, on a like occaſion.

Among the men of literary eminence, for whoſe learning and genius he entertained an high reſpect, the name of our great chriſtian moraliſt, Dr. Johnſon, muſt not be omitted; to an intercourſe with him is owing a very pleaſing and correct ſketch of my father's character, taſte, and purſuits, at a more advanced period of his life. It is written by Mr. Boſwell, the faithful and minute biographer of Dr. Johnſon; who, after relating, in his uſual lively and entertaining manner, the particulars of a converſation that paſſed in one of the Doctor's viſits at Twickenham, for a more correct account of which he had referred ſeveral years afterwards to my father, ſubjoins the following note:

" I gratefully acknowledge this and other communications " relative to Dr. Johnſon from Mr. Cambridge, whom, if a

" beautiful

" beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, a few miles " diſtant from London, a numerous and excellent library, " which he accurately knows and reads, a choice collection " of pictures which he underſtands and reliſhes, an eaſy for- " tune, an amiable family, an extenſive circle of friends and " acquaintance diſtinguiſhed by rank, faſhion, and genius, " a literary fame various and elegant, and ſtill increaſing, " colloquial talents rarely to be found, and with all theſe " means of happineſs enjoying, when well advanced in years, " health and vigour of body, ſerenity and animation of mind, " do not entitle to be addreſſed " FORTUNATE SENEX,"— " I know not to whom in any age that expreſſion could with " propriety be uſed. Long may he live to hear and feel it!"

When this was written, the collection of pictures here alluded to was a ſource of conſiderable amuſement to him. He had a general reliſh for all the fine arts, except muſic, of which he profeſſed to have no knowledge; but painting was decidedly his favourite; and in this he had a moſt correct and diſtinguiſhing taſte. His chief attention was directed to hiſtorical compoſition, and whatever of that kind was excellent, he ſtudied with minute attention, and criticiſed with admirable judgment. Early in life he had ſeen whatever pictures were of known excellence in this country. It is however worthy of remark, that, notwithſtanding the ſpirit with which he engaged in every purſuit, he never allowed it to carry him beyond the ſtricteſt limits of moderation; the preference therefore he entertained for painting, did not induce him to forget thoſe

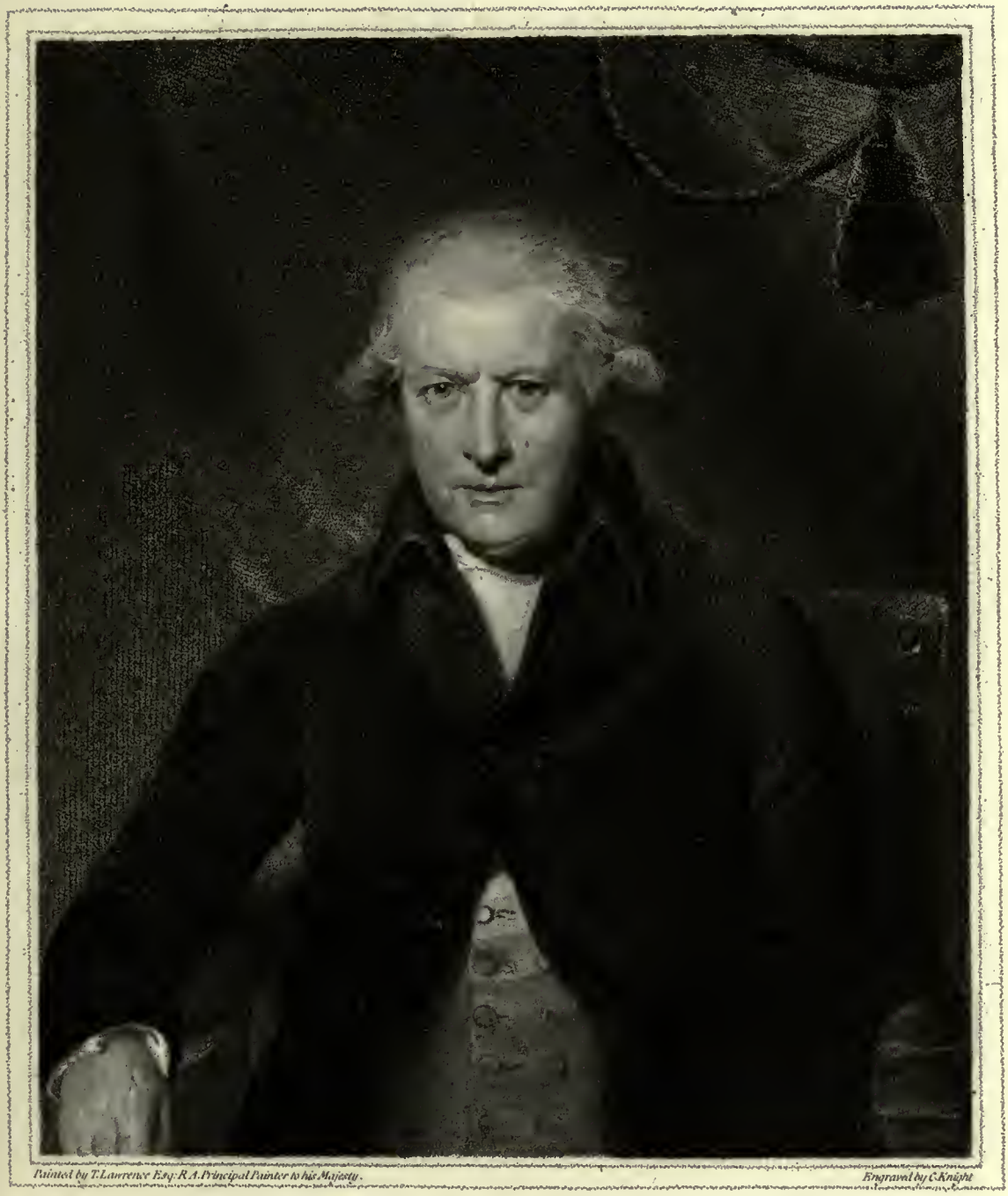
prudential conſiderations which formed the baſis of his conduct through life: the valuable and pleaſing collection he became poſſeſſed of was formed by degrees, at a comparatively ſmall expence.

His fondneſs for this art led him to an acquaintance with its moſt eminent profeſſors, and ſuch encouragement as it was in his power to give he never withheld; his houſe was always open to men of merit, whoſe ſucceſs he was ever ready to promote; and, in judging and ſpeaking of their performances, he exerciſed his uſual candour. Sir Joſhua Reynolds was among his intimate acquaintance; whoſe ſuperior taſte and execution he warmly admired, no leſs than his amiable manners, and extenſive knowledge of all ſubjects, that can engage an elegant mind.

To various other artiſts he extended his friendly regard. The pictures, from whence the engravings of the author in the Frontiſpiece, and of the view of Twickenham meadows are taken, were each of them tributes of gratitude for perſonal kindneſſes received in his houſe; the former from Ozias Humphry, Eſq. the latter from Mr. Webber, the ingenious draftſman, who accompanied Captain Cook in his laſt voyage to the South Seas.

From many of the evils attendant on long life my father had hitherto continued happily exempt; but there are ſome, we know, that are the appointed companions of age, againſt whoſe approaches no precaution can afford ſecurity, and to the painful effects of which no philoſophy can render us inſenſible. Of this number, the loſs of friends is juſtly regarded

as



WILLIAM VISCOUNT BARRINGTON Æt:75.

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as one of the moſt diſtreſſing. The year 1793 was marked by the breaking up of an old and cordial friendſhip, by the death of Lord Viſcount Barrington. His Lordship was one of thoſe who had early in life become attached to my father, and they were never ſeparated for any length of time; when moſt deeply engaged in public buſineſs, he always found leiſure for his friend's ſociety at Twickenham, in which he took particular pleaſure, and to enjoy which he was very frequent in his viſits to that place. In the courſe of the ſame year my father ſuſtained the loſs of his old ſchoolfellow, and much eſteemed friend, Mr. Aldworth Neville; whoſe amiable manners, and chearfulneſs of temper made him univerſally beloved; between them was uniformly preſerved that reciprocal affection which began almost in infancy, and continued for upwards of ſeventy years.

Although my father was now drawing into the ſhade of domeſtic retirement, the year 1798 gave riſe to a very honourable and unexpected teſtimony of the high eſtimation in which his literary and ſocial character ſtill continued to be regarded by men of letters. It comes from the pen of the unknown but very ingenious author of the Purſuits of Literature, who, on the republication of that Work, in the ſeventh edition, ſent a copy of it to Twickenham, through the hands of his bookſeller, Mr. Becket, with an elegant addreſs, written on the blank leaf facing the title page; of which the reader is here preſented with a fac ſimile.

In the ſame year, a tranſlation of the quotations in the prefaces and notes of the above Work being publiſhed, a

copy of that book was likewiſe tranſmitted through the ſame channel, with a ſecond dedication not leſs elegant or complimentary*.

My father was conſiderably advanced in his eighty-third year before he was ſenſible, to any conſiderable degree, of the infirmities of age; but a difficulty of hearing, which had for ſome time gradually increaſed, now rendered converſation troubleſome and frequently diſappointing to him. Againſt this evil his books, for which his reliſh was not abated, had hitherto furniſhed an eaſy and acceptable reſource; but, unfortunately, his ſight alſo became ſo imperfect, that there were few books he could read with comfort to himſelf. His general health however remained the ſame, and his natural good ſpirits and cheerfulneſs of temper experienced no alteration. Having ſtill the free uſe of his limbs, he continued to take his uſual exerciſe, and to follow his cuſtomary habits of life, accepting of ſuch amuſement, as converſation would afford, from thoſe friends who had the kindneſs to adapt their voices to his prevailing infirmity; and that he ſtill retained a lively concern in all thoſe great and intereſting events, which were then taking place in Europe, may be ſeen in ſome of his lateſt productions. But as his deafneſs increaſed, he felt himſelf grow daily more unfit for the ſociety of any but his own family, into whoſe care and protection he reſigned himſelf with the moſt affectionate and endearing confidence, receiving thoſe attentions, which it was the firſt pleaſure of his children to pay him, not as

* It may be proper to obſerve, that my father always remained wholly ignorant of the author of this diſtinguiſhed work.

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Celeberrimo simul et Ornatissimo Viro

R. O. Cambridge Arm.

Poetæ, Critico, Historico.

Ob Ingenii elegantiam,

Sermonis Nitorem,

Judicii acumen, Doctrinæ varietatem,

Inter Primos Notissimo,

Poema Hoc

Auctor Ignotus.

London, Published by Mess.rs Cadell & Davies, June 4 1803.

as a debt due to a fond and indulgent parent, but as a free and voluntary tribute of their affection. In the contemplation of theſe tokens of eſteem and love, he ſeemed to experience a conſtant and unabating pleaſure, which ſupplied, in no ſmall degree, the want of other intereſting ideas.

It is well known, that among the many painful and humiliating effects that attend the decline of life, and follow from a partial decay of the mental powers, we have often to lament the change it produces in the heart and affections; but from every conſequence of this ſort my father was moſt happily exempt. This I allow myſelf to ſay upon the authority of the medical gentleman*, of conſiderable eminence, by whoſe ſkill and friendly attentions he was aſſiſted through the progreſſive ſtages of his ſlow decline; and who has repeatedly aſſured me, that, in the whole courſe of his extenſive practice, he had never ſeen a ſimilar inſtance of equanimity and undeviating ſweetneſs of temper.

During this gradual increaſe of feebleneſs, and with the diſcouraging proſpect of ſtill greater ſuffering, which he saw before him, his exemplary patience and conſtant care to ſpare the feelings of his family were eminently conſpicuous; nor did the diſtreſſing infirmities, inſeparably attendant on extreme debility, ever produce a murmur of complaint, or even a haſty or unguarded expreſſion. It is ſomewhat ſingular, and may be regarded as a proof of an unuſually strong frame, that no ſymptom of diſeaſe took place; all the organs of life continued to execute their reſpective

* David Dundaſs, Eſq. of Richmond.

functions,

functions, until nature, being wholly exhauſted, he expired, without a ſigh, on the 17th of September, 1802, leaving a widow, two ſons, and a daughter.

Of Lord Cheſterfield, who, like my father, poſſeſſed his faculties to the cloſe of life, it is recorded, that the laſt words he uttered "were ſtrictly in character;" and the remark made by his phyſician Dr. Warren, upon that occaſion was, that "his good breeding would only quit him "with his life *." I ſhall hope for indulgence in applying the like obſervation to him, who is the ſubject of this memoir, and whoſe lateſt words were equally characteriſtic; expreſſing that fond attachment to his family, which had ever been his ruling paſſion. Having paſſed a conſiderable time in a ſort of doze, from which it was thought he had hardly ſtrength to revive, he awoke, and upon ſeeing me, feebly articulated "how do the dear people do? †" when I anſwered that they were well; with a ſmile upon his countenance, and with an increaſed energy of voice, he replied, "I thank God!" and then repoſed his head upon the pillow, and ſpoke no more.

IN the preceding pages, frequent occaſion has been taken to repreſent the favourable light in which, not only my father's literary character, but alſo his moral and ſocial qualities, were regarded by the world, during his life.

The event of his death, and the very patient and compoſed manner in which he ſuſtained himſelf through its cloſing ſcenes, brought alſo from his friends many gratifying teſtimonies

* Life of Lord Cheſterfield, Sect. vi.

† His uſual mode of naming his wife and children.

monies of reſpect to his memory. Of theſe I am induced, with the kind permiſſion of the writer, to offer one I received from a character deſervedly high in the eſtimation of the world; who, in his ſacred office, has zealouſly laboured to promote thoſe principles, the practical influence of which was ſo ſtrongly exemplified throughout the life of his departed friend.

Sundridge, Sept. 21, 1802.

" Dear Sir,

" MRS. PORTEUS and I feel much obliged to you, for giving us ſo early and ſo very comfortable an account of the laſt moments of your excellent father. He died as he lived, like a good man and a ſincere Chriſtian, and bequeathed to you and all his family, every conſolation that could poſſibly alleviate ſo melancholy an event. The ſame good principles that made him happy in his life and in his death, will render you all contented and reſigned under ſo ſevere a loſs.

" The character given of him in the public prints did not eſcape me: I read it with pleaſure: it is written well, and what is ſtill better, with perfect truth. For my own part, I have only to pray that *my* latter end may be like his.

" Sincerely wiſhing you and all the good family as much compoſure as ſo recent a calamity will admit, I remain, dear Sir, (with Mrs. Porteus's kind reſpects to you all)

" Your very faithful ſervant,

" B. LONDON."

AFTER ſo ample a detail of my father's life, and the many teſtimonies produced from others illuſtrative of his character, little

little more can be required to give the reader a juſt and complete idea of it.

At an early age he attentively examined the evidences of Chriſtianity, and was fully ſatisfied of its truth. His was, in the trueſt ſenſe, the religion of the heart, and he always felt that a conſtant conformity to its precepts was the ſtrongeſt and beſt proof he could give of the ſincerity of his faith. Of its preſcribed forms and exterior duties, he was no leſs a ſtrict obſerver; whatever were his engagements, he conſtantly paſſed his Sundays at home with his family, at the head of whom he never failed to attend the public ſervice of the day, until prevented by a bodily infirmity, for ſome years before his death: but he ſtill continued his practice of reading prayers to them every evening; a uſage of more than ſixty years; theſe were taken from our Liturgy, of which he was a great admirer.

When no longer able to partake of the Communion at church, he continued to receive it at home, on the feſtivals and other ſuitable occaſions, to the lateſt period, and his manner of joining in this ſervice, furniſhed an edifying example of the happy influence of a mind void of offence towards God and towards man.

His devotional exerciſes were always expreſſed in ſo ſolemn a manner, and with ſuch unaffected piety, as ſhewed that his lips ſpoke the language of his heart; but his impreſſive tone of voice, when offering praiſe and thankſgiving, marked that to be the branch of worſhip moſt ſuited to his feelings; and in conformity with this ſentiment, he frequently remarked,

marked, "that in our petitions we are liable to be miſled both "as to their object and motive; but in expreſſing our thankſ- "givings to the Deity we can never err, the leaſt favoured "among us having received ſufficient tokens of the "bounty of Providence, to excite emotions of the ſincereſt "gratitude."

This principle of piety led him alſo to bear afflictions in the moſt exemplary manner. Whatever trials or deprivations he experienced through life, he always met with fortitude, and his demeanour under the loſſes which he was ordained to ſuffer in his own family, was ſuch, that thoſe only who ſaw him near, and knew how ſacred he held the duty of ſubmiſſion to the Divine Will, and the ſelf command this produced, could form any idea how poignantly they were felt.

In eſtimating his literary acquirements, he is to be regarded rather as an elegant, than a profound ſcholar. The livelineſs of his parts was more adapted to quick diſcernment than deep thinking; he had therefore but little inclination for abſtruſe ſtudies, or thoſe reſearches which demand laborious inveſtigation. In other branches of learning, his knowledge was ſo general and extenſive, that it is not eaſy to ſay towards which he was moſt inclined. There were few works of the ancients of any reputation, with which he was not converſant, and on which he was not able to give a critical and judicious opinion; but thoſe of moſt diſtinguiſhed merit, eſpecially among the Poets, he was accurately acquainted with, and they were to him a never-failing ſource of inſtruction and delight.

His expeditious manner of extracting from books all the uſeful matter they contained was very remarkable, and whatever his judgment ſelected, his memory was ſure to retain; whilſt all that was trifling and uſeleſs ſeemed to be inſtantly effaced from his mind; thus his reading was more profitable and extenſive than that of moſt perſons profeſſedly devoted to ſtudy. In converſation, the quickneſs with which he caught alluſions, could only be equalled by the rapidity with which he furniſhed them. In quotations he was particularly ready, not only from the Claſſics *, but from various other authors. Theſe, however, were never pedantic or obtruſive, but uſually illuſtrative of ſome critical remark, or ſo applied as to convey an original ſenſe of his own, and that often very humourous and witty. The mottos to his Eſſays in the WORLD will exemplify this, particularly that to the paper upon turtle-eating.

He was fond of ſhewing the uniformity of human nature in all ages, by the ready application of paſſages in ancient writers to modern manners and the moſt recent events, of which frequent examples will be found in the parodies and imitations that are contained in this volume. He had a correct knowledge of moſt of the languages of the ſouth of Europe, eſpecially

* Being employed by a friend to build him a boat, for a piece of water, in the moſt central part of England, he had the following appoſite line from the Odyſſey of Homer carved round the gunwale.

Εισόκε τούς 'αφικηαι ὅι ουκ ισασι θάλασσαν.

Od. λ' 121.

——— Journey, till thou haſt found
A people who the ſea know not.———

COWPERS' OD. B. 11. L. 149.

eſpecially Spaniſh, and underſtood them ſufficiently to reliſh the works of their beſt authors, with many of which he was acquainted, that are but little known in the countries where they were written. But while he purſued inſtruction and entertainment in theſe various languages, his talents were employed chiefly in cultivating his native tongue, of which he was an accurate critic both in proſe and verſe.

His fondneſs for books ſerved to increaſe rather than diminiſh his ſtudy of human nature. His inſight into men was correct, judicious, and acute; he viewed with the eye of a philoſopher the influence of the paſſions, not only in the great and leading points of human conduct, but in the trifling incidents of common life.

The follies of mankind excited his mirth rather than his ſpleen; but his vein of comic humour was ever regulated by that native benevolence, which would not allow him voluntarily to inflict the ſlighteſt pain. In conformity with this ſentiment, it was uſual with him to ſay, "The world has given "me credit beyond what I deſerve for the witty things I may "have ſaid; but I have infinitely more merit for thoſe I have "ſuppreſſed."

Few private men have led ſo active a life, or mixed with ſuch various deſcriptions of people, without being involved in any perſonal difficulty or ſerious diſagreement. This may be imputed to a firm and uniformly dignified deportment, joined to a calm and peaceable diſpoſition, which made him always anxious, in the impreſſive language of Solomon, "to leave off contention before it be meddled with."

In his political, as well as all other opinions, he manifeſted that candour which aroſe from knowledge as well as temper; towards perſons in power he was favourable in his judgment, from a juſt view of the difficulties they have to encounter, but on no occaſion was he ever known to flatter private vice, or excuſe a neglect of public duty. His life and principles were alike free from corruption; his purity and independence equally untainted.

He was always diſpoſed to give his ſociety to young men, firſt entering into the world, whom he ſaw deſirous of profiting by his knowledge and experience, and who were ſufficiently enlightened to enjoy his converſation; many of theſe friendſhips, formed with perſons perhaps thirty years younger than himſelf, he preſerved to the laſt, and ſhewed a fatherly intereſt in their welfare, giving them ſuch advice as was highly uſeful, both for their public and private conduct. One of theſe friends, who has now been long in political life, and who, by the upright and able part he has acted, does equal honour to himſelf and ſervice to his country, has often declared to me, that there is no part of his parliamentary conduct, he reflects upon with more pleaſure, than the line he purſued in thoſe great queſtions, upon which he moſt conferred with my father, and in which he moſt accorded with his ſentiments.

SHOULD I, in this account of the life of a revered parent, be thought to have been too minute, I truſt I may claim ſome indulgence to an anxious wiſh, that he ſhould be remembered

membered principally for thoſe qualities, which, during his long life, gained him the eſteem of his numerous friends, and which now do moſt honour to his memory.

Although the reader may have found in the preceding pages little to engage his attention by the recital of great events, to provoke emulation by the diſplay of profound erudition, or to excite induſtry by the example of intenſe ſtudy, I ſtill preſume to hope, that theſe memoirs may have their uſe, by furniſhing that claſs of men, to which my father belonged, men of eaſy and independent fortunes, who have a taſte for the liberal arts, and a reliſh for the pleaſures of poliſhed life, with a practical example of one who ſucceeded to the utmoſt of his wiſhes in the attainment of rational happineſs; from whoſe experience they may learn that the enjoyments of the world are not inconſiſtent either with religion or virtue, with philoſophical retirement, or with domeſtic happineſs; and that the favour of the great, the eſteem of the learned, and the admiration of the witty, may be obtained, without any undue conceſſions, or any departure from thoſe principles, which ſhould govern a wiſe man and a good Chriſtian.

GEORGE OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

Twickenham Meadows,
June 1ſt, 1803.

THE

WORKS

OF

R. O. CAMBRIDGE,

ESQ.

ON THE

MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES:

PUBLISHED AMONG

THE OXFORD CONGRATULATORY VERSES,

1736.

I.

FAST by the banks of Iſis ſilver-ſtream'd,
In thoſe ſweet vales (who knows not thoſe ſweet vales?)
From whence are kenn'd Oxonia's tow'rs far-fam'd,
Whilom I walk'd to catch the noon-tide gales:
The murm'ring ſtream, ſo gently gliding on,
And awful ſolitude, did thought inſpire;
Verſeleſs myſelf I conn'd not blithſom ſong;
No lute had I, nor harp, nor tuneful lyre;
Thoughtful, adown I laid me by the ſtream,
That thought brought with it ſleep, ſleep brought with it a dream.

II.

The ſcene erſt fair to fairer ſtill did yield,
Such ſcenes did never waking eye behold;
Nor Enna was ſo gay, nor Tempe's field,
Nor yet Elyſium's fabled meads of old.
In admiration loſt, I raptur'd gaz'd,
When, to the ſound of dulcet ſymphonies,
A dome, by heav'nly workmanſhip uprais'd,
Forth like a vapour from the earth did riſe;
No brick nor marble did compoſe the wall,
Tranſparent 'twas throughout, for it was cryſtal all.

III.

Forthwith two folding-doors diſcloſing wide
Diſcover'd to the eye a gorgeous throne,
A venerable Pers'nage on each ſide;
Majeſtic this, that ſoft and beauteous ſhone:
Upheld by turtles ſat this happy Pair,
Eternal Peace and loves did ſport around;
Flutt'ring above did Hymen joyous bear
The links in which their mutual hearts were bound,
Betok'ning long they'd worn this eaſy chain,
Betok'ning thus they'd long, O! very long remain.

IV.

On either ſide the throne a glorious band
Of Pers'nages were rang'd: in the firſt place
And neareſt to the King, did Wiſdom ſtand,
And Honour, unacquainted to the Baſe;
Next Juſtice, never known to err though blind;
Vengeance and Clemency on either ſide;
And Pow'r, his eyes on Juſtice ſtill inclin'd;
And Peace, ſpurning Ambition, Death, and Pride:
Well is, I weet, the King who 's thus upheld,
Well is the Land whoſe ſceptre ſuch a King doth wield.

V.

Nor did there on the other ſide, I ween,
Forms though more ſoft, leſs heav'nly appear;
Conjugal Love and Concord ſtill were ſeen,
Becoming Meekneſs and Submiſſion near;
Next Truth, a window in her naked breaſt,
Modeſty and Prudence ever judging right,
Piety, adding luſtre to the reſt,
And heav'n-born Charity appear'd in ſight;
Bleſt is the Maid whoſe paths theſe virtues guide,
Happy! thrice happy He poſſeſs'd of ſuch a Bride!

VI.

While on this venerable Pair I gaz'd
Enter'd a band of Youth, joyous and gay,
One 'bove the reſt moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Who follow'd ſtill where Virtue led the way,
Oft-times he tow'rd the waters caſt his eye,
Which big with Hope and Expectation seem'd,
Nor long ere he a veſſel did deſcry,
Which fraught with all his wiſhes tow'rd him ſtemm'd,
An heav'nly Maiden on the deck was plac'd,
With ev'ry virtue bleſt, with ev'ry beauty grac'd.

VII.

White were her robes, which ſo divinely ſhin'd
As ſnow and gold together had been wove,
Expreſſive emblem of the pureſt mind,
Expreſſive emblem of the chaſteſt love;
Alternate on the Damſel and the Youth
A band of loves pour'd moſt propitious darts,
Which tipt with Pleaſure, Conſtancy, and Truth,
Found free admiſſion to their inmoſt hearts;
Swift flew the Youth, with eager haſte convey'd,
To his own happy ſhore, the much-lov'd, loving Maid.

VIII. And

VIII.

And now advance in hoſpitable guiſe
The Royal Pair; with welcome ſalutation
They greet the Maid; joy ſparkles in her eyes,
Promiſe of future bleſſings on the Nation:
Nor now did Hymen unemploy'd appear,
Their hearts in chains of adamant he bound,
Loud ſhouts of mirth and joy invade the ear,
Each echo pleas'd repeats the blithſom ſound;
I, ſleeping as I lay, in rapture cry'd
Long live the happy Prince! long live the beauteous Bride!

IX.

In flowing robes and ſquared caps advance,
Pallas their guide, her ever-favour'd band;
As they approach they join in myſtic dance,
Large ſcrolls of paper waving in their hand;
Nearer they come, I heard them ſweetly ſing,
But louder now approach the peals of joy,
The gladſome ſounds which from each quarter ring,
Diſpel my ſlumbers, and my trance deſtroy,
Waking, I heard the ſhouts on ev'ry ſide
Proclaim AUGUSTA fair the happy FREDERICK's Bride!

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CALIFORNIA

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WHITMINSTER HOUSE.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

WHITMINSTER,

FROM 1742 to 1750.

LEARNING:

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

DICK AND NED.

(The AUTHOR, and Dr. EDWARD BARNARD, afterwards Provoſt of Eton.)

THE day was ſullen, bleak, and wet,
When Dick and Ned together met
To waſte it in a friendly chat,
And much they talk'd of this and that;
Till many a queſtion wiſely ſtated,
And many a knotty point debated,
From topic ſtill to topic turning,
They fall at length on Books and Learning:
Then each with eagerneſs diſplays
His eloquence, to give them praiſe.
Far in their eulogy they launch,
And ſcan them o'er in ev'ry branch;
Thus, th' excellencies making known
Of Learning, ſlyly ſhow their own.

Here Dick (who often takes a pride
To argue on the weaker ſide)
Cries, Softly, Ned, this talk of learning
May hold with men in books diſcerning;
Who boaſt of what they call a taſte,
But for all elſe we run too faſt;
For lay but prejudice aſide,
And let the cauſe be fairly try'd,
What is the worth of any thing,
But for the happineſs 'twill bring?
And that, none ever would diſpute,
Is only found in the purſuit;
For if you once run down your game,
You fruſtrate and deſtroy your aim:
He, without doubt, pray mark me, Ned,
Has moſt to read, who leaſt has read;
And him we needs muſt happieſt find,
Whoſe greateſt pleaſure is behind.—
Ned, who was now 'twixt ſleep and wake,
Stirr'd by this argument to ſpeak,
Full aptly cry'd, With half an eye
Your far-fetcht ſophiſtry I ſpy;
Which, ne'er ſo ſubtlely diſputed,
By two plain words ſhall be confuted:
To give your reaſoning due digeſtion,
I firſt affirm you beg the queſtion.

Learning 's a game, which, who attains,
A great and worthy pleaſure gains;
Not light and tranſient like the chace,
But ſtable with unfading grace.
There are, indeed, who are ſo idle,
They leave all emprize in the middle;
Nor for reflection read or comment,
But juſt to kill the preſent moment:
Theſe hunt romances, tales, and hiſt'ries,
As men purſue a common miſtreſs,
Who when once caught but moves their loathing,
And well if ſhe 's not worſe than nothing;
But thoſe of ſteady, ſerious life,
Know there 's no pleaſure like a wife;
And ſuch the wife true learning find
A laſting help-mate to their mind.—
Good ſir, quoth Dick, and made a leg,
I ſay 'tis you the queſtion beg.
Your ſimilies of wife and miſtreſs
Will ſerve your argument to diſtreſs.
If knowledge never was attain'd,
Which ſages always have maintain'd,
Then knowledge cannot be a wife;
And you yourſelf conclude the ſtrife.
You no leſs fallacy advance
'Gainſt tales, and fables, and romance;

For I ſhall prove t'ye in the ſequel,
That reading of all kinds is equal;
And none can ſerve a better end,
Than cheerfully our time to ſpend.
Nor is't of moment, gay, or ſerious,
But, as the readers minds are various,
Each pleaſe himſelf. You contradict
Philoſophers of every ſect,
Unleſs with them you will maintain
All human learning to be vain.
This, Socrates affirm'd of old,
And this our wiſeſt moderns hold.
Therefore, if you have prov'd romances,
And ſuch like, vain and idle fancies,
They've ſaid the ſame of all the knowledge
I'th' ſage and philoſophic college.—
Ned was by this a little nettled:
Quoth he, This thing ſhall ſoon be ſettled;
With your own arguments diſputed,
And you with your own weapons routed.
You hold the pleaſure to conſiſt
In the purſuit; this muſt exiſt
For ever you have eke maintain'd,
Aſſerting knowledge can't be gain'd;
By this you fairly overthrow
Your firſt poſition; for, if ſo,

How

How can it ever be agreed
Who leaſt has read has moſt to read?
If ten miles upwards you could run,
Would you be nearer to the ſun?
Or daily from the ſea ſhould drink,
Say would you ever find it ſhrink?
Men moſt delighted are, the fact is,
As they more ſkilful grow by practice;
This true in all we have concern in,
Much more is found to hold in learning.
Who various ſciences has read,
Has made a ſtore-houſe of his head;
And with him ever bears within
A large and plenteous magazine,
Whence he's ſecure to draw at leiſure
All ſorts of precious hoarded treaſure:
Rich in ideas, ne'er ſhall he
A prey become to poverty;
And roaming free, his active mind
Can ne'er be fetter'd or confin'd;
Nor of dull ſolitude complain,
His thoughts, a cheerful ſocial train:
For books of the ſuperior kind
With juſt ideas fill the mind,
Nouriſh its growing youth, confirm
Its manhood: prop its age infirm:

Learning,

Learning, our ev'ry ſtep attends,
The beſt of pilots and of friends;
Aſſiſts our various ills to bear,
In fortunes adverſe waves to ſteer;
How beſt in calmer hours to ſail,
And how improve the proſp'rous gale.—
Alas! quoth Dick, mere puff and froth this is,
Which you advance for your hypotheſis:
At beſt a well-laid theory;
No ſubſtance or reality;
Nor found with practice to agree.
Your ſcheme would be more true and ample,
If well ſupported by example.
But theſe all make againſt your ſyſtem,
And therefore wiſely you ſuppreſt 'em;
Not all your books can raiſe the mind
Above the weakneſs of mankind.
Zeno, of ſtoic reading vain,
Affirm'd there was no harm in pain.
Pyrrho would vaunt (but then he'd lie)
Indifference or to live or die.
Carneades oft ſpent his breath
T'inſpire the bold contempt of death;
And once his wiſdom did affect
So far to ape the ſtoic ſect,
He thought he felt an inclination
To die, becauſe it was the faſhion.

Hearing

Hearing Antipater (a wiſe one!)
Had kill'd himſelf by drinking poiſon,
He crys, reſolv'd to do the ſame,
Give me----but what, forbears to name;
Then, baulking his expecting friends,
In mere mull'd wine this poiſon ends.
Not all his learning and wiſe reading,
Could Zeno's pupil keep from heeding
The rig'rous twinges of the ſtone,
Or but ſuppreſs one ſingle groan;
Forc'd to own pain at length an evil,
And give his doctrine to the devil.
Thus theſe philoſophers and leaders
Of various ſects (profoundeſt readers)
From all their books could ne'er attain,
Death to contemn, or ſmile at pain;
And much leſs reap'd they joy or pleaſure,
Their volumes yielding no ſuch treaſure.—
Ned, who now heartily was vext,
Began to ſtickle for his text;
Fairly, quoth he, examples cite,
We ſoon ſhall ſet this matter right;
But thoſe you bring, tho' ſlyly pickt out,
And with all art and cunning trickt out,
'Tis plain to ſee you falſely vent 'em,
And ſpecioufly miſrepreſent 'em.

Tho'

Tho' Dionyſius did wince,
His maſter ne'er was known to flinch;
His other pupil, Poſidonius,
Alone would prove your ſcheme erroneous.
When Pompey, who on purpoſe came
So far to hear this ſage declaim,
Finding him on his ſick bed laid,
And with ſevereſt pains aſſay'd,
Would fain have gone without his errant;
The ſteady ſtoic would not hear on't;
Began, and bravely held it out,
Amidst the torments of the gout;
Nor could avail th' acuteſt pang,
To ſtop or diſcompoſe th' harangue.
Could Epictetus, with ſuch bravery,
Or Æſop, bear their painful ſlavery;
Unleſs by Learning's hand ſupported,
And that relief which Books afforded;
Whilſt all their votaries have taught
That freedom dwells but in the thought.
Hence did Philoxenus deſire
From the rich banquet to retire;
Choſe rather back to gaol be hurried,
Than there with royal dulneſs worried:
His thoughts expatiating free
And undiſturb'd with poetry;

Made

Made bread and water more delicious
Than choiceſt feaſts of Dionyſius;
Proving no pain or thraldom worſe is
Than ſlaviſhly to hear bad verſes.—
Quoth Dick, 'Tis difficult to know
The truth of facts ſo long ago.
Writers enhance their hero's glory,
The better to ſet off their ſtory;
And throw a varniſh and a gloſs over
Th' acts of their favourite philoſopher.
You, of Philoxenus, advance
Mere folly, pride, and arrogance;
His reading made him no great winner,
That loſt ſo fooliſhly his dinner.
Which is the wiſer part d'ye think,
T'approve, and ſmile, and eat, and drink;
Or ſourly criticiſms mutter,
And quarrel with your bread and butter?
But if we find from books ariſe
This ſqueamiſh taſte, more nice than wiſe,
'Tis happier ſure, and wiſer yet,
Ne'er to have learnt the alphabet:
Yet tho' I ſcruple not to grant
'Twas Learning made him arrogant,
I ſtill muſt ſtrenuouſly maintain
Indifference to death or pain

Proceeds from natural diſpoſition,
More than from bookiſh acquiſition.
Examples of your ſuff'ring ſages
We find not five in fifteen ages.
Such volunteers in pain abound,
In parts where Books were never found.
To prove my words, if 'tis your hap
T' have pictures in't, conſult your map;
There, Ned, a Brahmin may you ſee
Ty'd by the heels to poſt or tree;
From whence he reaches downward to make
A fire to roaſt his breaſt and ſtomach;
And this he ne'er abates or puts out,
Tho' it ſhould burn his very guts out!
Yet this from Learning can't proceed,
For none of theſe can write or read.
Nor is the next a man of Letters,
Who's gall'd by thoſe enormous fetters;
Nor yet is he a better Scholar,
Who groans beneath that iron collar.
Dan Prior's muſe a caſe records,
And ſweetly too, ſo take his words:
At Tonquin, if a prince ſhould dye,
(As Jeſuits write, who never lye,)
The wife, and counſellor, and prieſt,
Who ſerv'd him moſt and lov'd him beſt,

Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.
In Europe 'twould be hard to find,
In each degree, one half ſo kind.
But why on European ground
Is no ſuch inſtance to be found?
Say, does our learning or our reading
Fall ſo far ſhort of Tonquin breeding?
But, as I ſaid before, a caſe,
So far remov'd by time and place,
Is ſeldom faithfully related,
Or, in moſt points, exaggerated.
Let us by modern facts be try'd,
And not our ears, but eyes decide.
Conſider but your neareſt neighbour,
Mark well his ceaſeleſs toil and labour;
Or fellow ſtudents at the College,
Who drudge both night and day for knowledge;
Are they for ten years poring better
Than if they'd never known a letter?
This thumbs philoſophers that teach
To be content is to be rich;
And finds, he thinks, with greateſt rapture,
Theſe riches grow with ev'ry chapter;
But ſound his heart, you'll find it heaving
To college rents and future living:

This reads the Stoics, and from them
Learns all misfortunes to contemn.
But a bare noſe, or finger's bleeding,
Shall countervail his ten years reading.
Do not moſt men more ſelfiſh grow,
And more reſerv'd, the more they know?
And when they come to ſtudy leſs,
To promote others happineſs,
They muſt, 'tis by experience ſhown,
Of conſequence impair their own.
When Umbrio, fixt upon the ſkies
In abſence, turns his muſing eyes,
And never condeſcends t' afford,
But in a learn'd diſpute, a word;
Can I perſuade myſelf, that he
Is happier than his company?
Were it not better for a while
To lay his wiſdom by, and ſmile,
And join with them to laugh and chat,
Altho' he cannot tell at what?
Yet he'll indulge theſe ſullen fits,
And keep his mirth for brother wits:
Then let us follow him to theſe,
And ſee if he be more at eaſe.
No; ſoon again his pleaſure fails,
He frowns, he yawns, he bites his nails;

And

And ſhews by diſcontented looks,
He wants to leave 'em for his books.
Purſue him to his country ſeat;
Is there his happineſs complete?
With endleſs volumes fill'd the room,
Muſt needs diſpel that ſullen gloom:
In vain. Ere he an hour has ſat,
Diſliking this, and tir'd with that,
Some modern book augments his ſpleen,
Which th' Ancients can't take off again.
Impatient from himſelf to fly,
Shall he the field amuſements try?
No; thoſe a philoſophic mind
Too barren pleaſures needs muſt find.
Then ſhall he try his hours to ſpend
In chat with neighbouring country friend?
Lo! there his joys as vainly plac'd;
One knowledge wants, and one a taſte,
This too reſerv'd, that too affected,
Envy'd by this, by that ſuſpected:
Poor Umbrio meets, at ev'ry turning,
Some ſad reverſe intail'd on learning;
And, tir'd o' th' country, back amain
Drives to be tir'd of town again.
Obſerve again, th' unletter'd brow
No frowns contract, no wrinkles plow;

See

See Bubo's front ſerenely ſleek;
Chagrin ne'er waſtes Aphronius' cheek;
Simplicius with eternal ſmile;
And Dullman ever found tranquil;
Prig with ſelf-approbation bleſt;
While nought diſturbs Aſello's reſt.—
Quoth Ned, I can no longer bear
Such overt falſities to hear;
Of arguments there is no end,
When with a ſophiſt you contend;
Thy proofs all falſely are aſſerted,
Or elſe moſt wilfully perverted:
In this, as well as other countries,
Men drown and hang themſelves upon trees;
Or, too diſpleas'd with this to bear it,
Leap into t'other world from garret.
Yet none in grave diſcourſe, e'er thought
Such fit examples to be brought;
'Cauſe theſe from madneſs muſt proceed,
And thoſe from poverty and need.
The ſages I produced, ne'er ſought
Their end or pain: their volumes taught
Neither to haſten death nor ſhun it,
But with indifference look upon it;
Nor ills to court nor yet to fear,
Whate'er Fate gave reſign'd to bear:

From

From whence I proved beyond diſpute,
That Learning bears the choiceſt fruit;
And plenteous harveſts ever yields
To thoſe who duly till her fields.
But you deny the truth, averring
Her ſoil not only cold but barren;
And the ſpontaneous idle weed
The cultivated crop t' exceed.
Now turn we to your happy Clan,
And their delights and pleaſures ſcan;
See them returning from the field,
Their joys are o'er; the fox is kill'd;
How ſhall they paſs the tedious night,
Till ſport return with morning light?
From whence procure them recreation,
Nor ſought from books or converſation?
The bottle, lo! their ſole reſort,
Oppreſſive thought they drown in port;
Or, with dear dice or cards beguile,
And ſhield them from themſelves awhile.
Our gallants now to town repair;
What endleſs pleaſures wait 'em there!
One half the day in ſleep is paſt,
They ſtudy how the reſt to waſte;
Till drum or playhouſe ſhall invite
To crown with happineſs the night.

The

The dreſs, the valet, and the glaſs,
Help two long irkſome hours to paſs:
The dinner ſerves them to complain
Of taverns, waiters, cooks, champaign.
With joy they hear the houſe is full:
The play begins; 'tis grave, 'tis dull.
And two more hours their cruel fate
Ordains their happineſs muſt wait.
Their patience now the drum rewards
With whiſpers, wax-lights, bows, and cards.
Now, while at whiſt they take their ſeat,
Go aſk them, are their joys complete!
Or wait they for ſome favourite vice;
Their girl, their bottle, or their dice?
Say, would you for a pattern chuſe
Dullman, whoſe paſſion is the news?
Ne'er could the freedom of his mind
In priſon'd volumes be confin'd;
In looſer ſheets is all his lore,
Free as the Sybil's leaves of yore.
He ne'er could on one ſcience fix,
So fell perforce on politics;
In theſe he can deſcant as well
As any modern Machiavel:
Here little progreſs will enable
T' attack the deepeſt at the table.

Great

Great is, I grant you, his delight,
When reading a retreat or fight,
Or ſally or ſurpriſe, by the French meant
To ſtorm the enemies entrenchment:
Or ſhips engaging with the Spaniard;
Or loſs of maſt by ſtorm, or mainyard;
Or cargo ſunk, or crew all drownded *;
Or ſpurious babe in Wapping found dead.
Or how the ſtubborn Dutch go on ſlow;
Or robb'ry on Blackheath or Hounſlow.
But ſhould they e'er reſtrain the preſs,
How great were Dullman's dire diſtreſs?
And ſhould all Europe be at peace,
His pleaſure totally muſt ceaſe.
Let us from theſe now turn our eyes
Upon the man that 's learn'd and wiſe:
You ſee him, from his early youth,
Taught the purſuits of heav'nly Truth:
In ev'ry ſeaſon, ev'ry place,
He follows ſtill the pleaſing chace;
The nearer to the glorious prize,
It ſhines the brighter in his eyes:
And not alone in Books is found,
But ev'ry object all around.

* So Dullman ſpells it.

He not the leaſt of theſe diſdains,
Or finds ungrateful to his pains.
But like the bee, from ev'ry flower
And ev'ry weed, with artful power
Collects alone the choiceſt juice,
And lays in ſtore for future uſe.
Thus all things to improvement turning,
Still grows his pleaſure with his Learning.

SOCIETY;

ADDRESSED TO HENRY BERKLEY, ESQ.

This Poem was intended to delineate the character of Mr. BERKLEY, but being unfiniſhed at the time of his death, the Author never could prevail upon himſelf to complete it.

SOCIETY! Our being's nobleſt end!
To thee, with claims unequal, all pretend:
From angels or the heav'n-inſtructed man,
To the wild Tartar's unconnected clan:
From the vaſt elephant, or ſavage bear,
To abject reptiles, and thoſe inſects ſpare
That wing inviſibly the crouded air.

Select are thy delights, ſerene thy joys;
How falſely ſought in numbers and in noiſe!
Too ſober for th' ambitious or the vain;
Too delicate for folly's taſteleſs train.
Theſe, while they ſeek thee in the tents of ſhame,
Bring foul diſhonour on thy ſacred name;
Who think to find thee in the harlot's bow'r,
Or loud with Waſſel in the midnight hour.

Misjudge not then the philoſophic mind,
Deaf to thy call, to thy endearments blind:
Since not thyſelf the wife, retir'd, diſclaim,
But that vain phantom which uſurps thy name.

Is there a man whom conſcious worth inſpires;
Whom wiſdom touches with her fainteſt fires;
Whoſe nicer ſenſe could brook the drunkard's cries,
The gameſter glorious in his ſhameful prize;
The dull recital of the ſportſman hear,
Or bigot roar of noiſy faction bear?

O! ſhould my ſoul her choiceſt wiſh declare,
And form to bounteous heav'n her ardent prayer,
Nor numerous vaſſals that obſequious wait
In ſervile crouds, to ſwell the pomp of ſtate;
Nor wealth nor pow'r, nor would ſhe fame require,
One perfect Friend ſhould bound her full deſire;
Learn'd though polite, though noble free from pride,
Virtue his guard, and honour be is guide:
Not ſo ſeverely rigid to reſtrain
Mirth's genial friends, and laughter's jocund train;
But free to ſpeak with temper or with fire
What Pallas dictates, or the Nine inſpire;
Let no attainment ſeem too great an height
For his aſpiring mind's ambitious flight:

No

No uſeful arts, tho' vulgar or minute,
Beneath his pains, unworthy his purſuit.
May zeal direct thoſe pains to nobleſt ends,
Zeal for his God, his country, and his friends;
Exalted genius animate his ſoul,
And ſenſe, the ſtable baſis of the whole.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

TOBACCO;

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO J. H. BROWNE, ESQ.

Author of the "PIPE OF TOBACCO, in Imitation of ſix ſeveral Authors."

THE folks of old were not ſo nice
But that they'd aſk and take advice.
'Twas then the Pythian's prudent voice
Directed Tully in his choice.
Conſult your genius, ſaid the maid;
No more; the humble youth obey'd.
This rule ſo ſhort, ſo juſt, ſo plain,
Our lively moderns all diſdain;
And ſcorn to have their flights controul'd
By any Pythians new or old;
Nor aſk what may their genius fit,
But all, forſooth, muſt aim at wit.

When firſt that fragrant leaf came o'er
To bleſs our barren northern ſhore,

Which your immortal verſes raiſe
A rival to the Poet's bays,
A ſquire of Suſſex gave command
To plant it in his marſhy land:
His anxious friends and neighbours join
To drive him from this ſtrange deſign.—
Tobacco, ſays a ſkilful farmer,
Requires a dryer clime and warmer;
The wat'ry coldneſs of your ſoil
Will fruſtrate all the planter's toil;
Yet not ungrateful ſhall the clay
With beans a plenteous crop repay.—

Let peaſant hinds, replies the ſquire,
Whoſe grov'ling ſouls can riſe no higher,
Drudge on, content with piddling gain
From vulgar means, and common grain;
But I will make this Northern Iſle
With India's boaſted harveſt ſmile,
And ſhew how needleſs 'tis to roam
For what we may produce at home.—

He ſaid, and wide as his command,
Tobacco filled the hungry land;
The reſtive marl obſtructs the ſhoot,
And checks the plant, and kills the root.

Yearly

Yearly his project he repeated,
Yearly he ſaw his hopes defeated.
Till all, at length, his fate deplore,
And find him begging at their door.

Thus may'ſt thou ſee, diſcerning Browne,
A ſauntering croud infeſt the town;
Whom providential Nature made
To thrive in phyſic, law, or trade.
What ſhe directs, perverſe they quit,
And ſtrive to force ſpontaneous wit;
Miſpend their time, miſplace their toil,
To cultivate a barren ſoil;
And find no art or force can breed,
What in your garden grows a *Weed*.

ARCHIMAGE;

A POEM,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENCER,

AND DESCRIPTIVE OF THE AUTHOR AND FOUR OF HIS BOAT'S CREW.

I.

A beauteous Maid[a] was walking on the plaine,
Nigh where Sabrina rolls her yellow tyde,
(Who now uplifts her fretted waves amaine,
And now ſerenely doth like Thamis glyde;)
Her palfrey to a diſtant tree was tied;
Delighted with the ſtream, of nought afraid,
She walk'd; a dwarf attended on her ſide,
Who bore a ſhield, on which there was diſplayd
Alofte on azure field a deadlie Trenchant[b] blade.

[a] Miſs Trenchard, afterwards married to Jocelyn Pickard Esq.

[b] The Creſt of the Trenchard family.

II.

Happie the Knight, yea happieſt he the Knight,
By fates ordain'd that envied ſhield to beare,
The deareſt gift of honour'd Lady bright,
To whom ſhe worthy deems that pledge to weare,
His ſure protection in the doubtful warre;
And ever ſhall ſuch good the gifte attend,
That whoſo beareth it ſhall nothing feare,
But on his Lady's virtues ſtill depend,
Truſting in her his Saint, his Patroneſſe and Friend.

III.

Her looſely walking on the lonely ſhore
Eſpied Archimage[c] that wizard vile;
And now the ſubtile fiend had got his lore;
For whilom oft, with many an artful wile,
And ſoothing words full fraught with hidden guile
Her virtuous wiſdom did the Mage aſſail;
Nath'leſs unmoved remain'd ſhe all the while,
Ne would give ear to his falſe glozing tale,
So that in no wiſe he againſt her mote prevail.

[c] The Author.

IV. Forthy

IV.

Forthy to overt force now turns his mind,
And impious raviſhment the ruffian fell;
For equal he to lawleſs force inclin'd,
Or ſecret working of the magick ſpell,
And every myſtick charme he knew full well:
Als could he from the vaſte and hoarie deep
Summon th' obedient ſonnes of night and hell,
As if th' infernal keys himſelf did keep;
Ne e'er in miſchief's taſks allow his eye-lids ſleep.

V.

Forthwith two helliſh imps he calls amaine,
Ycleped Giant Strength and Lawleſs Might;
Each to array he turns his working braine
In garb and ſemblance fair of gentle Knight;
So with a two-edged weapon he mote fight.
Thereto he Courteſie the one did call,
The other counterfeit Perſuaſion hight;
So if to nought his ſpecious arts did fall,
By ruffian force he mote be ſure to work her thrall.

VI.

And now the bold Inchaunter caus'd be brought,
Of ſtrange and curious worke, a rich machine[d];
Which by his ſkille right cunninglie was wrought,
So that it's paragonne mote not be ſeene;
(Full powerful is the magick art, I weene.)
Ne drawn by dragons was this ſumptuous Carre,
Ne by dread lions on the level greene,
Ne yet by yoked ſwans along the air;
As wizards oft, we read, convey the raviſh'd fair.

VII.

But with his wond'rous and all-powerful breath,
And the bare motion of his felon hond[e],
To whate'er parts he liſts he travelleth,
And flies with eaſe to many a diſtant lond;
For of his prey he now poſſeſs'd doth ſtand.
Als his beheſts four wizards[f] ſage obey,
Each waving in his hand a powerful wand[g];
Mightie themſelves; but mightier he than they;
Ne mote they his commands at any time gainſay.

[d] His double Boat. [e] Guiding the Helm. [f] The Boat's Crew. [g] The Oar.

VIII. In

VIII.

In the firſt rank a wily Mage[h] did ſit,
Long vers'd in fraud, and exerciſed in ill;
Ne ſcrupled e'er t' employ his wicked wit,
His maſter's dev'liſh mandates to fulfille;
And with malicious ſpite he turned ſtille
'Gainſt Elfinne Knights, and wrought them mickle woe;
Als wou'd the blood of holy beadſmen[i] ſpille,
Whoſe hairy ſcalps he hanged in a row
Around his cave; ſad ſight to Chriſtian eyes I trow!

IX.

Theſe would he with a deadlie engine ſell
Harrow and claw, his foul heart to aggrate,
And wreak his malice, ſtrange it is to tell,
On object ſenſeleſs and inanimate;
As though it were his living foeman's pate.
Als wou'd he rub a magic ointment eft
O'er heads of luckleſs knights, ſuch was his hate;
Which of their curled treſſes them bereft,
That nought but naked ſcorne and baldneſs vile was left.

[h] A ſervant of the Author. [i] He ſhaved a Clergyman then reſident in the family, and dreſs'd his wigs

X. Next

X.

Next ſate a monſtrous and miſhapen wight,[k]
His nether parts unſeemlie to beholde;
All from his waiſte diſcovering to the ſight
A fiſhe's tail, with many a circling folde,
Which from the ſea he mote not long witholde;
Als in his hideous and Cyclopean front[l]
One ſingle eye-ball (ghaſtlie feature!) roll'd,
Which fill'd with horror whoſo look't upon 't,
And ſea and land alike were this foule wizard's wont.

XI.

But chief frequented he rough Neptune's reign,
Where with his dread Inchaunments caſt about,
He 'd call the fiſhe up from the wat'ry plain,
Shad, ſalmon, turbot, ſturgeon, ſole and trout;
Ne 'ſcap'd the ſmaller frie, ne larger rout;
But all who in his magick circles caught,
Ne great ne ſmall mote ever thence get out;
Such power alaſs! have fell Inchaunters got,
Ne aught can them reſiſt, ne can eſcape them aught.

[k] A Fiſherman. [l] He had loſt an eye.

XII. Yet

XII.

Yet not for appetite or hunger keen,
Or for the end of luſcious luxurie,
Did he thus labour day and night, I ween,
And thoſe delicious creatures doom to die,
But barely to aggrate his crueltie.
For aye ſuch joy in miſchief would he take,
That oft he 'd run and flounce and wade and flie
Like gooſe unwieldie or like waddling drake,
And thus purſue his prey ſtill flound'ring through the lake.

XIII.

Ne would he e'er exchange theſe 'ſteemed cates
For life-ſupporting bread, or wholeſome food,
Ne fill his body ere with ſtrength'ning meats,
But ev'ry thing eſchewing that is good,
Nought ate or drank which mote not evil brood:
Hot and rebellious liquors were his meal,
Which caus'd foul workings in his fev'riſh blood;
'Bove all things elſe he Waſſel priz'd and ale;
For Tritonne, when in drinke, begotte him on a Whale.

XIV. The

XIV.

The next a foul and filthy Wizard [m] was;
His ſkin like hydes of leather did appear;
A griezlie beard grew matted o'er his face;
Hard wax diſtilled from his eyes ſo blear,
And on his back grew ſtiffe and brieflie hair;
Which like th' enraged porcupine he 'd dart
'Gainſt ſkinne of ſuch as him provoked ere;
And ever glad to do them ſhame and ſmart,
Left them all ſlaſh'd and gored and pink'd in every part.

XV.

From nobleſt aunceſtors his birth he 'd boaſt,
E'en from the mightie Criſpin's royal bed;
Tho' he in fortune's ruder waves was toſt,
And by the potent Archimage was led;
Nay once by mightier force impriſonned [n],
Altho' himſelf a great Inchaunter was;
Untill releaſed thro' grace and bountihed
Of good and gentle Knight of Criſpin's race,
From barres of hardeſt ſteel, and walles of triple braſſe.

[m] A Shoemaker. [n] Had been arreſted for debt.

XVI. Yet

XVI.

Yet by ſuperior force not overmatch'd,
Well knew he how to deal the ſecret ſpell:
Thereto the ſteps of wand'ring Knights he watch'd,
And with ſmooth words decoy'd them to his cell[o];
Where in a chair enchaunted, ſtrange to tell,
The Knights he placed; when thruſting all amaine
I' the ſtocks[p] their tender feet, the traytor fell
Leaves them, regardleſs of their bitter paine;
There may they weep and wail, and ſtorm and rave in vaine.

XVII.

Next the moſt dread Magician[q] of the crew,
Save the all-powerful Archimage alone,
Of ſtrange and hideous forme, and ſable hue,
Fire from his mouthe and livid eye-balls ſhone,
Would melt harde flints and moſt obdurate ſtone.
Thick clouds of ſmoke ſtill iſſued from his noſe,
Which he in danger hath about him throwne;
His iron nailes the length of fingers roſe,
Ne braſſe, ne hardeſt ſteele, mote his ſharpe teeth oppoſe.

[o] His Shop. [p] Ready-made Shoes. [q] A Blackſmith and Farrier.

XVIII.

He was to weet a craftie ſubtile Mage,
Great Vulcan's ſonne, and from his Sire full well
Had learn'd the winds rude force and mightier rage
Of fire, which oft he'd fetch with many a ſpell,
And bold Promethean arts, from loweſt hell[r].
In a vaſte cave did this Inchaunter wonne,
Full of things foul to ſee and ſadde to tell;
With many a rotten ſculle and bleached bone,
And many a mangled lymb was the dread pavement ſtrowne.

XIX.

Als on the portals of his friendleſs gate
He fixed has, and hanged up on highe
The boaſtfull tokens of his vengefull hate,
And ſpoils of his lamented victorie,
Extorting tears from every tender eye;
When luckleſs Knights by him diſmounted are,
He ſtraitway to the helpleſs ſteed doth flie;
Soon from his tender foot the ſole doth teare,
And home the mournful trophie of his conqueſt beare.

[r] His Forge.

XX. Nor

CALIFORNIA

XX.

Nor ſo he lets eſcape the hapleſſe ſteede,
But daie by daie doth racke him more and more;
Now ſtrikes his tender necke till it doth bleede,
And his ſleek ſkyn becomes all cover'd o'er
With the foule ſtains of bloode and clotted gore;
Als with hotte pyncers dothe he ſeare his tongue,
And with ſharpe nails his feet he pricketh ſore;
Which makes him frette, as tho' by gadflie ſtunge,
Whilſt his gall'd hoofe ſtill ſmarts, in magick circle wrunge.

XXI.

Als hath the Wizard with paternal art,[s]
And maſſie beams of ir'n, a caſtle wrought,
So furelie firme and barr'd in ev'ry part,
That never thence, I ween, eſcaped aught;
With many a Knight and woeful Squire was fraught
This dolorous dungeon ſad, who thither came
By magick touch, and vile inchauntments brought
Of harpies fell, who take their obſcene name[t]
Deriv'd from loathed part of ſcorne, and public ſhame.

[s] He aſſiſted in building Glo'ſter Gaol. [t] Bum Bailiff.

XXII.

Whilom the wretche againſt his maſter dar'd
In bold rebellion lift his traitor hand,
And for his ſteeds his treas'nous charms prepar'd;
But Archimage his purpoſe had foreſcann'd,
And him in terror to that lawleſs band
Condemned aye to ſweat and toil amain;
Now in the waves, now on the burning ſand,
From ſcorching flames to the chill wave again;
Thus aye him tort'ring with varietie of pain.

XXIII.

Such was this dev'liſh and unholie crew;
But far above them all was Archimage;
More artful tricks and ſubtile wyles he knew;
More high, more potent, more rever'd, more ſage;
Ne one like him could read the magick page:
Ne could the powers of all combin'd avail
'Gainſt his bare breath; ſo potent was it's rage,
That oft with that alone he would aſſail
The greateſt deeds, nor ere in ought was known to fail.

XXIV. Als

XXIV.

Als was he balde behinde, and polled o'er,
And once eſcap'd none caught him e'er, I trowe:
One ſingle lock[u] of hair he has before,
Such whilom on Time's aged fronte dothe grow;
(For he like Time ranne ever to and fro,
Following the bente of his impetuous minde)
This muſt you catch, ere he beginne to go,
For if once gone he flieth like the winde,
Ne ere abateth ſpeed, ne looketh ere behinde.

XXV.

Erſt by his charmes a wond'rous bow[w] he brought
Ev'n from the diſtante coaſts of utmoſt Inde;
With dread and powerful magick was it wrought;
And feather'd arrows, ſwifter than the winde,
Which never erred from the marke deſign'd:
Theſe as the tim'rous fowl from far deſcrie,
(Sore dread, I ween, to all the feather'd kinde)
Diſmay'd, diſpers'd, and cowring low, they flie,
Tho' oft transfix'd their lives they leave ith' loftie ſkie.

[u] He wore a toupee of his own hair, comb'd over his wig.

[w] Alluding to his expert uſe of the Bow and Arrow.

XXVI.

Nature to him her dark breaſt doth diſcloſe,
His pierceant eye looks thro' the ſhades of night;
And all beneath the earth and ſea he knows,
Ne ought is hidden from his ſearching ſight:
Eft rare and ſecret things he brings to light;
And Earth's deep womb ranſacking with his art,
An houſe[x] hath built with various beauties dight,
(Not found, I ween, in ev'ry common mart,)
Gold glitters all around, and ſhines in ev'ry part.

XXVII.

Als on the confines of his drear domaine
A loftie Tower[y] rears it's tremendous height;
From off whoſe goodlie battlements are ſeen
Extenſive ſcenes of wonder and delight:
But in a gulph[z] are her foundations pight;
Which, tho' conceal'd with verdure fair, doth gape,
Unſeen, both night and day, for living wight:
And ill betide that caitiffe, whoſe mishappe
Dothe lead him to the pitte, whence he can ne'er eſcape.

[x] A Grotto, ornamented with Mundic, Spars, &c. [y] The Pariſh Church, ſituated near his houſe. [z] The Church-yard.

XXVIII. So

XXVIII.

So wills that darke and ſable-ſtoled Mage,
Who in thoſe walles his art dothe exerciſe;
Ne ought with him availeth ſexe or age;
Ne hoary elde, ne tender infant's cries
Can melt his iron heart in any wiſe:
Als by his power and virtue magicalle,
A wond'rous yoke about their neckes he ties,
Which eft their tender ſkinnes doth frette and galle,
All ſilkenne as it ſeems, with ſore and endleſſe thralle.

XXIX.

So ſurelie firme he ties this Gordian Knotte,
As ev'n exceeds his own art to untie;
And ſo ill-ſuited deals to each their lotte,
Uſing his wicked arts ſo wantonlie,
His cruel ſport doth cauſe great miſerie:
Each ill-pair'd Couple tugge the magick chaine,
And their reluctant neckes together plie,
And ſtill for freedom praie and ſtrive amaine;
He ſits and laughs to ſcorne their labour, all in vaine.

AN

APOLOGY

FOR WRITING VERSE;

ADDRESSED

TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES YORKE.

(Written in the Year 1745.)

THO' all the cenſuring World upbraid,
That thus I ply this idle trade,
That, ſtrangely ſingular, I leave
What they call uſeful, great, or grave,
To follow Phoebus and the Muſes;
Yet you, my CHARLES, could find excuſes,
And back your reaſons with example,
To make th' apology more ample:
Or, if the Bard ſhould bring a fit one,
Found or in ancient Greece or Britain,
With pleaſure wou'd the Tale attend,
That ſerves to vindicate your friend.

A Caſe I 'll ſend you from a book, *
A caſe in point, tho' not in Coke.—
When Philip's warlike preparations
Spread terror round the neighbouring nations,
All prompted by their ſev'ral fears,
Provide their bucklers, ſwords, and ſpears;
Obedient to the Maſon's call,
They roll the ſtones and raiſe the wall,
And work as patriot ardour fired 'em;
The very women too beſtir'd 'em;
For Corinth's luſty dames we're told
Were mettled combatants of old:
Mean while Diogenes alone
At eaſe ſurveys the buſy town,
And ſtalks with philoſophic pace,
Contemplating each earneſt face;
At length the Cynic graſp'd his club,
And fell in warlike mood to drub
That peaceful domicil his tub;
As if he meant t' avenge the quarrel
Of Greece on th' outſide of his barrel;
Or humble Philip's pride by jerking
The ſides of ſympathetic firkin.
And now the Sage began to roll
His paſſive veſſel like a bowl;

* Rabelais, "Prologue to Book 3d."

When

When thus a ſtander-by, "Pray neighbour,
Why doſt thou thy poor tub belabour?
Why thus miſpend thy time and wit
But to torment thyſelf and it?"—
"And art thou at this buſy ſeaſon
At loſs to find th' apparent reaſon?"
The Sage replies: "ſure you might chide well,
If I alone ſhould now ſtand idle;
When all with me embark'd together,
This dark ſuſpicious low'ring weather,
Are ſtriving hard to keep afloat
The common weal, our leaky boat:
While at the pump or oar they tug hard,
Shall I appear the only ſluggard?
What tho' my talents not avail
To guide the helm or hand the ſail,
Yet ſhall it ne'er be ſaid, that I
Thro' ſloth or indolence lay by."—
He ſaid, and ſtrait reſum'd his taſk,
And bounc'd and thwack'd the trundling caſk.
Thus I, who midſt this reſtleſs crowd
Capricious nature has allow'd
Such parts and talents, as might ſerve
To help ſome wretched wit to ſtarve,
With pleaſure ſee my buſy friends,
Earneſt alike for various ends;

While theſe the means of peace prepare;
Theſe arming 'gainſt the chance of war;
Alike all anxious for their fate,
And lab'ring to preſerve the ſtate.
Yet I, t' amuſe the vacant hour,
Careleſs of honours, wealth, or power,
Civic or military fame;
Nor hoping praiſe nor fearing ſhame,
Still ply like him my idle game.

TO

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq.

(IN ANSWER TO AN EPISTLE TO THE AUTHOR, INSERTED IN HIS LIFE.)

CEASE, Whitehead, to laviſh on others the fame
Which you better deſerve, and unenvied may claim:
The Muſes, your Bankers, all honour your hand,
When you draw for a Rhime you 're paid on demand,
All in ſpecie, all gold, current coin of the land.
On my poor ſhallow Bank the call ſcarce is begun,
Ere my Muſe pays in ſilver to ward off the run.

What Dæmon poſſeſs'd me, when firſt for my crimes
I ſat down to blot paper with diſſonant rhimes!
Storms blacken'd and thunder affrighted the night:
The raven and ſcreech owl forbad me to write.

Had I never engag'd in this idle employ,
My heart vacant of care, and o'erflowing with joy,
I had laught at all thoſe, who to buſineſs are martyrs,
Like a reſident canon or captain in quarters;
Diſſolving in indolence, thoughtleſsly gay,
I had ſlept all the night, and done nothing all day;

Contented

Contented from drum to aſſembly to dance,
As invited by card, ſituation, or chance;
Bow'd, ſaunter'd, and gap'd, a mere Man of the Town,
And aſk'd others their health, and not injur'd my own.
But e'er ſince the firſt moment this phrenzy poſſeſt
And diſturb'd with wild vapours the calm of my breaſt;
Day * and night have I toil'd, like a ſlave in the mines,
Retouching, tranſpoſing, new moulding my lines.
Then, how nauſeouſly ſounds the addition of *Poet*,
What pain to be markt, and how awkward to know it!
Oft he hears, when he's ſtuck in the midſt of a crowd,
Some whiſper his name, ſome repeat it aloud,
Or ſtare in his face to examine each feature,
For a poet to them is a ſtrange kind of creature.
Fops, Belles, Beaux-eſprits flock round him, and court all
His acquaintance to viſit,—his friendſhip no mortal.
Wits ſneer, the fools laugh, friends as uſual *muſt* blame;
Cardelio condemns, in the midſt of his game:
The learn'd ſhake their heads, the unletter'd abuſe,
The dull rogues thank their God they're not plagu'd with a Muſe.
—My Ambition is chill'd with this dreadful review,
And I bid all poetic deluſions adieu.

* The Reader will ſee, that this is an ironical alluſion to that part of Mr. Whitehead's Epiſtle, where he deſcribes the remarkable facility with which the Author always compoſed.

TO

LORD BATHURST.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. 2. ODE 15.

ALREADY your extenſive Down
O'er all the neighb'ring land has grown,
And laid whole Foreſts waſte:
And now we ſee th' encroaching Lake
Almoſt as large a compaſs take:
And all to found a Taſte.

Miſguided

JAM pauca aratro jugera regiæ
Moles relinquent: undique latiùs
Extenta viſentur Lucrino
Stagna lacu: platanuſque cœlebs
Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, et
Myrtus, et omnis copia narium,

Spargent

Miſguided Emulation now
The fertile empire of the plough
To barren ſhew devotes;
Or vainly ſtrives ſome marſh to drain,
To counterfeit thy wholeſome plain,
Or richeſt meadow floats.

Now flow'rs diſpos'd in various groupes,
Diſlodge thoſe honours of your ſoups,
The taſteful rich Legumes:
And, rais'd in mounts, or ſunk in wells,
From artleſs tufts, or labour'd ſhells,
Diſpenſe their ſtrong perfumes.

How would your friend Sir Godfrey * fret!
And Pope, in plaintive ſtrains, regret
The days of his Queen Anne?
Before you ſunk the firſt Ha-ha;
And ruling all by Foreſt-Law,
This waſting Taſte began.

* Sir Godfrey Kneller.

The

Spargent olivetis odorem
Fertilibus domino priori.
Tum ſpiſſa ramis laurea fervidos
Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli
Præſcriptum, et intonſi Catonis
Auſpiciis, veterumque normâ.

Privatus

The Monarch, worthy Britain's crown,
Sought not in private fields renown:
And none by her example,
Did caſtles for their porter rear,
A Chineſe pagode for their deer,
Or for their horſe a temple.

The turf her humble ſubjects made
Their lowly ſeat, beneath the ſhade
Of beeches, oaks, or birches:
And to their pious Queen they gave
Whate'er their patriot thrift could ſave,
For building fifty churches.

Privatus illis cenſus erat brevis,
Commune magnum: nulla decempedis
Metata privatis opacam
Porticus excipiebat Arcton.
Nec fortuitum ſpernere ceſpitem
Leges ſinebant; oppida publico
Sumptu jubentes, et Deorum
Templa novo decorare ſaxo.

THE

DANGER OF WRITING VERSE;

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A YOUNG POET AND HIS FRIEND.

ADDRESSED TO

SIR CHARLES HANBURY-WILLIAMS, KNT.

Occaſioned by his ſatirical Ode upon Mr. Huſſey's Marriage with the Ducheſs of Mancheſter; which gave ſo much perſonal Offence.

Quem tu, Melpomene, ſemel
Naſcentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Iſthmius
Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Oſtendet Capitolio. Hor. Od. iii.

FRIEND.

THE Man at whoſe birth Melpomene ſmil'd,
Who fancies forſooth he 's Apollo's own child,
In the country indulges an indolent eaſe,
And will make neither Sportſman nor Juſtice of Peace.

POET.

Will our Poet ſucceed any better in town?
Is he likely to riſe by the Sword or the Gown?

FRIEND.

Lackaday-ſir, the Muſe has ſo addled his pate,
That he finds himſelf fit for no poſt in the ſtate.

POET.

But Horace, your friend, though his ſons you abuſe,
Shews the dignity, value, or charms of the Muſe:

FRIEND.

'Tis true, ſir, but there he has choſe to conceal,
What I, for the ſake of young Bards, ſhall reveal:
Then know, this profeſſion but tends to expoſe
To the fear of your friends, the revenge of your foes.
Will the man, by your Verſes once injur'd, forgive,
Tho' the cauſe of his pain ſhou'd no longer ſurvive?
All your friends tho' unhurt, you obſerve, are perplext
With a jealous concern, leſt their turn ſhould be next.

POET.

But, good ſir, what need that the Bard muſt abuſe?
Let him ſport with an innocent Paſtoral Muſe:

FRIEND.

I grant, and the World will allow there 's no *need*;
You may chuſe what you 'll write, but they 'll chuſe what they read;

And, dear ignorant Friend, to make ſhort of the matter,
There 's nothing will pleaſe 'em but perſonal ſatire:
Nor fancy the world will e'er call for your rhimes,
Unleſs they believe 'em a touch on the times;
Of this truth artful Pope may an inſtance afford,
Who nam'd his late Work from the Year of our Lord.
This Horace confeſt: for that Poet divine,
Who at firſt wrote his Odes to his miſtreſs and wine,
Soon with Character fill'd the ſatyrical page,
And adapted his Muſe to the taſte of the age.
But ſatire 's a thing, that 'tis dang'rous to deal in,
For tho' many want taſte, yet there 's none but has *feeling*.
This duly conſider'd, the Poet diſclaim,
Nor let Horace inveigle your fancy with fame;
For the reaſon why he can unenvied divert us,
Is becauſe we are ſure he 's unable to hurt us;
His Characters touch not the Moderns; and no man
Sees himſelf or his nation expos'd in a Roman:
Yet were he alive, I ſhould think it, tho' loth,
My duty to give this advice to you both.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

LORD DUCIE AND HIS HORSE.

(Written in the Year 1748.)

DUCIE.

O the dull lazy dog, how untimely he fails,
When in view we 've the Prince and the Princeſs of Wales!
Is this a fit time, you ungrateful, to flinch?

HORSE.

You may whip me and ſpur me; I'll not ſtir an inch.
I wiſh I 'd been Cambridge's, then I had ſeen
Hay and oats for my dinner and taſted a bean,
Which your Pythagorick decrees have forbid;
And that makes me ſo faint, I 'ant fit to be rid.

DUCIE. I 'll

DUCIE.

I'll convince you how fooliſh the outcry which you make;
What ſignify Oats if you're rid of your ſtomach?
Without ſcruple, I grant, when extravagant Veſie*
Gave his horſe Hay and Oats, you were juſtly uneaſy.
But with Cambridge's horſes 'tis quite a new caſe;
They are trying to make you diſpleas'd with your place;
'Tis the way of all ſervants; but pray, do they ſay
How many long miles they are rid in a day?
How oft the poor devils are gallopt to Villiers?
I'll warrant they often have envied my Thillers†.
Did you e'er know me out when pronouncing the doom
Prophetic of Cambridge's annual groom?
Now if he kills a groom once a twelvemonth, or more,
Of horſes at leaſt he muſt kill half a ſcore.
He cares little for 'em, and feels no more pain,
If in harveſt it pours down whole buckets of rain;
While I and my ſervants are toiling all day,
In the heat of the ſun to roaſt you your hay.
With his good friend the World on the water he goes,
And calls off his hands to his barges and ſhows.
But you want to change for his place, you're ſo cunning;
Did he ever build you a ſtable to run in?

* Lord Ducie's Steward.

† The horſe that goes between the ſhafts.

Have

Have you ſeen in his fields ſuch a houſe as your own,
With one pillar of brick and another of ſtone?
No, no, ſir, he builds you your buildings of taſte:
And ſo all his fortune is running to waſte.
Am I ever profuſe in wigs, waiſtcoats, or coats,
In caſtles or porticos, bridges or boats?

HORSE.

What 's all this to me, if I never eat Oats?

THE

AUTHOR

TO THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

IM. HOR. EPIS. 20.

WELL then, for all that I have ſaid,
You keep your eyes on Tully's head *.
Has pride with ſuch impatience fill'd you,
You pine till Dodſley clothe and gild you;
As foppiſh minors court their taylor,
And hate their guardian as their gaoler.
'Tis ſo, you an't content, you ſay
With Barnard, Whitehead, Yorke, and Wray.

No

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, ſpectare videris:
Scilicet ut proſtes Soſiorum pumice mundus,
Odiſti claves, et grata ſigilla pudico:
Paucis oſtendi gemis, et communia laudas,
Non ita nutritus: fuge quò deſcendere geſtis:
Non erit emiſſo reditus tibi. Quid miſer egi?
Quid volui? dices, ubi quis te læſerit: et ſcis

* The head of Cicero over Mr. Dodſley's door.

In

No more you 'll viſit ſqueamiſh Wits,
So often in their abſent fits:
No more be read alone to Browne;
But go at once upon the Town.
Go then, you 'll never think me wiſe,
Till Wits begin to criticiſe,
And doom you to the trunks or pies.
Or, if it happens for a while,
Your novelty ſhould make 'em ſmile,
Soon will you think of my advice,
When the cloy'd reader grows ſo nice:
For ſomething new he throws you by,
Where you o'erwhelm'd forgot muſt lye;
Where daily pamphlets ſhall confound you,
And Night Thoughts ever growing round you.

But while their favour you maintain,
(For 'tis as ſhort liv'd as 'tis vain)

Thus

In breve te cogi, plenus càm languet amator.
Quod ſi non odio peccantis deſipit augur,
Carus eris Romæ, donec te deſerat ætas.
Contrectatus ubi manibus ſordeſcere vulgi
Cæperis; aut tineas paſces taciturnus inertes;
Aut fugies Uticam; aut vinctus mittêris Ilerdam.
Ridebit monitor non exauditus, ut ille,

Thus much of me you may declare,
That tho' I live in Country air,
And with a ſnug retirement bleſt,
Yet oft, impatient of my neſt,
I ſpread my broad and ample wing,
And in the midſt of action ſpring.
A great admirer of great men,
And much by them admir'd again.
My body light, my figure ſlim,
My mind diſpos'd to mirth and whim:
Then on my Family hold forth,
Leſs fam'd for Quality than Worth.
But let not all theſe points divert you
From ſpeaking largely of my Virtue.
Should any one deſire to hear a
Preciſe deſcription of your Æra,

Tell

Qui malè parentem in rupes protruſit aſellum
Iratus: Quis enim invitum ſervare laboret?
Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem
Occupet extremis in vicis balba ſenectus.
Cum tibi Sol tepidus plures admoverit aures;
Me libertino natum patre et in tenui re
Majores pennas nido extendiſſe loqueris:

Ut

Tell 'em that you was on the anvil,
When Bath came into pow'r with Granville.
When they came in you were about,
And not quite done when they went out*.

* Their Adminiſtration laſted only three days.

Ut quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas.
Me primis urbis belli placuiſſe domique;
Corporis exigui, præcanum, ſolibus aptum,
Iraſci celerem, tamen ut placabilis eſſem.
Forte meum ſi quis te percunctabitur ævum;
Me quater undenos ſciat impleviſſe Decembres;
Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD:

AN

HEROIC POEM,

IN

SIX BOOKS.

EXPLANATION OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

THE Satyr in the Frontiſpiece repreſents Comic Poetry, who having overthrown the Sphynx, or Falſe Science, ignominiouſly leads her in triumph, and makes ſport with thoſe Problems and Ænigmas, with which ſhe tortured and diſtracted the minds of men.

By the Fable of the Sphynx may be underſtood Pedantry, or that learned Arrogance, which, by the affectation of Myſtery and Riddles, impoſes on the underſtandings of mankind.

THE

PREFACE.

THOUGH an Author perſuades himſelf that his work will fully explain itſelf to all who read it with attention, and have the patience to obſerve how ſome parts reflect light on others, and all conduce to illuſtrate the whole; yet I have not the vanity to flatter myſelf that the generality of readers will give that attention to a Poet on his firſt appearance in print, which is abſolutely neceſſary for the thorough underſtanding this Poem. Therefore I have yielded to the inſtances of ſome, who adviſe me to publiſh a few prefatory lines for the ſatisfaction of thoſe who read rather for amuſement, than for the critical conſideration of ſuch compoſitions.

Let us firſt conſider the true Idea of a work of this nature.

A Mock-Heroic poem ſhould, in as many reſpects as poſſible, imitate the True Heroic. The more particulars it copies from them, the more perfect it will be. By the ſame rule it ſhould admit as few things as poſſible, which are not of the caſt and colour of the ancient Heroic poems. The more of theſe it admits, the more imperfect will it be. It ſhould, throughout, be ſerious, becauſe the originals are ſerious; therefore the author ſhould never be ſeen to laugh, but conſtantly wear that grave irony which Cervantes only has inviolably preſerved. An author may be very deficient in the obſervation of theſe rules, and yet he may write a very

very pleaſing, though it cannot be called a perfect Mock-Heroic poem. It will pleaſe many readers, though it have no other ſupport than here and there a Parody of ſome known paſſages of an eſteemed Author.

The Athenians were ſo fond of Parody, that they eagerly applauded it, without examining with what propriety or connection it was introduced. Ariſtophanes ſhews no ſort of regard to either in his ridicule of Euripides; but brings in the characters as well as verſes of his tragedies, in many of his plays, though they have no connection with the plot of the play, nor any relation to the ſcene in which they are introduced. This love of Parody is accounted for by an excellent French critic, from a certain malignity in mankind, which prompts them to laugh at what they moſt eſteem, thinking they, in ſome meaſure, repay themſelves for that involuntary tribute which is exacted from them by merit.

I ſhall be very much miſunderſtood if it be thought that I deſire to detract from the abundant merit of the Lutrin, Diſpenſary, Rape of the Lock, and Dunciad. They have each a thouſand beauties which I do not pretend to; but I have always thought that they did not come up to the true idea of a Mock-Heroic poem.

I take for granted, nobody believes that the primary Deſign of either of theſe Poets was to write a Mock-Heroic.

Boileau being ſtruck with the abſurd diſputes of certain contending eccleſiaſtics, reſolved to make them the ſubject of his ridicule; and *afterwards* pitched upon the imitation of the Heroic as a vehicle for his Satire. The comic humour of Garth was ſtrongly excited by the factious diviſions in his own profeſſion, and would probably have vented itſelf in proſe, but that the admired

* performance

performance of Boileau invited his imitation. And Pope wrote his firſt eſſay of this kind to put an end, by ridicule, to a quarrel between two families; and his ſecond from a juſt indignation againſt his libellers, and not from any formed deſign to write a true Mock-Heroic Poem. When firſt I read theſe Poems, I perceived that they had all ſome great defect, and though the more I read them the ſtronger I felt this defect, and always conceived that ſomething might be written more perfect in this kind, yet I never diſcovered what it was until I came to know that Don Quixote was a work which would give as much ſatisfaction in a critical examination as moſt of the compoſitions of the ancients. I then found that *propriety* was the fundamental excellence of that work. That all the marvellous was reconcileable to probability, as the author led his hero into that ſpecies of abſurdity only, which it was natural for an imagination, heated with the continual reading of books of chivalry, to fall into. That the want of attention to this, was the fundamental defect of theſe poems. For with what *propriety* do churchmen, phyſicians, beaux and belles, or bookſellers, addreſs themſelves to the Heathen Gods, offer ſacrifices, conſult oracles, or talk the language of Homer and the heroes of Antiquity? With the ſame *impropriety* do theſe authors frequently leave their ſubject, and the very colour of the heroic, to deſcribe ſome modern character, introduce perſonal ſatire or epigrammatic wit. The Poems I admire, and in many places for their very faults: and the Authors I vindicate, as the attempt of the Mock-Heroic was only their ſecondary view.

Whoever examines Swift's Battle of the Books, will give it the preference in this particular; for he will find throughout that little piece, no one epiſode or alluſion introduced for its own ſake,

but every part will appear conſiſtent with, and written only to ſtrengthen and ſupport, the whole.

The imitation of the ancients was my chief, and at that time, only deſign, as appears from what I have ſaid above. Theſe thoughts, together with the remembrance of the claſſics, were freſh in my mind, when Pope firſt publiſhed the Memoirs of Scriblerus; an admirable deſign, undertaken by many of the greateſt wits of the laſt age, but dropt in the very beginning; and the little we have is executed very unequally. Yet, ſuch as it was, it furniſhed me with an hint for a ſubject, and principally with an Hero, who having the manners of the ancients induſtriouſly inculcated from his cradle by the enthuſiaſm of his father, muſt always with propriety think, act, and ſpeak like them. I conſidered that taking up a character which had been already explained, would be a great advantage in an Epic Poem, which as it ſhould always haſten into the midſt of things, would not admit of ſuch an explanation of a new character in the beginning of it, as is, without any offence to the nature of that work, at large deſcribed in the firſt chapter of Don Quixote; and makes the whole firſt canto of Hudibras. I had alſo the ſatisfaction of complying with a fundamental rule of Horace, who is too ſound a critic to deliver with importance an advice which he had not proved to be of moment.

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere: tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus
Quam ſi proferres ignota indictaque primus.
New ſubjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chuſe a well-known theme,
Than truſt to an invention of your own.

ROSCOMMON.

In

In the lines immediately following he cautions againſt a ſervile imitation, which I had no reaſon to fear, as I undertook to continue their deſign by taking up Scriblerus where they left him, and conſequently cannot interfere with any one action which they have deſcribed: and I have taken care, in order to keep it ſtill more ſeparate from theirs, to make no alluſions to the Memoirs, of any conſequence, but merely ſuch as give a handle to quote them in the notes, and thereby, as it were accidentally, refer the reader to them (for when I printed the firſt book, I had no thought of writing this Preface) as I choſe rather that he ſhould get an idea of this enthuſiaſtic character from a work already printed, than to repeat the deſcription and clog my book with it. So that, but for theſe reaſons, which I do not think of any great force, I might as well have had a new character of my own invention, with a new name: But what advantage would have reſulted from that? And what objection to the character and name of Scriblerus? Do not all theſe idle travels, all theſe frivolous inveſtigations and uſeleſs purſuits end in *ſcribbling*, to the unreaſonable increaſe of that wordy lumber, which provokes the humourous Fajardo to cry out, *O! Jupiter, if thou haſt any compaſſion for poor mortals, ſend us, once in a century, an army of Goths and Vandals to redreſs the calamity of this inundation of authors.* May we not ſuppoſe that theſe books, ſo formidable in their bulk and number, muſt ſtrike a damp on all beginners in literature, who ſuppoſing that a man cannot be ſtiled a ſcholar till he has laboured through all thoſe volumes, chuſe rather to decline all pretenſions to that name, than to enter upon ſo ſerious an engagement? Is it not therefore, in ſome degree, laudable to endeavour to ſtop the progreſs of this evil, and by ſhewing the vanity and uſeleſsneſs of many ſtudies, reduce them

to a leſs formidable appearance, and invite our youth to application, by letting them ſee that a leſs degree of it than they apprehend, judiciouſly directed, and a very few books indeed, well recommended, will give them all the real information which they are to expect from human ſcience.

This naturally leads me to ſpeak of my Deſign. I have already ſaid that my original view was to write a Mock-Heroic Poem; but I ſhould have thought my time moſt triflingly employed, had I ſet out with that intention only. But I no longer heſitated, when I found that I could, conſiſtently with the Character of my Hero and Manners of the Poem, comprehend the whole compaſs of falſe ſcience, without omitting any thing that could poſſibly be brought into action. As the preſs has groaned more of late with the wranglings of theologians and metaphyſicians than any other kind of writing, the omiſſion of them may appear a defect, but it would have been extremely injudicious to have attempted any thing ſo little of the colour of heroic poetry. This will appear from the ſlight touches upon the quibbles in law and caſuiſtry, towards the end of the Sixth Book, which have ſo little of the epic caſt, that I fear they are diſtinguiſhable to a fault: yet I let them ſtand, being willing to fill the meaſure of abſurdity, and omit nothing that can poſſibly have a place to complete the plan.

Having conſidered the Nature of the Poem, and the Deſign or Moral Intention of it, I come next to the Character of the Hero. In this I had an advantage which I had not in the two former. I mean a perfect model to copy by, and the ſteps of a great maſter to tread in, who frequently walks on the brink of improbability, yet you can never diſcover that his head turns, or his foot ſlides.

Such

Such a guide is CERVANTES: and from diligently ſtudying him we learn, that things, at firſt ſight moſt apparently improbable, may be reconciled to belief by the circumſtances of time, place, and accidents: by which the *marvellous*, ſo excellent in all kinds of fiction, particularly the poetical, may be produced without giving into the romantic. This gives a ludicrous fiction, founded on the character of an enthuſiaſt, an advantage over the ſerious Epic: for there the marvellous never appears without a moſt glaring offence to truth; whereas in the former, the reader is as much aſtoniſhed as at the moſt incredible falſity, till he has time to reflect on the heated imagination of the Hero, which reconciles all to probability. Numberleſs inſtances of this will occur to the reader from Don Quixote. I will illuſtrate it with one from the Scribleriad.

Credulity is one ſtrong characteriſtic of our Hero; therefore without uſing any of the arts above-mentioned, I ſend him at once to ſearch for the Petrified City. A ſtory which meets with univerſal belief among the Africans, and I could inſtance ſeveral Europeans whoſe faith in this particular has coſt them ſome pains and expence. This, therefore, is ſtraining no point. But Albertus, who is one that loves a joke (for that is the obvious meaning of Momus in Albertus's ſhape) adviſes him to conſult a natural fool. He readily complies. Thus far his behaviour has nothing extraordinary, being influenced by the cuſtom of the country. For however ridiculous ſuch conduct may ſeem here, at Cairo it was only *inſanire ſolennia*, to be as mad as they: for there every body holds theſe naturals in veneration, and catches what drops from their mouths with equal enthuſiaſm. But he muſt not only venerate, he muſt have a ſatisfactory

anſwer

anſwer and direction for his future life from a madman. This can only be produced by ſelf-deluſion, for an ideot cannot be taught to act in confederacy. The ſelf-deluſion is not difficult, but the timing it exactly at the conſultation is a nicety. For this purpoſe Scriblerus is made to paſs a reſtleſs night without ſleep, then to weary himſelf by ſearching for his prophet an whole day, then to be ſtunned with a blow (which at the ſame time ſerves to characterize the idiot in the love of miſchief natural to ſuch) and moreover to be ſtupified by drinking opium unawares; the known effects of which upon a brain already full of a favourite project, which we may ſuppoſe his adviſer Albertus took care to prepare him with, will account for the manner in which he relates this adventure to his friends. I cite this as an inſtance of reconciling the marvellous to probability by the circumſpection and art of the author. I ſhall now mention ſome other methods I have taken of introducing this great requiſite in Heroic Poetry. It is a known maxim that a man hazards his character of veracity more by telling improbable truths than probable lies; which proves that ſuch improbable truths do always appear the marvellous to thoſe who have not been uſed to think on the ſubject.

Doubtleſs the rowing under water appears ſo ſtrongly the marvellous, that upon firſt view it will be thought impoſſible. Yet this has certainly been executed, and nothing is more eaſy to perform for a ſmall ſpace of time. Therefore not the impracticability but the uſeleſsneſs of the invention is the object of ridicule.

Another method of introducing the marvellous is by reſerving for the end of the book the moſt conſummate abſurdities of enthuſiaſtic faith, then, by an artful rapidity of deſcription, to hurry on

the reader, and make his imagination keep company with the credulous zealots, and then at once to conclude unexpectedly, leaving the impreſſion of the marvellous ſtrong on the mind without thoſe circumſtances which, in the firſt mentioned caſe, at the ſame time that they reconcile it to probability, greatly weaken the force and effect of it.

The commentators on Homer apologize for the glaring falſehoods which Ulyſſes relates, by ſhewing they are told to the Phæacians a credulous people: Scriblerus tells his to Pilgrims, the moſt ready of all men to ſwallow lies. Therefore all the marvellous in his narration is doubly accounted for, by the love of hearing it in them, and the love of telling it ſo ſtrongly the characteriſtic of the Hero.

I engage with more cheerfulneſs to explain the Character of my Hero, becauſe I would not have it ſo much miſunderſtood, as it muſt be by thoſe who take their idea of it from the Memoirs. I was always ſurprized that Mr. Pope ſhould make his Scriblerus ſo complicated a character as he repreſents him in the laſt chapter of the Memoirs, attributing to him things quite incompatible. Nay, ſuch is his luſt of loading this character, that he declares Gulliver's Travels to be the travels of Scriblerus; and this without any other pretence than that Swift had once deſigned to write the travels of Scriblerus. What reaſons induced him to change this work of humour to a particular gratification of his ſpleen, it is not to the preſent purpoſe to make known: but this is certain, that when he made ſo total an alteration in his deſign, he took care not to give one feature of Scriblerus to his Gulliver.

Let us therefore forget all impreſſions made on us by the two laſt chapters of the Memoirs, and examine what his character is in the Scribleriad.

Scribleriad. If we trace him book by book, we ſhall find him, in the firſt, an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the ancients, deſirous to imitate their heroes in action, and their writers in ſentiment; and in this his extravagance does not exceed that of * Pomponius Lætus, Belurger, and many others. He there appears in the light of an antiquary, as is ſhewn by the collection which compoſes the pile. Next of a pedant, by his ſpeech on the food of different nations, wherein he prides himſelf in ſhewing what Pope calls

——*all ſuch reading as was never read.*

The ſame character ſtill appears in his ſpeeches on dreams, and on oracles. After this he is ſeen in no other throughout the whole work than that of an Alchymiſt.

For three whole books he is a mere ſpectator and admirer of the follies of others. In the ſecond, his raſhneſs and injudicious curioſity are ſet forth in his voyage to ſee an Earthquake: but when he arrives at the Poetic Land, it appears to be ſo little to his taſte that he flies from it immediately. In the next country he comes to, he ſhews no genius himſelf for the arts of the place, of which he contents himſelf to be an humble admirer. He projects nothing mechanical, and only preſides over ſuch games as his companions had learned from the queen. Thus are various abſurd arts

* *Pomponius Lætus* lived in the 15th century, he was a great ſcholar, and eſteemed hiſtorian, yet ſuch was his infatuation to the ancient *Romans*, that he changed his name from *Peter* to *Pomponius*, renounced the Chriſtian religion, paid divine honours to *Romulus*, affected other pagan ceremonies, *&c. &c. &c. Romanæ autem vetuſtatis tantus erat admirator, ut cum e ſalario diſcipulorum agellum & domunculum in Quirinali ſibi paraſſet in ea natalem urbis coleret & Romulum. Idem quoties marmor aliquod effoderetur ex urbis ruinis illacrymabatur, ac cauſam rogatus, addebat, Admonitu meliorum temporum ploro.* Voſſius de Hiſtoricis Latinis.

arts introduced, neceſſary to the completion of the plan, without either clogging the Hero's character, or loſing ſight of him during the whole action. And thus it is evident that Scriblerus appears only as an Antiquary, Pedant, and Alchymiſt. The two firſt characters are almoſt inſeparable, and the laſt cannot be ſaid to be incompatible with them.

Before I leave the character of the Hero, I muſt make one remark. The Exordium of the Scribleriad propoſes only to lead an Hero, whoſe curioſity has already carried him into many perilous adventures, through new attempts equally difficult and hazardous. The Reader will from hence conclude that here is a very defective imitation of an Heroic plan. That both the Iliad and Odyſſey have one great deſign in view; and that Virgil's correct muſe propoſes at firſt the Trojans ſettling in Italy, and before the work is advanced three hundred lines, introduces Jupiter giving a ſolemn promiſe of their ſucceſs. But this will be found a neceſſary omiſſion in the exordium, and there will appear no ſuch defect in the plan, in which a moſt important event is brought to paſs, no leſs than the planting a conſiderable Colony of antiquaries, who are as effectually founded as if Jupiter had granted them a Charter in the firſt book. And it muſt be obſerved, that by bringing this about indirectly and unexpectedly, there is avoided a great impropriety. For it being the peculiar character of Scriblerus and all his aſſociates, to deviſe for themſelves ſchemes altogether fruitleſs and impracticable, it would be the utmoſt breach of conſiſtency to let them ſucceed in any thing they had propoſed.

Here I ſuppoſe ſome Critics will cry out, Why then is he made to ſucceed in the art of making gold? This fundamental

maxim of ſhewing all the Hero's purſuits vain and fruitleſs is overthrown by the ſucceſsful ending of the Poem. To ſuch I can only recommend to reconſider the end of the poem, and by laying ſeveral paſſages together to obſerve how they explain one another. It is firſt to be noted that the lead is not ſaid to have obtained any other property of gold than colour, which is very far from a fundamental alteration. The zealous Alchymiſts, and not the Poet, inſinuate that the work is accompliſhed. At the ſame time Scriblerus cuts the throat of a Cow and undertakes to bring her to life again, ſo that you have nothing but the bare word of one opinionated viſionary for the latter, which you know to be impoſſible, and that of ſeveral ſuch as himſelf for the former, which may be proved by demonſtration to be ſo. Does this look like ſucceſs? Suppoſing it had that appearance, is it not all deſtroyed by his laſt ſpeech, wherein he diſcovers a preſentiment that their hopes will be defeated by two great vices: Their own folly and impiety in giving the honour of this ſucceſs to a Mortal, and paying him divine rites, which at the ſame time raiſes in him a vice (vanity) which he has been particularly warned againſt as deſtructive of his ſucceſs.

The ſingular propriety which attends this plan of having an hero whoſe manners are conformable to the manners of the poem, made me cautious how I introduced any character who might not think and talk in the ſame ſtrain: I conſidered yet farther, that as the work for the moſt part was a criticiſm upon falſe and uſeleſs philoſophy, it would be a propriety to uſe ſimiles and alluſions taken from the abſurd or trifling parts of natural hiſtory and philoſophy. And as I endeavoured to reject every thing that was not conſonant with this deſign, ſo I thought it would tend to the perfection of the

work to bring in every thing that was. The obſervation of theſe two rules has, I fear, two very bad effects. It excludes ſome things, that might have been entertaining, and it admits ſome that are not ſo: and this is the reaſon why I ſaid above, that I admire ſome of our Mock-Heroics for their very faults.

Such ornaments as were not foreign to my deſign I have introduced as often as I found a place for them. Of this kind are ſuch particulars in art or nature as are not commonly known. Thus I have taken an occaſion, in deſcribing the Cave of Rumour, to give an exact repreſentation of the famous Latomiæ, and of a no leſs ſurprizing phænomenon in nature, by giving the Surinam Toad for one of the prizes. I have alſo obſerved a ſtrict accuracy in the deſcription of any thing philoſophical or mechanical: "Thus the "account of the Plica-Polonica in the 3d Book, and the artificial "wings in the 4th, are both taken from the Philoſophical Tranſ-"actions."

It would have ſeemed pedantic as well as tedious to have been too minutely accurate in ſome particulars. One inſtance may ſerve to ſhew how I have in general avoided it. The Minarets of Cairo differ from the general ſhape of the Minarets, and are difficult to deſcribe, as not being of a mathematical figure; therefore, though they are the Minarets I ſpeak of in the text, I choſe in the note to deſcribe the more general form.

It may be proper to add a few hints for ſuch readers as are not very converſant with burleſque writings. In the verſification they will find now and then a mock dignity and ſolemnity affected, the emptineſs of which may be paſt over undiſcovered by an haſty reader, but will appear to a very ſlight examination. There is not a more impertinent fault in modern poetry than the frequency of

moral reflections, which are generally delivered in metaphor, a figure uſed with ſo little accuracy, that you ſeldom find an author carry it through ſix lines without changing it more than once, and that in a much more glaring way than I have done in thoſe lines which are written on purpoſe to ridicule theſe moral reflections and change of metaphor. I mean the Apoſtrophe in the 3d B. line 290. This is endeavoured to be explained in note on l. 201 of B. 4. as far as could be done, without the breach of that Irony which is obſerved as ſtrictly in the notes as in the text, and which is the cauſe of the demand for this preface. To ſuch as are little acquainted with Irony, I muſt recommend to remember that they are to expect it frequently, and may often be miſled by it if they are off their guard. They will find this figure ſtrongeſt in the following notes. * B. 2. line 123. B. 3. line 11. 25. 37. 103. B. 4. line 68. 181. 189. 201. 230.

By Irony is generally underſtood the ſaying one thing and meaning another. Then how ſhall it be known whether a burleſque writer means the thing he ſays, or the contrary? This is

* This is intended as a cenſure on thoſe who pay an undiſtinguiſhing veneration to great names, and perſuade themſelves to admire weak and idle paſſages in their favourite author, which they would treat with the utmoſt contempt if they found them any where elſe. The ſatire is levelled againſt theſe learned men, as they are called, and not againſt Plato, whom I would gladly vindicate from the imputation of the romantic, by ſuppoſing the paſſage written in compliance to the popular religion.

Some old commentators on Virgil, whoſe notion Ruæus rejects, have imagined that the laurel which grew over the altar in the 2. B. of the Æneid was an artificial tree, whoſe body, branches and leaves were gold; with fruits of precious ſtones. This notion however ſhews that ſuch artificial trees were exhibited at their ſacrifices and religious myſteries, and whatever made a part of the ſcenery in the myſteries was always tranſplanted by the writers into their Elyſium.

only

only to be found by attention and a compariſon of paſſages. Let us endeavour to ſee this by an inſtance. Scriblerus is promiſed the grand Elixir, it is frequently inſinuated that he is to poſſeſs this ſecret of tranſmuting metals and prolonging life, and the work concludes without explaining directly that he is diſappointed in his expectations. But will it not appear that theſe expectations are ironically given, when we find all preceding ones to have been ſo? For of all the many prophecies delivered to him, the only one fulfilled is that of his being reduced to a ſtate of beggary in his purſuit of alchymy.

The Gooſe and Goſlings will ſeem more vulgar to the unlearned than to the learned reader, and ſo muſt the Wig in the firſt Book, to all who do not know that theſe are written with the view of imitating two paſſages in Virgil. Thus there are alſo many lines which muſt appear very ſtrange to thoſe who do not recollect ſuch paſſages of the ancients as they allude to.

The gooſe and goſlings are, in imitation of Virgil, called

— — — — — — *a ſtrange portent.*

Scriblerus, B. VI. aſks the name of a town which it is evident he knew, a thing very common in Homer.

Thus Scriblerus,

— — — — *Ah! ſeek not now to know*
A ſeries of unutterable woe,

in imitation of these lines of Pope's Homer,

Prepare then, ſaid Telemachus, *to know*
A Tale from falſhood free, not free from woe,

when there is not much woe in either of their tales.

To complete the deſign of mock gravity, the Author and Editors are repreſented full as great enthuſiaſts as the Hero; there-

fore,

fore, as all things are ſuppoſed to appear to them in the ſame light as they do to him, there are ſeveral things which they could not explain without laying aſide their aſſumed character. An inſtance of this may ſerve to explain a paſſage which cannot be underſtood, but by thoſe who have ſeen the deſerts at faſhionable entertainments, at which there are generally mixed with the real fruit, ſeveral fruits made of ſugar paſte, and coloured to a very near reſemblance; in each of theſe are encloſed two French verſes, importing ſome quaint conceit on Love. This could not be told in the notes, becauſe, as the author has ſuppoſed it to be a real nut, the editors ſhould not diſcover it to be artificial.

The having written ſo much in aſſumed characters, made it, in a manner, neceſſary for me to write ſomething in my own, to which I ſhall not ſcruple to put my name, as I flatter myſelf I have ſhewn throughout my Book, that the Follies of mankind provoke my Laughter and not my Spleen; and ſo long as they have this effect on me, I cannot have any great quarrel againſt them. It may plainly be perceived, that I have induſtriouſly kept clear of much ſtrong ſatire which naturally preſented itself in a work of this nature, and particularly of perſonal reflections.

QUOD VITIUM PROCUL ABFORE CHARTIS,
ATQUE ANIMO PRIUS, UT SI QUID PROMITTERE DE ME
POSSUM ALIUD, VERE PROMITTO.

Horace.

RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in propoſing his Subject, diſcovers Saturn, or Time, to be an enemy to his Hero. Then briefly touching the cauſe of his enmity, haſtens into the midſt of things, and preſents Scriblerus with his Aſſociates traverſing the vaſt deſarts of Africa, in queſt of the Petrified City. Saturn, perceiving he has now an opportunity of conſummate revenge, by depriving the Hero of his Life, and, what is far more dear to him, his Fame; prevails on Æolus to raiſe, by a whirlwind, a Storm of ſand over his head, and to bury him and his companions at once in oblivion. Scriblerus's ſpeech; he diſcovers the utmoſt magnanimity; and ſcorning ſo baſe a death, by an unparalleled preſence of mind, erects a ſtructure of all his rarities, and ſetting fire to it, prepares to throw himſelf amidſt the flames. The god, taking the ſacrifice of ſo large a collection as a full ſubmiſſion, conſents to ſpare his life; but, to fruſtrate his preſent expectations, directs the cloud of duſt to fall on the Petrified City, which is thereby buried. Scriblerus, unable to ſurvive the loſs of his treaſures, is prevented from proſecuting his deſign of burning himſelf by a miracle, wrought by the interpoſition of the god Momus. After a fruitleſs ſearch of ſix days more, his companions preſs him to return. Scriblerus's ſpeech to them: he perſiſts in his reſolution of continuing the ſearch, till he is diſſuaded from it by Albertus, who relates to him a fictitious dream. Scriblerus pronounces an Eulogy on prophetic Dreams. He recounts his own dream; and laments the ſcarcity and uncertainty of all other modern Oracles. Albertus adviſes him to conſult a Moroſoph, whom he deſcribes.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE much-enduring man, whoſe curious ſoul
Bore him, with ceaſeleſs toil, from pole to pole,
Inſatiate, endleſs knowledge to obtain,
Thro' woes by land, thro' dangers on the main,
New woes, new dangers deſtin'd to engage,
By wrathful SATURN's unrelenting rage,
I ſing. CALLIOPE, the cauſe relate,
Whence ſprung the jealous god's immortal hate.
Long had his ſcythe, with unreſiſted sway,
Spread wide his conqueſts: All around him lay
The boaſtful victims that proclaim'd him great,
And earth-born ſplendor periſh'd at his feet;
When, like the Titans, the Scriblerian line
Oppos'd, with mortal arms, his pow'r divine;

From dark oblivion ſnatch'd the mould'ring ſpoil,
Work'd as he work'd, and baffled force with toil.
Hence firſt the god's ſevere reſentment flow'd,
Till ripen'd vengeance in his boſom glow'd.
SCRIBLERUS now had left the fruitful NILE:
(At once the nurſe and parent of the ſoil.)
Say, goddeſs, ſay, what urgent cauſe demands
His dang'rous travel o'er the pathleſs ſands.
In one dread night, a petrifying blaſt,
Portentous, o'er aſtoniſh'd AFRICK paſt;
Whoſe fury, ſpent on one devoted town,
Transform'd the whole, with Gorgon force, to ſtone.
Each ſofter ſubſtance, in that direful hour,
Ev'n life, confeſs'd the cold petrific pow'r.
While yet ſhe plies the dance, the buxom maid
Feels the chill pangs her ſtiffen'd limbs invade:
Thro' the warm veins of boiling youth they ſpread,
And fix the bridegroom in the genial bed.

Big

Line 17. *Hence firſt the god's,* &c.] The wrath of Saturn againſt Scriblerus and his allies, is here declared to have the ſame foundation with his reſentment recorded in the following epigram:

Pox on't, quoth Time *to* Thomas Hearne,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

Line 20. *At once the nurſe and parent of the ſoil.*] The ancients believed all that part of Egypt which is called Delta, to have been, originally, a bog; and that the ſoil was made (as it is now fertilized) by the inundations of the Nile.

Line 23. *A petrifying blaſt.*] See Biographia Britannica, under the article Digby, page 1711. See alſo Shaw's Travels, laſt edition, artic. Ras. Sem.

[Mr. Cambridge, by means of Dr. Pocock, interrogated three African ambaſſadors, who all concurred in the firm belief of a petrified city.] *E.*

Big with this ſcene, which all his ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Nine days SCRIBLERUS trod the dreary waſte.
When SATURN thus: Behold, this hour demands
The long-ſtor'd vengeance from my tardy hands.
How oft have MARS and VULCAN ſwept away
The pride of nations in one wrathful day?
Inferior pow'rs! ſhall I, their elder, bear
With this rebellious race a ling'ring war?
Or, by one vig'rous and deciſive blow,
At once their triumphs and their hopes o'erthrow?
Now, fixt in wrath, the ſounding vault he gains
Where ÆOLUS his airy ſway maintains.
When thus: Dread monarch of this drear abode,
Hear my requeſt, aſſiſt a ſuppliant god.
If, by my friendly aid, the mould'ring tow'r
Totters, at length, a victim to thy pow'r:
If e'er my influence to thy force was join'd,
O! calm the pangs of my long-ſuff'ring mind.
Torn from my arms, a daring traitor bears
The labors of a thouſand anxious years.
Loaded with theſe, his ſacrilegious bands,
From eldeſt EGYPT, trace the LIBYAN ſands.
Haſte, then, the friendly office to perform:
Call all thy winds, and ſwell th' impetuous ſtorm.
Roll the dry deſart o'er yon impious hoſt,
Till, with their hopes, their memory be loſt.

So ſpake the god. Th' aërial king comply'd,
And, with his ſceptre, ſtruck the mountain's ſide.
Loud thunders the rent rock; and from within,
Out ruſh, reſiſtleſs, with impetuous din,
The hoarſe rude winds; and ſweeping o'er the land,
In circling eddies whirl th' uplifted ſand.
The duſty clouds in curling volumes riſe,
And the looſe mountain ſeems to threat the ſkies.
Th' aſtoniſh'd band behold, with ghaſtly fear,
Their fleeting grave ſuſpended in the air.
Thus they unmanly, while the dauntleſs chief
Betray'd no paſſion but indignant grief;
Which thus broke forth: How bleſs'd the man whoſe name
From glorious death aſſumes its brighteſt fame.
O! had kind fate ordain'd me to expire,
Like great Empedocles in Ætna's fire!

Had

Line 68. *Their fleeting grave ſuſpended in the air.*]

——————*Pars plurima terræ*
Tollitur, & nunquam reſoluto vertice pendet. Lucan. l. 9.

The whirling duſt, like waves in eddies wrought,
Riſing aloft, to the mid-heav'n is caught;
There hangs a ſullen cloud; nor falls again;
Nor breaks like gentle vapours into rain, &c. Rowe.

Line 71. See the ſpeeches of Ulyſſes and Æneas. Oddyſſ. B. v. Æneid, B. i.

Line 74. ——————*Deus immortalis haberi*
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem, frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit.—————— Horace.

Had I partook immortal PLINY's doom;
(Had fam'd VESUVIO's aſhes been my tomb:)
Or ſhar'd the fate of yon portentous town,
And ſtood, my own ſad monument, a ſtone;
Wide o'er the world my ſpreading fame had rung,
By ev'ry muſe in ev'ry region ſung.
" *A ſhameful fate now hides my hapleſs head,
" Un-wept, un-noted, and for ever dead.
Yet—for I ſcorn the baſe ignoble death,
Nor will I to vile duſt reſign my breath,
—Be ſomething done, worthy each moment paſt,
And O! not unbecoming of the laſt.
Let the brave phœnix my example be,
(That phœnix, now alas! I ne'er muſt ſee)
His pile magnific the great thought inſpire,
And my choice treaſures light the glorious pyre:
Then will I riſe amid the circling flame,
In death a rival to CALANUS' fame.

No

Line 75. The death of Pliny, the natural hiſtorian, is finely deſcribed by his nephew, Pliny the younger, in his epiſtle to Tacitus. *Jam navibus cinis inciderat, jam pumices & fracti igne lapides.———Gubernatori ut retro flecteret, monenti fortes, inquit, fortuna juvat.———Deinde flammæ, flammarumque prænuncius, ordor ſulphuris, alios in fugam vertunt, excitant illum.————Concidit craſſiore caligine ſpiritu obſtracto.* Lib. vi. Epiſt. 16.

* Two lines from the ſpeech of Ulyſſes in Pope's Odyſſey, B. v. l. 401.

Line 92. *A rival to Calanus.*] Calanus, the Indian Philoſopher, was ſo much beloved by Alexander, that he honoured his death with a funeral pomp, worthy his

No more ſhall GREECE or ROME their heroes boaſt,
But all their pride in envy ſhall be loſt.
He ſaid. His friends in pyral order laid
Six ample coffins of the royal dead:
The tree which bears imperial PHAROAH's name,
By age uninjur'd form'd their laſting frame.
On theſe, two mighty crocodiles were plac'd;
O'er which an huge unmeaſur'd ſkin was caſt:
This ſpoil the hippopotamus beſtow'd:
Scarce four ſtout youths ſupport the pond'rous load.
On the broad ſkin the ſage with pious pains
Diſpos'd the ſix great monarchs dear remains;
SESOSTRIS, PHERON, and his virtuous dame,
CHEOPS, PSAMMETICHUS, immortal name!
And CLEOPATRA's all-accompliſh'd frame.
This done, two camels from the troop he ſlays,
And the pil'd fat around the mummie lays.

Next

his own magnificence: he drew out his army, and ordered perfumes to be thrown on the pile, where Calanus placed himſelf richly cloathed, and did not ſtir, nor ſhew any ſign of pain, when the flames encompaſſed him.

Line 97. *The tree which bears imperial Pharoah's name.*] This tree is by ſome called Pharoah's Fig, by others Sycamore, from συκος. The wood is ſo remarkably durable, that many coffins, which are undoubtedly upwards of 2000 years old, are to be ſeen at this day without any ſign of rottenneſs.

Line 105. *Pheron and his virtuous dame.*] See Herodotus.

Next, raviſh'd from the ſacred catacomb,
He draws the IBIS from his conic tomb.
Foſſils he plac'd and gawdy ſhells around;
The ſhield, his cradle once, the ſtructure crown'd.
High on the corners of the ample baſe
EGYPTIAN ſculpture claims an honour'd place.
Here bold OSIRIS' awful form! appears:
Great ISIS there the hallow'd ſiſtrum bears.
HARPOCRATES, the worſhip of the wiſe:
And proud CANOPUS, conſcious of the prize,
The vanquiſh'd rival of his pow'r defies.
The ſtructure now compleat, the anxious chief
Brings forth the dry PAPYRUS' ſacred leaf:
A ſigh from his unwilling boſom broke;
Then thus, collected in himſelf, he ſpoke:

Line 110. *Next, raviſh'd from the ſacred catacomb,*
He draws the Ibis *from his conic tomb.*]

One of the catacombs was entirely ſet apart for the ſepulchre of the Ibis. They were called the holy birds, and had in great veneration. Being ſuppoſed to deſtroy the winged ſerpents in their way to Egypt, (meeting them in the deſart,) which would otherwiſe have infeſted the land. They were embalmed in earthen veſſels of a conic figure.

Line 113. *The Shield, his Cradle.*] See Mem. of Scriblerus.

Line 119. *And proud* Canopus *conſcious of the prize.*] The worſhippers of fire boaſted that their god was able to deſtroy the idols of all other nations. A ſubtle prieſt obtained the prize for Canopus by this ſtratagem. He filled his divinity with water, and ſtopped with wax ſeveral ſmall holes which he had bored in him. The wax ſoon melted, and gave paſſage to the water, which extinguiſhed the flames.

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious ſouls of MUNSTER and of GREECE!
Tho' here at once my hopes and ſuff'rings ceaſe;
Nor ſhall I, like my anceſtors at home,
My country poliſh with the labour'd tome;
Nor by my travel (as the SAMIAN ſage
Enlighten'd GREECE) inſtruct the preſent age;
Revive the long-loſt arts of ancient war,
The deathful ſcorpion, and the ſcythe-girt car;
Or ſhare, with NUMA, civic fame, and found
Old PLATO's patriot laws on modern ground:
Theſe deep-laid ſchemes tho' SATURN's wrath o'erthrow,
(His anger riſing as my honours grow)
Virtue ſhall yet her ſure reward receive,
And one great deed my dying fame retrieve.
Then, thrice invoking each auſpicious name,
Thro' the light reed he ſpreads the waſting flame;
The melted gums, in fragant volumes riſe,
And waft a various incenſe to the ſkies;
The unctuous fewel feeds the greedy fire,
And one bright flame enwraps the blazing pyre.
Joy touch'd the victor god's relenting mind,
Who thus addreſs'd the monarch of the wind:
To thee, indulgent deity, I owe
This full ſubmiſſion of the ſtubborn foe.

Line 125. *Illuſtrious ſouls of* Munſter *and of* Greece!] Scriblerus's father was of Munſter. See Memoirs of Scriblerus, the beginning.

See

See what vaſt tribute one important hour
Brings to my throne, and ſubjects to my pow'r.
Enough. This ample ſacrifice alone
The thefts and crimes of ages ſhall atone.
Yet tho' I deign his abject life to ſpare,
Think not the wretch my further grace ſhall ſhare.
Nor ſhall his rebel ſoul, inſulting, boaſt
Succeſsful toils where armies have been loſt.—
O'er the proud town, his vain purſuit, ſhall fall
Yon hov'ring maſs, and hide her long-fought wall;
That no remembrance, but an empty name,
Be left to vindicate her doubtful fame.
He ſaid. Already the tumultuous band,
With prompt obedience, hear their king's command,
Forbear the conflict, and to EURUS yield
The long-conteſted honors of the field.

Sudden

Line 160. *Her doubtful fame.*] Some critics have thought our author here uſes the ſame art for which Euſtathius ſo greatly commends Homer in his prophecy of the Phæacians; where he ſays,

——————————' mound on mound,
' Shall bury theſe proud tow'rs beneath the ground. ODYSS. l. 8.

'The poet, ſays he, invents this fiction, to prevent poſterity from ſearching after 'this Iſland of the Phæacians, and to preſerve his ſtory from detection of falſifi-'cation; after the ſame manner as he introduces Neptune and the rivers of 'Troy, bearing away the wall which the Greeks had raiſed as a fortification 'before the navy.' But our poet wanteth no ſuch art, there being many at this day ready to aſſert the truth of the cataſtrophe of that unfortunate city, which Dr. Shaw has in vain attempted to diſcredit in the Appendix to his Travels.

Sudden the loaded atmoſphere was clear'd,
The glad horizon and bright day appear'd.
Freed from the horrors of impending fate,
Each raptur'd friend ſalutes his reſcu'd mate:
But not ſuch tranſports touch'd Scriblerus' breaſt,
His glorious purpoſe all his ſoul poſſeſs'd.
In vain to deprecate the raſh deſign,
With tears his friends their fond entreaties join.
Alas! he cries, what boots it now to live?
Since I my periſh'd treaſures muſt ſurvive.
Cut from my hopes, by this devouring fire,
While yet I may, O! let me mount the pyre.
Again ſhould wild tornados bring deſpair,
When hov'ring death ſhall threaten from the air,
This pile conſum'd, remains there ought to ſave
My body from an ignominious grave?
Let vulgar ſouls for doubtful life contend;
Be mine the boaſt of an heroic end.
This MOMUS heard; and, from OLYMPUS' height,
To diſtant LIBYA wing'd his rapid flight.
Sudden he joins the raſh SCRIBLERUS' ſide,
While good ALBERTUS' form the god belied.

Inſtant,

Line 186. *While good* Albertus' *form the god belied.*] He was ſon to Albertus mentioned in the Memoirs, and conſequently firſt couſin to Scriblerus; ſee the character of the father: 'Albertus was a diſcreet man, ſober in his opinions, 'clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books, and in the world, to preſerve

Inſtant, behold! the guardian pow'r commands
A ſpark to iſſue from the blazing brands;
Which fell, directed, on the ſage's head,
And ſudden flames around his temples ſpread.
The ſubtle god the deſtin'd moment watch'd:
Swift from his head the hairy texture ſnatch'd,
And, unperceiv'd, amidſt the croud's amaze,
A ſoaring rocket in the cawl conveys.
The latent fraud, portentous, cuts the air,
And bears, thro' diſtant ſkies, the blazing hair.
When thus the god, in ſage ALBERTUS' voice:
Behold this wond'rous omen, and rejoice.
Lo! great Scriblerus, what the fates unfold;
At length convinc'd, thy raſh attempt with-hold.
The gods declare that thy illuſtrious head
Such effluent glory ſhall around thee ſhed,
As, wide diſpenſing its eternal rays,
Shall fill th' enlighten'd nations with amaze.

The

'preserve a due regard for whatever was uſeful or excellent, whether ancient or 'modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at leaſt the art, to divert 'Cornelius from many extravaganeies.' Mem. Serib. chap. vi.

Line 196. *And bears, thro' diſtant ſkies, the blazing hair.*] In the ſame manner Anchiſes [Æn. B. ii.] is prevented from periſhing in the flames of Troy, by a meteorous appearance which they obſerve directing its paſſage towards Mount Ida.

Signantemque vias ——————

Their firſt diſcovery of this omen, is from the head of Aſcanius.

Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iüli
Fundere lumen apex. ——

The yielding chief obſerves the heav'n-mark'd road,
Accepts the omen, and obeys the god.
Six anxious days they trace the dreary plains
With fruitleſs ſearch; ſo SATURN's wrath ordains.
His murm'ring friends the ſcant proviſion mourn,
And urge th' unwilling hero to return.
But ſtern reſentment fires his glowing breaſt;
While thus his wrath th' indignant ſage expreſs'd.
O daſtard ſlaves, from glory's field to fly,
And baſely tremble ere the danger's nigh!
Can you, full-feaſted, mutter diſcontent,
Ignobly faint ere half your ſtores are ſpent?
Return, unworthy of the gen'rous toil,
Back to the ſluggiſh borders of the NILE.
Faithful ALBERTUS ſhall alone partake
Thoſe dear-bought honours which your fears forſake:
Cowards, reflect on CATO's ſteadier hoſt,
Unmov'd and dauntleſs on this dreary coaſt;
Like them, in all our travel, have we found
Aſps in the well, or ſerpents in the ground!

Have

Line 213. *O daſtard ſlaves,* &c.] In this ſpeech the hero diſcovers a moſt amazing greatneſs of ſoul, joined with wonderful art. Cæſar, in a parallel caſe, told his fearful ſoldiers, he would march accompanied only with his tenth legion: and Alexander, with leſs art, though more raſhneſs, ſaid, he would go alone. *Solus ire perſeverabo, ite reduces domos. Ite, deſerto rege, ovantes. Ego hic a vobis deſperatæ victoriæ, aut honeſtæ morti, locum inveniam.* Q. Curt. ix. 2.

Line 221. ——— *Cato's* ſteadier hoſt.] LUCAN. l. ix.

Have we th' invading baſiliſk to fear?
Or winged poiſons darting through the air?
Yet not theſe perils ſhook their firmer ſouls;
While your reſolves a diſtant fear controuls:
Dampt with the proſpect of a future dearth,
Nor dare ye truſt the all-ſuſtaining earth.

Nigh to theſe plains, a nation ſeek their food,
High in the branches of the lofty wood;
From the green boughs they crop the recent ſprout,
And feed luxurious on the tender ſhoot.

Southward the hard RHIZOPHAGI prepare,
With marſhy roots, their coarſe yet wholeſome fare.
From ſlimy NILE the rank unſav'ry reed,
A pounded maſs, in artleſs loaves they knead:
And in the ſun-beams bake the bulbous bread.

The fierce Biſaltæ milk the nurſing mare,
Mix her rich blood, and ſwill the luſcious fare:

And

Line 231. This nation, called the Ulophagi, is deſcribed by Diodorus Siculus, l. iii. c. 24.

Line 235. Diodorus Siculus, l. iii. c. 23.

Line 240. *Biſaltæ quo more ſolent acerque Gelonus*
Cum fugit in Rhodopen, atque in deſerta Getarum,
Et lac concretum cum ſanguine potat equino.
Virg. Georg. lib. iii. lin. 461.

——————— When for drink and food
They mix their cruddled milk with horſe's blood. DRYDEN.

And the foul CYNOCEPHALUS ſuſtains,
With her drain'd udder, the MEDIMNIAN ſwains.
Strange to relate! near fam'd HYDASPES' flood,
For their ſupport they rear the pois'nous brood;
The viper, toad, and ſcorpion, are their food.
Nay, ev'n in theſe uncultivated plains,
The ſwarming locuſt feeds the hungry ſwains.
Far-length'ning fires extend along the coaſt,
And intercept the cloſe-embattled hoſt.
Firm and compact, the troops in deep array,
Urg'd from behind, purſue their deathful way.
The ſwains with ſalt their future feaſt prepare,
And one boon hour ſupplies the waſting year.
And doubt we now our journey to extend,
While yet our beaſts beneath their burthens bend?

Whoſe

Line 246. The prince of Cambay's daily food
Is aſp, and baſiliſk, and toad;
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a queen to death. HUDIBRAS.

Line 248. *The ſwarming locuſt.*] Diodorus relates many particulars of theſe Acridophagi, l. iii. c. 29. Dr. Shaw, ſpeaking of theſe locuſts in his Travels, page 257, ſays, 'Thoſe which I ſaw were much bigger than our graſshoppers. 'It was ſurprizing to obſerve, that no ſooner were any of them hatched, than 'they collected themſelves into a body of about two hundred yards ſquare; 'which marching forward, climbed over trees and houſes, and eat up every 'plant in their way. The inhabitants placing in a row great quantities of heath 'ſtubble, &c. ſet them on fire upon the approach of the locuſts. But all this was 'to no purpoſe, for the fires were quickly put out by infinite ſwarms ſucceeding 'one another: whilſt the front ſeemed regardleſs of danger, and the rear preſſed 'on ſo cloſe, that a retreat was impoſſible.'

Whoſe fleſh alone might all our wants ſupply,
And give not only life, but luxury.
Faint with the diſtant chaſe, the TARTAR drains
Reviving cordials from his courſer's veins!
The hungry trav'ller in the dreary waſte
From the ſlain camel ſhares a rich repaſt:
While parch'd with thirſt, he hails the plenteous well,
Found in the ſtomach's deep capacious cell:
Ev'n their tough ſkins an hard ſupport might yield;
And ſoldiers oft have eat the ſtubborn ſhield.
Thus far the ſage. When viewing all around
Their wearied eyes in ſleep's ſoft fetters bound,
Stretch'd on the ſand, he leaves the ſlumb'ring crew,
Himſelf indignant to his tent withdrew.
Rous'd with the dawn, the good ALBERTUS bent
His careful footſteps to the ſage's tent.
Earneſt he ſeem'd, with meditated art,
Some deep important counſel to impart.
When thus: This night when ſleep had clos'd mine eyes,
I ſaw a band of glorious forms ariſe:
The great ALBERTUS, author of my line,
And all that boaſt affinity to thine:

The

Line 266. *And ſoldiers oft have eat the ſtubborn ſhield.*]

Poſtremo ad id ventum inopiæ eſt, ut lora detractaſque ſcutis pelles, mandere conarentur. Liv. lib. xxiii.

The princely SCALIGERS, illuſtrious name!
SCRIBONIUS, and profound BOMBASTUS, came;
When thus thy ſire: O! foremoſt to attend
The glorious labours of thy daring friend,
Be thine the taſk th' unwelcome news to bear:
Friendſhip can ſmooth the front of rude deſpair.
Yet ever muſt my ſon deſpair to ſee
Yon city, buried by the god's decree:
Mountains of ſand her loftieſt turrets hide,
And ſwell the loaded plain on ev'ry ſide;
As vain thy ſearch for HERACLEA's grave,
Or SODOM ſunk beneath th' ASPHALTIC wave.
He ſaid. I liſten'd further yet to hear,
When warlike ſounds alarm'd my ſtartled ear.

I ſaw

Line 279. *The princely Scaligers.*] Julius Cæſar Scaliger was a moſt famous critic, poet, phyſician, and philoſopher, who was much admired in the ſixteenth century: he was born in Italy, brought up in Germany, and afterwards lived in France till his death. He deſcended from the princes De la Scala, who were lords of Verona, and of divers other places in Italy.

Line 280. *Scribonius.*] Cornelius Scribonius, called alſo Grapheus, but his name in the language of his country, was Schryver, was born at Aloſt, in Flanders, in 1482. He made an abridgment of the Hiſtory of Olaus Magnus, of the northern nations. He was remarkable for his knowledge in antiquities.

Line 280. Paracelſus Bombaſtus.

Line 289. *As vain thy ſearch for Heraclea's grave.*] The late diſcovery of Heraclea here laid down as impoſſible, and the ineſtimable treaſures daily brought from thence, muſt doubtleſs animate the curious, and teach them this uſeful and important leſſon: That nothing is to be deſpaired of by a true virtuoſo.

I ſaw impetuous SCALIGER advance:
The reſt around him form'd the PYRRHIC dance;
They claſh their javelins, ring their clanging ſhields,
Till ſleep unwilling to the tumult yields.
Thus he, diſſembling. The fond chief replies,
(While filial raptures in his ſoul ariſe,)
  Well may'ſt thou grieve the glorious viſion gone,
Tho' much, alas! th' indulgent ſhades have ſhewn.
O let me ſtill, on this revolving day,
A grateful tribute to their mem'ry pay:
And to the genius of the horny gate,
Whoſe friendly pow'r reveals our certain fate.
  Oft, by abſtruſe myſterious types, are told
Thoſe ſhadow'd truths inſtructive dreams unfold.
  When MEDIA's ſleeping monarch ſaw the maid
A wond'rous deluge o'er his empire ſpread;

How

Line 303. *And to the genius of the horny gate.*] VIRG. lib. vi.

Sunt geminæ ſomni portæ: quarum altera fertur
Cornea: quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris.

Two gates the ſilent houſe of ſleep adorn:
Of poliſh'd iv'ry this, that of tranſparent horn:
True viſions thro' tranſparent horn ariſe;
Thro' poliſh'd iv'ry paſs deluding lyes. DRYDEN.

Suetonius repreſents Auguſtus as a great obſerver both of his own and other people's dreams; and, that he moſt frequently directed his actions purſuant to their admonitions. That during the ſpring, his dreams were fearful, extravagant, and vain; the reſt of the year, leſs frequent, but the viſions he then ſaw, more to be depended on. Suet. in vitâ Auguſti.

How plain that emblem pointed him the place
From whence ſhould iſſue his ſevere diſgrace!
Olympia's pregnant womb when Philip ſeal'd,
The myſtic dream young Ammon's ſoul reveal'd.
Stamp'd on the wax the victor lion ſhew'd
The warlike genius of the embryo god.
Thus has a figur'd omen, dark, and deep,
To me been painted by the pow'rs of ſleep.
The fav'rite bird of Pallas I beheld
Search, with unwearied wing, the new-reap'd field:
Fatigued, at length, a lurking mouſe he ſpies,
And eager, to the long-ſought quarry flies;
Thither, by chance, the reaper bent his way,
And, with a wheat ſheaf, whelm'd the trembling prey.
Th' Athenian bird his fruſtrate labor mourn'd,
Flew from my ſight, but ſoon again return'd,
When, wond'rous to relate, he thus began,
(An owl in figure, but in voice a man;)

I come,

Line 311. *Olympia's pregnant womb when Philip ſeal'd.*] 'Philip of Macedon, ſometime after he was married, dreamed that he ſealed up his wife's belly with a ſeal, whoſe impreſſion, as he fancied, was the figure of a lion. Some interpreted this as a warning to Philip to look narrowly to his wife; but Ariſtander of Telmeſſus, conſidering how unuſual it was to ſeal up any thing that was empty, aſſured him, that the queen was with child of a boy, who would one day prove as ſtout and courageous as a lion.' Plutarch's Life of Alexander.

Line 326. *An owl in figure, but in voice a man.*] See Odyſſ. B. xix. l. 641.

In form an eagle, but in voice a man.

I come, no vulgar viſion of the night,
The gods direct my emblematic flight,
In my ſage form thy rev'rend ſelf appears:
Thy vain purſuit the vaniſh'd mouſe declares.
This ſaid, the feather'd omen ſeeks the ſkies:
And, inſtant, downy ſleep forſook my eyes.
I deem'd the phantom by the *god deſign'd,
To ſhake the ſteady purpoſe of my mind.
Now have thy words my vain ſuſpicion eas'd,
Confirm'd my ſoul, and ev'ry doubt appeas'd.
But whither next the heav'n-taught courſe to ſteer,
Nor omens point, nor friendly ſhades declare.
And now, alas! in theſe unhallow'd days,
No learned prieſt the ſacrifice diſplays:

Inſpects

* Saturn.

Line 337. *But whither next,* &c.] The German critics have totally miſunderſtood this paſſage, in imagining that Scriblerus ſhould be here at a loſs for a ſubject worthy his curioſity. It is his religion only that makes him thus doubtful, being unwilling to engage in any freſh enterprize without ſome ſign from heaven to approve, or oracle to direct the undertaking. This will be manifeſt on the peruſal of the poem, whereby it will appear, that he has been already given to expect an oracle in this very country.

——————To Egypt's ſacred coaſt repair,
There ſhall a *ſurer oracle* declare
Thy deſtin'd courſe—————— B. 4.

What elſe ſhould prevent his proſecuting the original intention of a voyage to Jamaica to ſee an earthquake. See the beginning of his Narration, B. ii. And alſo Mem. of Scrib.

Line 339. *And now, alas,* &c.] Thus Lucan himſelf complains, lib. v. Pharſal.

Inſpects the victim with prophetic eyes,
Or reads the vagrant leſſons of the ſkies.
Nor ſacred oracles afford their aid;
Dumb is the PYTHIAN and CUMÆAN maid.
O! had we liv'd in that auſpicious age,
When roam'd the TROJAN chief and GRECIAN ſage,
Some friendly HELENUS we then had found,
Or ANIUS, ſkill'd each omen to expound.
Perhaps to hell's dark manſions we had gone,
And ſam'd Tireſias had our fortunes ſhown.
Now nought remains our dubious courſe to guide,
Since the VIRGILIAN lots in vain were try'd.

Then

———*Non ullo ſæcula dono*
Noſtra carent majore deüm quam Delphica ſedes
Quod ſiluit.

Of all the wants with which this age is curſt,
The Delphic ſilence ſurely is the worſt. ROWE'S *Lucan.*

Line 352. *Since the Virgilian lots in vain were try'd.*] This is a ſpecies of modern divination, performed by opening the works of Virgil, and remarking the lines which ſhall be covered with your thumb, the inſtant the leaves are open'd; which, if they can be interpreted, in any reſpect to relate to you, are accounted prophetic. King Charles the firſt is ſaid to have tryed this method of learning his fate, and to have found the oracle but too certain. We have ſubjoined the lines, (and the Engliſh as it is printed in Dryden's Miſcellanies, Vol. 6,) notwithſtanding, we do not give credit to the account, for that we believe if the Sortes Virgilianæ would have given, to any one, a proſpect of their future fate, our hero, Martinus Scriblerus, would not have had reaſon to complain, as he doth, of having conſulted them in vain.

King CHARLES's.

At bello audacis populi vexatus & armis
Finibus extorris, complexu avulſus Iüli, *Auxilium*

Then ſay, my friend, what counſel canſt thou find,
To fix the purpoſe of my wav'ring mind?
ALBERTUS then: Alas! too juſt thy grief!
O might my heart ſuggeſt the wiſh'd relief!
The ſage MAHOMETANS have ever paid
Diſtinguiſhed honours to the fool and mad:
And wiſely they. For oft, when reaſon wings
Her flight, ſuperior to terreſtrial things,
The thoughts beyond the ſtarry manſions rove,
Bleſt with the converſe of the gods above;

And

Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna ſuorum
Funera; nec, cum ſe ſub leges pacis iniquæ
Tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur;
Sed cadat ante diem; mediûque inhumatus arenâ.

VIRG. lib. 4. l. 615.

But vex'd with rebels, and a ſtubborn race,
His country baniſh'd, and his ſons' embrace,
Some foreign prince for fruitleſs ſuccours try,
And ſee his friends inglorioufly die.
Nor, when he ſhall to faithleſs terms ſubmit,
His throne enjoy, nor comfortable light;
But, immature, a ſhameful death receive,
And on the ground th' unbury'd body leave.

Line 357. 'The Mahometans have a certain veneration for fools and mad 'people, as thinking them actuated by a divine ſpirit, and look on them as a ſort 'of ſaints. They call them here (ſpeaking of Cairo) Sheiks. Some of theſe go 'about their cities entirely naked; and in Cairo they have a large moſque, with 'buildings adjoining, and great revenues to maintain ſuch perſons.' *Deſcription of the Eaſt.* Vol. i. p. 193.

Line 362. *Bleſt with the converſe of the gods above.*]

——— *Fruiturque deorum*
Colloquio ——— VIRG.

And thence to mortals' leſs exalted ſenſe,
Inſtructive truths, oracular, diſpenſe.
At Cairo ſojourns a phrenetic ſage,
Inſpir'd with all this theomantic rage.
I mark'd where'er the Moroſoph appear'd,
(By crowds ſurrounded, and by all rever'd,)
How young and old, virgins and matrons kiſs'd
The footſteps of the bleſt gymnoſophiſt.
The eager bride touch'd each propitious part
That beſt prolific virtue might impart.

Whilſt

Line 363. *And thence to mortals,* &c.] *Furor iſte quem divinum vocatis, ut quæ ſapiens non videat, ea videat inſanus, & is qui humanos ſenſus amiſerit, divinos aſſecutus ſit.* Cicero de Divinatione, lib. ii. c. 34.

Line 367. *Moroſoph.*] This word, ſo admirably expreſſive of that ſpecies of wiſdom deſcribed in the foregoing lines, was coined by Rabelais. See his Works, book iii. chap. 46.

Line 370. *The bleſt gymnoſophiſt.*] The gymnoſophiſts were Indian philoſophers, who went naked; from whence their name.

Line 371. *The eager bride.*] According to Thevenot, the touch of theſe ſantos was ſovereign in caſe of barrenneſs in women. But we have choſen to tranſcribe the account from the *Deſcription of the Eaſt.* "I ſaw in Roſetto two of "thoſe naked ſaints, who are commonly natural fools, and are had in great vene- "ration in Egypt: one was a luſty, elderly man; the other a youth about eigh- "teen years old. As the latter went along the ſtreet, I obſerved the people kiſſed "his hand. I was alſo told, that on Fridays, when the women go to the burial- "places, they frequently ſit at the entrance of them; and that they not only kiſs "their hands, but ſhew them the ſame reſpect that was paid to a certain heathen "idol, and ſeem to expect the ſame kind of advantage from it. I myſelf ſaw one "of theſe ſaints ſitting at a moſque door in the high road, without the gates of "Cairo, with a woman on each ſide of him, at the ſame time the caravan was "going to Mecca, and a multitude of people paſſing by, who are ſo accuſtomed "to ſuch ſights, that they took no notice of it." Vol. i. page 14.

Whilſt on the ſacred raptures of his tongue
The liſt'ning multitudes, aſtoniſh'd, hung.
Then haſte we back to CAIRO, I adviſe,
And let the fool give counſel to the wiſe.
  An hope-born ſmile the Chief's aſſent expreſs'd,
And drove deſpair, ſad inmate, from his breaſt.
  Fir'd with the wiſh'd return, the wearied band
With ſhouts of joy receive the glad command:
Already ſlighting the diminiſh'd toil
Of ſcorching SIRIUS, and the faithleſs ſoil.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

THE Second Book leads the imagination, at once, from the barren deſert to the moſt fruitful ſpot in the world, the ancient ARSINOE, now FAIUME. Here SCRIBLERUS meets a company of Pilgrims, formerly his father's friends, who deſire him to relate his whole adventures to them. He begins his Narration. Gives an account of his waiting three years in vain at NAPLES to ſee the Eruption of VESUVIUS. Purpoſes going to JAMAICA in hopes of ſeeing an Earthquake. Sails with his friends, is driven by contrary winds below the CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. Arrives at a moſt delightful country; which is deſcribed: but ſuddenly flies from it, moved by a fatal miſinterpretation of an Oracle. SCRIBLERUS, continuing his Narration, deſcribes a wonderful coaſt, the ſurpriſing appearance of which ſtrikes a damp on his companions. DEIDEMON and THAUMASTES are choſen by lot to reconnoitre the country. At their return, they give a very imperfect account of their adventures, being ſtupified by exceſſive fear. SCRIBLERUS ſets out alone on a farther Diſcovery.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

AND now, ten days in tedious travel paſt,
At length they quit th' inhoſpitable waſte.
As ZEMBLA's ſons, benighted half the year,
Exult when firſt the cheering rays appear,
From the deep gloom when long-loſt ſcenes ariſe,
And earth and gayer heav'n ſalute their eyes:
Such joys diffus'd ARSINOE's fertile plain,
Such rapture ſeiz'd the late dejected train.
From the tall hills, with tranſport they command
The vaſt extent of that wide-water'd land:
Where the ſame courſe ſev'n copious rivers take,
And, MŒRIS, fill thy deep capacious lake.

They

Line 7. *Such joys diffus'd Arſinoe's fertile plain.*] The country round the ancient Arſinoe, (where now ſtands Faiume,) is deſcribed by Strabo to have been the moſt beautiful ſpot in all Egypt.

They leave the ſpacious lab'rinth's ruin'd ſtate,
And, cheerful, enter proud FAIUME's gate:
When, lo! to meet them came a ſolemn band,
The pilgrim's ſtaff each bearing in his hand;
Their hats with ſcallops grac'd; the FLEMISH green,
In numerous croſſes, on their robes was ſeen.
Who thus: Hail, great SCRIBLERUS, nor diſdain
A friendly welcome to this reverend train.
By adverſe fates and ceaſeleſs tempeſts toſt
From ſad JUDÆA's deſolated coaſt,
To ALEXANDRIA's port our courſe we ſteer'd,
And there the hallow'd footſteps we rever'd
Of princes, prelates, ſaints, and martyrs dead,
Who greatly triumph'd, or who bravely bled.
There firſt with joy we heard thy ſpreading fame;
And thence to welcome thy return we came.
But, generous ſage, ſincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, SCRIBLERUS' heir?
For

Line 17. The pilgrims wore ſcallops in their hats, and diſtinguiſhed their ſeveral nations by the colours of the croſſes which they wore on their habits.

Line 29. *But, gen'rous youth, ſincere and free declare,*
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?
For ſure Ulyſſes in your look appears.....

To prove a genuine birth (the prince replies)
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;
Thus manifeſt of right, I build my claim,
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame. POPE's Odyſſ. Book I.

For ſure his features in your look appear,
And in the ſon the father we revere.
Oft have I heard from my chaſte mother's tongue,
That from the great CORNELIUS' loins I ſprung,
The ſage replies: but O! what mortal knows
Th' undoubted ſire to whom his birth he owes?
O! might I now, tho' born of meaner race,
With him the mazy paths of wiſdom trace,
With him unfold the metaphyſick ſtore,
And ſcience, thro' each dark receſs, explore—

But

Line 33 & *infra*.] This ſpeech diſcovers ſeveral admirable qualities in our Hero. His ſcrupulous regard for truth, in not poſitively affirming a thing for certain, wherein there was a poſſibility of his being miſtaken. His dutiful affection and filial piety in giving credit to his mother in an affair of which he could not be ſo well informed as from her own mouth. Laſtly, his judgment in chuſing for an example the anſwer of the good Telemachus in the Odyſſ. B. 1. to the ſame queſtion.

Μήτηρ μέν τ'ἐμέ φησι τε ἔμμεναι, αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
Οὐκ οἶδ, ἐ γαρ πω τις ἑὸν γόνον αὐτὸς ἀνέγνω.

The whole paſſage is thus tranſlated by Hobbes:

But ſay, are you indeed, that are ſo grown,
His ſon? your heads and eyes are like (I mark)
For we were well to one another known,
But 'twas before he did to Troy embark
With other princes of the Argive youth,
But never ſaw him ſince. That I'm his ſon
(Said he) my mother ſays. But who in truth
Knoweth who 'twas that got him? I think none.

It may not be alien to the office of a true critic to obſerve, that when Ariſtophanes was called upon to prove his right to the freedom of Athens, he quoted theſe lines: Μητηρ μεν τεμε φησι, &c. His judges were pleaſed with the application, and admitted him a citizen.

But fate pronounc'd th' irrevocable doom,
And death has ſunk him in the ſilent tomb.
Behold me now, deſerted and forlorn,
The ſport of fortune and her abject ſcorn:
Weary'd with woes, and old in travel grown,—
Still flatt'ring hope reſerv'd yon wond'rous town—
Thither we journey'd; but the gods ordain
Our ſearch ſucceſsleſs and our labour vain.
Then they: With ſympathetick grief we moan
Thy fate, alas! ſo ſad, ſo like our own.
Yet ſay, SCRIBLERUS, ſince thy daring ſoul,
Superior ſtill to fortune's vain controul,
Has many a glorious enterprize atchiev'd,
New arts invented and loſt arts retriev'd;
Say, ſhall thy friends thy various labours hear,
And thy ſage conduct glad their longing ear?
SCRIBLERUS then: Ah! ſeek not now to know
A ſeries of unutterable woe.
For, lo! to THETIS' bed the god of day,
Thro' weſtern ſkies, precipitates his way.
Give we to feaſt and ſleep the peaceful night—
To diſtant CAIRO, with the morning light,
Our courſe we ſpeed: but if ſo great deſire
To hear our fates your friendly breaſts inſpire,
As on the peaceful boſom of the NILE,
We ſail, the tedious paſſage to beguile,

Your fond requeſt, tho' hard, ſhall be obey'd,
And every debt to ſacred friendſhip paid.
Soon as the ſun th' enlightened vault aſcends,
Th' impatient chief embarks his ready friends.
Now all in ſilence eyed the godlike man,
Who thus with tears th' eventful tale began.
From native ALBION, a ſelected band,
We ſpread the ſail and reach th' AUSONIAN ſtrand:
The ſacred flame which PLINY's breaſt inſpir'd,
Urg'd our reſolves, and every boſom fir'd:
But our dull ſtars th' expected boon delay,
And three ſlow years ſteal unimprov'd away.
Tho' heaving fire VESUVIO's womb diſtends,
No burſting deluge o'er the plain deſcends.
—O! curſt impatience! O! ſevere diſgrace!
Scarce had we left, unwilling left, the place,
When forth the flames, with wild exploſion, broke,
The lab'ring mountain to its baſis ſhook:
A molten deluge cover'd all the ground,
And aſhes fill'd the hemiſphere around.
Unmov'd, tho' baffled, we renew our toil,
And ſeek, JAMAICA, thy unſtable ſoil.

Where

Line 88. *And ſeek, Jamaica.*] "It has been my good fortune to have ſeen "all the grand phenomena of nature, except an earthquake, which I waited for "in Naples three years in vain; and now I impatiently expect a paſſage to "Jamaica for that benefit." Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Where mountains rock, where yawning caverns roar,
And bellowing gulphs ſulphureous torrents pour;
Majeſtic ſcene! whoſe aweful glories fire
Our drooping ſouls, and kindle new deſire.
With proſp'rous gales, we reach MADEIRA's height,
And load delicious wines, a welcome freight.
Thence, o'er the boſom of the boundleſs ſea,
Twice ten days bleſt purſue th' unruffled way;
When lo! deep clouds, with fable horrors riſe,
And, low'ring, menace from the weſtern ſkies;
Impetuous winds old ocean's face deform,
The veſſel drives before the ſwelling ſtorm;
Six long tempeſtuous weeks, by * CORUS toſt,
And borne far diſtant from the wiſh'd-for coaſt.
Now as beneath the ſultry line we run,
We bear unſhaded the meridian ſun.
Now far beyond the tropick as we ſtray,
Mourn the weak influence of th' obliquer ray.
Twice had the changeful moon full orb'd her light
Diſplay'd; twice yielded to the ſhades of night;

When

* The N.W. Wind.

Line 90. *And bellowing gulphs.*] In Don Antonio Ulloa's account of a voyage lately made by ſome Spaniards who went to meaſure a degree of the earth (in which is a very curious deſcription of earthquakes) we are told, that for ſome days before any great eruption, noiſes are heard reſembling the lowing of cattle, and the diſcharge of artillery.

When lo! at once the boiſt'rous winds ſubſide,
At once abates the reſtleſs rolling tide.
Soft ZEPHYR riſing o'er the wat'ry plain,
Fans with his gentle wing the level main;
When now AURORA, with auſpicious light,
Reveals a beauteous harbour to the ſight.
Bewitching ſcenes encompaſs us around,
And the whole region ſeems enchanted ground.
Gold buds and branches on the radiant trees,
And melting muſick floats on ev'ry breeze.
From flowers, unfading thro' the varied year,
Incenſe and ambergris perfume the air;
Eternal verdure clothes the cloud-topt hills,
In tuneful meaſure fall the tinkling rills;
Rubies and em'ralds load the teeming groves,
Where vocal phœnixes record their loves.
The boars their ſides in cryſtal fountains lave,
The painted panther ſwims the briny wave.

In

Line 115. *Bewitching ſcenes.*] See Spectator, No. 63; and alſo 58, 59, 60, in which papers acroſticks, anagrams, lipogrammatiſts, &c. &c. are deſcribed and treated of at large by Mr. Addiſon.

Line 123. *Rubies and em'ralds.*] The deſcription of this country bears ſo near a reſemblance to that given by Socrates in the Phœdo of Plato, that we doubt not but the learned reader will find a great pleaſure in the compariſon: ἐν δὲταυῖη ἄση τοιαύῃ ἀνάλογον τὰ φυόμενα φύεθαι, δένδρα τε, καὶ ἄνθη καὶ τὲς καρπές. καὶ ἂν τὰ ὄρη ὡσαύῖως καὶ τὲς λίθες ἔχειν ἀνὰ τὸν ἀυῖον λόγον τὴν τελειόῖηΐα καὶ τὴν διαφάνειαν, καὶ τά χρώμαΐα καλλίω. ὧν κ᾽ τὰ ἐνθάδε λιθίδια ἶναι τᾶυῖα τὰ ἀγαπωμενα, μοῤια, σάρδιά τε κ᾽ ἰάσπιδας, καὶ σμαράγδες, καὶ πάνῖα τὰ τοιᾶυῖα. Phaed. § 59.

In myrtle groves the wanton dolphins play ;
While ſea-calves o'er th' enamelled meadows ſtray.
Around our ſhips the warbling mermaids glide,
And with their muſick ſooth the ſwelling tide.
Th' enchanting ſcene my raviſh'd crew poſſeſt,
And calentures had ſeiz'd on ev'ry breaſt ;
This I perceiv'd, and ſudden gave command
To drive the veſſel on the oozy ſtrand.
Ere yet they touch'd the ſhore, th' impatient crew
O'er the high decks with heedleſs rapture flew.
And wand'ring onward, with amazement, found
A well-ſpread table on the verdant ground.
On beds of fragrant roſes we recline,
And quaff full bowls of unexhauſted wine.
Indulge with various meats unſated taſte,
And, thoughtleſs, revel in the rich repaſt.
When iſſuing from the woods on either hand,
In martial guiſe advanc'd a num'rous band.

In

Line 144. *In martial guiſe advanc'd a num'rous band.*] We learn from the author's deſcription of theſe iſlanders, that they were very fond of pageantry and ſhew. They entirely addicted themſelves to the ſtudy and profeſſion of poetry in all its branches. Though we may obſerve that every individual ranged himſelf in his particular claſs, and never acted out of his own ſphere. That on all ſolemn occaſions the ſeveral orders diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their habits, and the ſymbols which they bore: and their diſpoſition and attitudes in the proceſſion emblematically repreſented that ſpecies of poetry which they particularly profeſſed, and from which they derived their name. As, a writer of acroſticks was called an Acroſtick, of anagrams an Anagram, and the like. Somewhat in this manner were all the ancient poets repreſented for the entertainment of Leo the tenth, as we find them deſcribed by Strada in his Proluſions.

In martial guiſe they march'd: ill-judging fear
Miſdeem'd the pomp inhoſpitable war,
Unmindful of ASCANIUS' harmleſs train,
And bloodleſs battles on SICILIA's plain.
Hence my raſh hand, by fatal fury led,
Drew ſhow'rs of woes on each devoted head.

Firm and compact in three fair columns wove,
O'er the ſmooth plain, the bold Acroſticks move;
High o'er the reſt the tow'ring leaders riſe
With limbs gigantick and ſuperior ſize.
They lead the van, unmov'd in the career,
And Bout-rimeès bring up the lagging rear.

Not thus the looſer Chronograms prepare,
Careleſs their troops, undiſciplin'd to war;

With

Line 147. Scriblerus here taxes himſelf with his heedleſsneſs in not recollecting that famous deſcription of Aſcanius's mock army in the 5th B. of Virgil. This forgetfulneſs is the more ſurpriſing, becauſe he could not but know how fond all nations have been of this kind of pageantry, by which ſome at this day repreſent their manufactures, and others even the myſteries of their religion.

Hunc morem curſus, atq; hæc certamina primus
Aſcanius, longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
Rettulit, & priſcos docuit celebrare Latinos:
Albani docueri ſuos, tum maxima porro
Accepit Roma———— Æn. 5.

Line 152. *The bold Acroſticks.*]

————————*chuſe for thy command*
Some peaceful province in Acroſtick land;
There thou may'ſt wings diſplay, and altars raiſe.
DRYDEN's Mac Flecno.

With ranks irregular, confus'd, they ſtand;
The chieftains mingling with the vulgar band.
But with ſtill more diſorder'd march, advance
(Nor march it ſeem'd, but wild fantaſtick dance)
The uncouth Anagrams, diſtorted train,
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain.
From different nations next the Centos crowd;
With borrow'd, patcht, and motley enſigns proud.
Not for the fame of warlike deeds they toil,
But their ſole end the plunder and the ſpoil.

Next

Line 165. *From different nations.*] A cento primarily ſignifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly compoſed of verſes, or paſſages promiſcuouſly taken from other authors: (only diſpoſed in a new form or order) ſo as to compoſe a new work and a new meaning. Auſonius has laid down the rules to be obſerved in compoſing centos. The pieces, he ſays, may be taken either from the ſame poet, or from ſeveral; and the verſes may be either taken entire, or divided in two; one half to be connected with another half taken elſewhere: but two verſes are never to be taken together. Agreeable to theſe rules, he has made a pleaſant nuptial cento from Virgil. *Opuſculum* (ſays he) *de inconnexis unum de alieno noſtrum.*

The empreſs Eudoxia wrote the Life of Jeſus Chriſt in centos, taken in this manner from Homer. Proba Falconia did the like from Virgil. The ſame did Alex. Roſs and Stephen de Pleurre, from whom we cite the following adoration of the magi.

Tum reges——————————

7 Æ. 98 *Externi veniunt* × *quæ cuiq*; *eſt copia læti* 5 Æ. 100.
11 Æ. 333 *Munera portantes* × *molles ſua tura ſabæi.* 1 G. 57.
3 Æ. 464 *Dona dehinc auro gravia* × *myrrhaque madentes,* 12 Æ. 100.
9 Æ. 659 *Agnovere deum regem* × *regnmque parentem* 6 Æ. 548.
1 G. 418 *Mutavere vias* × *perfectis ordine votis* 10 Æ. 548.

Next, an uncertain and ambiguous train
Now forward march, then countermarch again.
The van now firſt in order, duly leads,
And now the rear the changeful ſquadron heads.
Thus onward, AMPHISBÆNA ſprings to meet
Her foe; nor turns her in the quick retreat.
To join theſe ſquadrons, o'er the champaign came
A num'rous race of no ignoble name;
The mighty CRAMBO leads th' intrepid van:
The reſt a forward loud induſtrious clan.
RIDDLE, and REBUS, RIDDLE's deareſt ſon;
And falſe CONUNDRUM, and inſidious PUN;
EUSTIAN, who ſcarcely deigns to tread the ground;
And RONDEAU, wheeling in repeated round.
Here the RHOPALICS in a wedge are drawn,
There the proud MACARONIANS ſcour the lawn.

Here

Line 169. *Next, an uncertain.*] Reciprocal verſes (called alſo retrogade and recurrents) give the ſame words whether read backwards or forwards.

Signa te ſigna temere me tangis et angis.

The amphiſbæna is a ſerpent ſaid to have two heads, one at each end, and to go indifferently with either end foremoſt.

The amphiſbæna double arm'd appears;
At either end a threat'ning head ſhe rears. Row's Lucan, B. 9.

Line 183. Rhopalic verſes begin with a monoſyllable, and continue in words, growing gradually longer to the laſt, which muſt be the longeſt of all.

Rem regem regimen regionem religionem.

They had their name from ῥοπαλον, a club, which like them begins with a ſlender tip, and grows bigger and bigger to the head. Hence our author draws them up with great propriety, in the military form of a wedge.

Line 184. The macaronian is a kind of burleſque poetry, conſiſting of a jumble

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Here fugitive and vagrant o'er the green,
The wanton LIPOGRAMMATIST is ſeen.
There QUIBBLE and ANTITHESIS appear,
With DOGGREL-RHYMES and ECHOS in the rear.
On their fair ſtandards, by the wind diſplay'd,
Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes were pourtray'd.
Alarm'd and all-ſuſpended with the fight,
Nor yet determin'd to retire or fight,
A wond'rous omen from directing fate,
Fix'd our reſolves, and urg'd our quick retreat.
As on the ground, reclin'd, THAUMASTES lay,
Fill'd with the feaſting of the genial day;
(Uncertain if ſome godhead ſway'd his mind,
Or mov'd by chance) he broke the walnut's rind:
Fear and amazement ſeiz'd his ſhuddering ſoul,
When for the nut, he found a ſcribbled ſcroll.

He

jumble of words of different languages, with words of the vulgar tongue latinized, and latin words modernized. This verſe has employed the pens of many French and Italian writers. We have ſeen three or four long poems of this kind by our own countrymen.

Et dabo fee ſimple, *ſi monſtras love's pretty dimple,*
Gownos, ſilkcotos, kirtellos, & peticotos,
Buſkos & ſoccos, ſtomacheros, cambrica ſmockos. Ignoramus.

With theſe we may venture to rank ſome late publiſhed lines written by the ingenious Dr. Swift to a ſchoolmaſter of his acquaintance.

Dic heris agro at an da quarto finale.
Puta ringat ure nos an da ſtringat ure tale.

Line 190. *Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes.*] The foregoing comments have ſo crowded the notes, that we ſhall refer the reader to the Spectator, No. 58, where he will find this line very fully explained by Mr. Addiſon.

He trac'd the characters with ſecret dread;
Then thus aloud the myſtick verſes read.
In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they purſue that die.
Silent a while and thoughtful we remain,
At length the verſe unanimous explain;
That where no triumphs on the conqueſt wait,
Ev'n virtue's ſelf and honour bids retreat,
So Jove declares, ſo wills eternal fate.
With eager zeal, we hoiſt the ſpreading ſails,
And, from the deck, invoke the tardy gales.
When now the ſhore the fancy'd armies reach,
And form their mimick legions on the beach.
Inſulting ſhouts the deafen'd ſenſe invade,
Sarcaſms and ſcoffing taunts our fears upbraid.
I catch my bow, (the ſame which Aster bore
'Gainſt the raſh monarch on Theſſalia's ſhore,)
The ſtring with meditated vengeance drew,
And pierc'd a leader of th' acroſtick crew.

The

Line 203. *In love the victors.*] Two lines from Waller.

Line 216. *I catch my bow, the ſame which After bore*
'Gainſt the raſh monarch on Theſſalia's ſhore.]

During the ſiege of Methone, Philip of Macedon loſt his right eye by an arrow. After of Amphipolis having offered his ſervice as an extraordinary markſman, who could take a bird down flying, Well, ſaid Philip, when I wage war with ſtarlings I will employ you. The man was ſo nettled with this anſwer, that he threw himſelf into the town, and ſhot an arrow at him, with this inſcription on it, 'At Philp's right eye'. No wonder ſo great a curioſity as the bow of ſuch an excellent archer ſhould be preſerved in the Scriblerian family.

The giant ſcoffer falls conſign'd to death,
And thus, prophetic, ſung his parting breath:
C oward and ſlave, ne'er ſhalt thou reap the fruit
O f thy long labours and ſevere purſuit.
W ith ſorrow ſhalt thou leave thy ſuff'ring crew,
A venging juſtice ſhall their ſteps purſue,
R ude draughts of iron ſhall they drink at need,
D rink, and deplore thy raſh inhuman deed.
  Theſe threats denouncing, in the duſt he rolls:
Cold thrilling fear invades our troubled ſouls.
Proſtrate, we ſupplicate all-ruling JOVE,
Th' impending curſe, relenting, to remove.
With ſad reluctance leave th' enchanting plain;
And anxious plough the hoarſe-reſounding main.
  Nine tedious days a doubtful courſe we ſteer;
The tenth, bold rocks and tow'ring cliffs appear.
The leaſt, as ATLAS tall, o'erlook'd the ſtrand:
Nor ſhapeleſs they, but ſhap'd by nature's hand.

Some

Line 220. *The giant ſcoffer falls.*] The death and prophecy of the Acroſtick bear a wonderful reſemblance to Æneas's encounter with the harpies, and curſe of Celæno, in the 3d Book of Virgil:

——*Non ante datam cingetis mœnibus urbem,*
Quam vos dira fames noſtræque injuria cædis
Ambeſas ſubigat malis abſumere menſas.

——*Know that ere the promis'd walls you build,*
My curſes ſhall ſeverely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this miſdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed. DRYD.

Some like ſmooth cones aſpiring to the ſkies,
Others aloft in ſpiral volumes riſe.
Theſe ſeem vaſt cannon planted on the ſhore,
Well-turn'd and hollow'd with cylindrick bore.
Here columns or tall obeliſks appear;
There a vaſt globe or poliſh'd hemiſphere.
Tow'ring on high proud battlements are ſeen:
And ſaliant baſtions bear a warlike mien.
What breaſt, unmov'd, the dreadful ſight could bear?
What eye behold it unappall'd with fear!
I ſtrove their drooping courage to awake,
And thus, with animating accents, ſpake:
See, dear companions, what the gods have giv'n,
And praiſe th' indulgence of propitious heav'n.
How great the ſcene, where'er we turn our eyes!
The proſpects various all, yet all ſurprize.
Ply well your oars to gain th' auſpicious land;
And raiſe a grateful altar on the ſtrand.
Then let ſome chief, by lot decreed, explore
The latent glories of this wond'rous ſhore.
Thus I, diſſembling; but pale fear poſſeſt
Each livid cheek, and chill'd each manly breaſt.
Freſh in their mind th' ACROSTICK's threats they dread,
And curſe, denounc'd on their devoted head.
Still I perſiſt, and urge the hard command:
With ſlow reluctant ſteps, they preſs the ſand.

In equal parts I ſtrait divide the crew:
Then in the urn the lots inſcrib'd I threw,
And ſhook the hallow'd vaſe, till chance decreed
The ſage DEIDEMON for the hardy deed:
And join'd the brave THAUMASTES to his ſide,
By ſocial love and like purſuits ally'd.
Sheath'd in bright arms, o'er the ſuſpected plain,
Penſive they march, and penſive we remain.
In vain th' enliv'ning banquet's charms we try,
In vain the mirth-inſpiring goblet ply.
Dread and deſpair each riſing joy controul,
And horror, brooding o'er the ſparkling bowl.
Nor leſs in vain we ſeek the balm of ſleep,
For ſtill the wretched painful vigils keep.
Then firſt, my friends, I own, this manly breaſt
Damp wav'ring doubt, fear's harbinger, confeſt.
When, all-propitious to my raptur'd eyes,
I ſaw PRIAPUS' awful form ariſe;
And thus the god: Diſpel this cauſeleſs dread;
For know, an hoſpitable land ye tread.

What

Line 281.] The Scribleri have always teſtified the utmoſt reverence for this god, as appears from their having been induſtrious to preſerve every line that has been written to his honour. They have made a conſiderable collection of ſmall poems, which they have named from their tutelary deity, and have been no leſs aſſiduous in exhibiting his ſtatues and pictures. This naturally accounts for the great zeal with which the god promiſes his patronage to our hero.

What tho' the chiefs report a dreadful tale,
Fearleſs do thou the glorious taſk aſſail.
Nor war, nor hoſtile perils ſhalt thou prove:
But the ſoft blandiſhments of proffer'd love.
Myſelf the powerful paſſion will impart
To the fond queen, and melt her yielding heart:
Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace,
And breathe reſiſtleſs beauties o'er thy face:
As artful ſages give the modern ſtone
Time's honour'd ſtains, and glories not its own;
The canker'd coin with verdegris incruſt,
Or grace the poliſh'd bronze with reverend ruſt.
With confidence proceed, my ready pow'r
Shall never fail thee in th' important hour.
He ſaid, and vaniſh'd at th' approach of morn:
When, lo! the chiefs with downcaſt look return.
Aghaſt, with ſpeechleſs tongue and briſtling hair,
DEIDEMON ſtood; an emblem of deſpair.

Scarce

Line 290. *Thy manly limbs with heighten'd charms I'll grace——*
As artful ſages give the modern ſtone
Time's honour'd ſtains, and glories not its own.]

——Lætos oculis afflarat honore
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, pariuſve lapis circumdatur auro. VIRG. L. 1.

——And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face:
Like poliſh'd iv'ry, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold. DRYDEN.

Scarce could THAUMASTES o'er his fears prevail:
Who thus, at length, brought out the broken tale.
We went, SCRIBLERUS—(ſuch was thy command)
Thro' yon lone rocks to view this wond'rous land—
Long had we roam'd—ſudden a noiſe we heard
Of mighty wings—and ſaw a monſt'rous bird.
I graſp'd my jav'lin, ſtartled at th' alarm,
But ſage DEIDEMON ſtopt my deſp'rate arm.
Oh, well reſtrain'd! for, by its nearer flight,
An human face, conſpicuous to the ſight,

And

Line 304.] See the ſpeech of Eurylochus, and the following adventures. Odyſſ. B. 10.

Line 311. *And ſaw a monſt'rous bird———.*
An human face.]———

Biſhop Wilkins was ſtrongly bent on bringing the art of flying to perfection. He mentions it in moſt of his works. After having enumerated the ſeveral methods propoſed, he ſays, 'Tis the more obvious and common opinion, that 'this may be effected by wings faſtened immediately to the body, this coming 'neareſt to the imitation of nature. 'Tis related of a certain Engliſh monk, 'called Elmerus, about the Confeſſor's time, that he did by ſuch wings fly from 'a tower above a furlong; and ſo another from St. Mark's ſteeple in Venice; 'another at Norinberg; and Buſbequius ſpeaks of a Turk in Conſtantinople, who 'attempted ſomething this way.' Dædalus, Ch. 7.

In another work (That the Moon may be a World) he reaſons on the probability of reaching the moon by the help of this art. He computes it to be 180 days journey; endeavours to ſolve the difficulties which may ariſe from want of diet and lodging. See his arguments at large, Prop. 15.

'The art of flying hath been in all ages attempted, particularly in the times 'of Friar Bacon, who affirms it to be poſſible, and that he knew a perſon 'who had actually tried it with good ſucceſs. And even now there are 'not wanting ſome in England, who, by experiment, have proved themſelves 'able to do it. The Sieur Beſnier, a ſmith of Sable, hath invented an engine 'for flying.' Philoſoph. Tranſact. Vol. I. page 499, 500, with a cut of the engine, plate 5.

And human limbs appear'd.—With wild amaze,
Aſtoniſh'd at the dire portent, we gaze,
And meditate return—when, from the flood,
(For near a ſpacious river's bank we ſtood)
A bark emergent roſe; with oars well-tim'd,
Cut the ſmooth wave, and o'er the ſurface ſkim'd.
Then ſunk again, but ſtill her courſe purſu'd,
Clear was the ſtream, and all beneath we view'd.
Swift we retire, with oft-retorted eye,
Leſt magick charms o'ertake us as we fly.
Long unpurſued we run, at length retreat
Where an arch'd rock affords a welcome ſeat.

Chearful

Line 316. *A bark emergent roſe.*] Cornel. Drebell made a veſſel for James I. to be rowed under water with twelve rowers: It was tried on the Thames. Biſhop Wilkins, after ſolving all the difficulties that might be objected to this ſubmarine navigation, enumerates the advantages of it.

'1. 'Tis private; a man may go to any coaſt in the world inviſible, without 'being diſcovered or prevented in his journey.

'2. 'Tis ſafe; from the uncertainty of tides, and the violence of tempeſts, 'which do never move the ſea above five or ſix paces deep; from pirates and 'robbers, which do ſo infeſt other voyages; from ice and great froſts, which do 'ſo much endanger the paſſages towards the poles.

'3. It may be of very great advantage againſt a navy of enemies, who by this 'means may be undermined in the waters and blown up.

'4. It may be of ſpecial uſe for the relief of any place that is beſieged by 'water, to convey unto it inviſible ſupplies; and ſo likewiſe for the ſurprizal of 'of any place that is acceſſible by water.

'5. It may be of unſpeakable benefit for ſubmarine experiments and diſ-'coveries. Several colonies may thus inhabit, having their children bred up 'without the knowledge of land, who could not chuſe but be amazed with ſtrange 'conceits upon the diſcovery of this upper world.' *Wilkins's Mathematical Magick*, Book II. Chap. 5.

Chearful we enter, but within behold
A ſerpent ſhape with many a jointed fold.
Each friendly pow'r invoking to my aid,
The ſleeping form, intrepid, I invade.
Direct my faulchion on the monſter's hide,
And in the midſt his bloodleſs frame divide.
But ſoon, repentant, my raſh deed deplore,
For lo! two foes vindictive on the floor;
Both rear the horned head, and both aſſail
With the ſharp terrors of the pois'nous tail.
Again our trenchant blades aloft we heave,
Dauntleſs again the ſever'd bodies cleave,
And triumph in the deed. Alas! how blind,
How fond, how prone to err, the human mind!
How vain our joy! for, (ſuch the will of fate)
Our conqueſts ſtill new enemies create.
Again th' unequal combat we renew,
Again, ſurpriz'd, encreaſe the reptile crew.

And

Line 325. *A ſerpent ſhape with many a jointed fold.*] The account of this monſter bears a very near reſemblance to the deſcription of the Hydra, which has ſo much employed the pens of the ancients; and alſo to the Polypus, ſo celebrated by the moderns.

Line 229. ——— *bloodleſs frame.*] It muſt be acknowledged that upon cutting, not the leaſt effuſion of blood or *ichor* can be perceived, even by the beſt microſcope. *Natural Hiſtory of the Polype.*

And now a numerous fry o'erſpread the ground,
By ſlaughter rais'd, and fertile from the wound.
O! for that warning voice which CADMUS heard,
When from the glebe his growing foes appear'd!
Or the ſtrong charms of *COLCHIS' pow'rful maid,
In like diſtreſs the valiant JASON's aid!
A while retreating we maintain the fight,
Then quit th' enchanted cave with ſudden flight:
And chear'd, th' auſpicious land-marks to review,
Thro' the known path, our glad return purſue.

He

* Medea.

Line 342. *Fertile from the wound.*]

Vulneribus fœcunda ſuis. OVID's Deſc. of the Hydra.
Hanc ego ramoſum, natis e cæde colubris,
Creſcentemque malo domui.

Art thou proportion'd to the hydra's length,
Who from his wounds, receiv'd augmented ſtrength?
He rais'd an hundred hiſſing heads in air,
When one I lopt, up ſprung a deadly pair.
By his wounds fertile, *and with ſlaughter ſtrong.* GAY.

——— Hydra *ſecto corpore firmior*
Vinci dolentem crevit *in Herculem.* HOR.

Line 343. *O! for that warning voice.*] The poet in this and the three following lines, alludes to two paſſages in Ovid's Met. In B. 3. Cadmus ſows the dragon's teeth, which immediately produce a crop of armed men, one of whom warns Cadmus (who was preparing to attack them) to deſiſt, and they fought it out among themſelves till they deſtroyed each other. Jaſon's adventure in the 7th Book exactly reſembles this, excepting that the new-raised regiment was determined to attack him, upon which he threw a ſtone, enchanted by Medea, among them, which created diſſentions, produced a civil war, and delivered the hero from his enemies.

He ended, trembling: ſtrait I graſp'd my ſword,
And bade them follow. At the dreadful word,
Fear and confuſion ev'ry breaſt invade;
All join the deſp'rate purpoſe to diſſuade;
But chief THAUMASTES.—Hence; ignoble ſlave,
Stern I reply, whoſe fears infect the brave.
You, heroes once, inglorious, here remain,
Aw'd by his words, a daſtard, abject train.
Alone I triumph, if my arms ſucceed,
Or periſh ſingle in the hardy deed.
Indignant thus, confiding in the god,
O'er the drear plain, with haughty ſteps I ſtrode.

Line 351. to the end.] See the behaviour of Ulyſſes. Odyſſ. B. 10.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

A Prieſteſs of Rumour relates to Scriblerus the hiſtory of the Queen of the country. He is ſtruck with the beauties of an elegant temple, which he deſcribes, as alſo the Queen's magnificent entry and her perſonal endowments. He makes himſelf known to her. She profeſſes her regard for his family and for his own merits, to which ſhe is no ſtranger: after which ſhe invites him to a partnerſhip of her bed and throne. Scriblerus conſults with Albertus, and is adviſed by him to accede to her propoſal of marriage: Saturn endeavours to deter him from it by fearful dreams and omens; notwithſtanding which the marriage is celebrated, but the conſummation prevented by the flight of two owls, which, added to the foregoing portents, intimidate the hero to that degree, that he reſolves to fly from his beloved Queen. Her reproaches and entreaties prevail on him to return, but not till her unhappy impatience has impelled her to give herſelf a deſperate wound, upon which Saturn cuts her fatal hair and ſhe dies.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

HAPLY I ſtray'd, where midſt the cavern'd cells
Of vocal cliffs, fantaſtic Echo dwells.
My way through ſerpent windings I purſu'd,
Which deep within the hollow'd rocks were hew'd.

The

Line 3. *My way thro' ſerpent windings.*] This is an exact repreſentation of the preſent ſtate of the Latomiæ near Syracuſe, the cave where Dyonyſius the tyrant of Sicily is ſaid to have kept his ſtate priſoners: which we have ſeen thus deſcribed.

'It is at this inſtant, as entire as when it was firſt made, and ſtill retains that 'ſurpriſing power of reverberating ſounds. It is a large cavern cut horizontally 'into a rock 72 feet high, 27 broad, and 219 in depth. The entrance is of the 'ſhape of an aſs's ear, and the inſide ſomewhat of the form of the letter S. On 'the top of the cave there is a groove, which runs from one end to the other, and 'has a communication with a ſmall room at the top of the entrance, now inac-'ceſſible by reaſon of the height and ſteepneſs of the rock. This is imagined to 'have been a guard-room where the tyrant uſed to place a centinel, who, by hear-'ing every the leaſt whiſper of the priſoners within, made his report accordingly to 'his maſters. We fired a piſtol in it, which made a noiſe like thunder; when one 'of us went to the end, and there fetched his breath, he was heard very diſtinctly 'by thoſe without; and when a letter was unfolded as gently as poſſible, it ſeemed 'as if ſomebody had flapped a ſheet of paper cloſe to your ear.'

The walls, inclining with an inward ſlope,
End in a narrow groove and join at top.
From ſide to ſide reverberate, they bear
The quick vibrations of the trembling air;
Hence weakeſt ſounds the vaulted cavern ſhake,
And whiſpers deaf'ning on the ſenſes break.
The cave of Rumour. O'er a ſpacious vent,
With head reclin'd, her liſt'ning Prieſteſs bent.
(The Pythian thus imbib'd th' inſpiring ſteam;
Thus gave TROPHONIUS the prophetic dream.)
Swift from her ſeat, at my approach, ſhe ſprung,
And thus ſhe ſpake with more than mortal tongue.
Thrice welcome, wand'rer, to this happy land,
The work and glory of its Sov'reign's hand.
Our Queen, with kind compaſſion, all receives,
But the firſt honours to the ſtranger gives:
Herſelf a ſtranger once, tho' here ſhe reigns:
A diſtant exile from her native plains.

Northward

Line 11. *O'er a ſpacious vent.*] It is evident from the teſtimony of many ancient authors, that at Delphi and all other oracles, divine inſpiration was conveyed through certain vents, over which the propheteſs leaned her head and ſometimes ſat. Fontenelle has adopted the ſtrange conceit of Van Dale, who ſuppoſes that the perſons who went into Trophonius's cave were doſed with the fume and ſmoke of certain drugs, which cauſed extravagant dreams. But this idle imagination is wiſely refuted by an anonymous author in his anſwer to Fontenelle's Hiſt. of Oracles: who, whether we conſider his learning or his faith, juſtly deſerves a place in the Scriblerian archives.

Line 19. *Et infra.*] Virg. Æn. B. 1:

Northward as far beyond the torrid zone,
Her huſband held an indiſputed throne.
Till reſtleſs faction, big with murd'rous ſtrife,
Depriv'd th' unguarded monarch of his life.
Dread and deſpair the drooping Queen affright:
Grief waſtes the day, and ghaſtly dreams the night.
Before her eyes her huſband ſtood confeſt;
Rear'd his pale face, and bar'd his bleeding breaſt.
At length adviſ'd her flight, but firſt reveal'd
Where all his choiceſt treaſures lay conceal'd.
A choſen band the ſacred ſtores convey
O'er the rude waves; a woman leads the way.
This iſle ſhe choſe, her growing empire's ſeat;
Here ſhe enjoys an undiſturb'd retreat:
Here, where no pitchy keels pollute the ſea,
Nor reſtleſs commerce ploughs the wat'ry way.
The Prieſteſs thus my longing boſom fir'd—
I left the tale unfiniſh'd and retir'd.
Soon I deſcry'd where, near a cypreſs wood,
A dome, upheld by ſtately columns, ſtood:

Where

Line 25. *Till reſtleſs faction.*] Moſt critics are of opinion, that the following lines allude to the factions of the Virtuoſi which aroſe in England when the Newtonian philoſophy, introducing a cautious diffidence, tamely circumſcribed the enterprizing flights of genius, and abſolutely baniſhed the nobler inventions of the preceding age.

Line 37. *Here, where no pitchy keels pollute the ſea.*] We muſt be ſo ingenuous as to confeſs, that our author has borrowed this panegyric from a celebrated Spaniſh poet.

Where braſs and variegated marbles join
Their mingled beams to grace the ſplendid ſhrine.
Here glitt'ring ores their native charms unfold;
There yellow mundic ſhines like burniſh'd gold.
Sulphurs and marcaſites their beams diſplay,
And lucid cryſtals rival TITAN's ray.
Rang'd as a cornice, various foſſils ſtand,
The mimic ſport of nature's wanton hand.
Mitre and turban-forms the work adorn,
Triton's huge trump, and Ammon's boaſted horn.
Here fibrous plants with many a branching vein,
And there the curious texture of the brain.
But how, O! how ſhall fancy's pow'r recall
The forms that breath'd along the pictur'd wall!

Where

Line 43. *Where braſs and variegated marbles join.*] This taſte has lately been introduced in England. They ornament chimney-pieces, &c. with many different ſorts of marble, and cover the joints with thin plates of poliſhed braſs.

Line 46. *There yellow mundic.*] Mundic is a brown glittering ſubſtance, found in great quantities in the tin-mines.

Line 47.] Marcaſite of copper is about the bigneſs of an apple, brown without, yellow and cryſtalline within, brilliant and ſhining.

Line 52.] A ſhell called the Buccinum. The Cornu Ammonis, is a foſſil ſhaped like a ram's horn.

Line 53.] A large ſubmarine weed, whoſe fibres reſemble a curious network.

Line 54.] The brainſtone, ſo called, from the reſemblance its ſurface bears to the human brain.

Where in Moſaic wrought, the ſhells ſurpaſs
The pencil'd canvaſs or the ſculptur'd braſs.
Deareſt to nature firſt are ſeen a race
Who bear the marks of her peculiar grace.
Here griffons, harpies, dragons mix in flight,
Here wild chimera rears her triple height.
In glowing colours mighty GERYON ſtands,
And bold BRIAREUS wields his hundred hands.
While thus my ſoul theſe empty ſhades poſſeſt,
What ſudden pangs invade my heedleſs breaſt!
When, in bleſt ſhells of livelieſt hue pourtray'd,
I ſaw fair LINDAMIRA's form diſplay'd:
I ſtarted at the ſight: adown my cheek
The ſwelling tears, in rapid torrents break:
Then thus: What region in the world but knows
My hapleſs paſſion and illuſtrious woes?
Lo! as in life, the dear ſad object ſtands,
And makes my ſuff'rings known in diſtant lands—
When ſudden, ent'ring at the lofty gate,
The Queen herſelf approach'd in ſolemn ſtate.

Her

Line 68. *I ſaw fair Lindamira.*] See Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis.

VIRG. B. I.

Line 71.] *Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?*

VIRG. B. I.

Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd:
Whoſe folds deſcending, veil'd her beauteous waiſt,
Then length'ning downwards, form'd a regal train,
And ſwept, with awful majeſty, the plain.
On her fair front a goodly horn ſhe bore:
But nor the crown or gay tiara wore.
Frequent and thick, o'er all her limbs were seen
Th' elongated papillæ of the ſkin.
Graceful excreſcence of reſplendent horn,
Like the ſhagg'd velvet, or the new-reap'd corn.
Never but once beheld I, till that hour,
Such finiſh'd charms. I gaze and I adore.
She mounts the throne, and hearing ev'ry cauſe,
Directs her judgment by great Nature's laws.

Where

Line 77. *Her head th' inextricable Plica grac'd.*] A matting together of hair, commonly called the Plica Polonica, becauſe it is epidemical in Poland, and rarely found elſewhere. The hair, ſo platted together, grows to a ſurpriſing length, which is not to be prevented, by reaſon that it is mortal to cut it, a great effuſion of blood always enſuing. See it deſcribed *Philoſoph. Tranſact.* Vol. 6. Part 3. Chap. 3.

Line 83. *Frequent and thick.*] There was a very extraordinary perſon in London, in the year 1743, who during his reſidence there, was viſited by moſt of the nobility and gentry, virtuoſi and philoſophers of that metropolis. His ſkin (excepting only his face and the palms of his hands) was entirely grown over with an horny excreſcence, called by the naturaliſts the elongation of the papillæ. Each particular excreſcence was about the ſize of a ſmall barley ſtraw; they lay cloſe together, and made an even ſurface, exactly like the ſurface of pluſh of velvet. They were of different lengths in different parts of his body. Stroking your hand down his leg or arm, they rattled like the return of a hard bruſh, but louder, as they were of a much harder conſiſtence than the ſtiffeſt hair.

Where nice diſtinction doubtful claims divides,
Duly ſhe weighs, impartial ſhe decides.
To her the vegetable kingdom owes
A ſure protection from invading foes,
Who oft the ſprouting coral ſtrive to gain,
And earth-born mandrake, from its rightful reign.
Now ſolemn heralds led me to the throne,
And bade my nation and my name make known.
Thus, to the monarch, I my ſpeech addreſt:
O! foremoſt ſtill to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
From northern iſles, from a far diſtant ſtrand,
By adverſe winds, I tread this pleaſing land.
Behold SCRIBLERUS, no ignoble name;
(Earth ſounds my wiſdom, and high heaven my fame.)
Now a ſad fugitive, and tempeſt-toſt,
Driv'n with confuſion, from each neighbour coaſt,
O! grant the refuge of thy friendly ſhores:
Supply with bounteous hand our waſted ſtores:

Elſe

Line 91. *et infra.*] The principal conteſts which have divided the virtuoſi of all ages, and which daily ariſe, are from the difficulty of deciding in what claſs ſubjects of middle qualities ſhall be ranged. Thus ſome affirm a ſpunge to be an animal; others a vegetable; while others contend that it is inanimate.

Line 103. *Behold Scriblerus.*] So far is our hero from vainglory, which ſome critics have ignorantly accuſed him of, that he is here ſo humble he does not even venture to ſpeak his own words, but delivers himſelf in thoſe of his great example, Ulyſſes. ODYSS. B. 9.

Behold Ulyſſes, no ignoble name;
Earth ſounds my wiſdom, and high heav'n my fame.

Elſe raſhly we attempt th' unmeaſur'd way,
And death awaits us on the barren ſea.
Elate with pleaſure, ſtagger'd with ſurprize,
So wills the mindful god, the Queen replies,
Are you the great SCRIBLERUS, dear to fame,
Who, from high PLINY trac'd, your lineage claim?
The fame whom learned BARTHIUS' daughter bore
To fam'd CORNELIUS on the BRITISH ſhore?
I lov'd old GASPAR; greatly lov'd thy ſire:
Nor leſs thy virtues, courteous gueſt, admire.
Accept that name; and, if thou not diſdain,
Friend to my ſoul and partner of my reign.
Then I. Ah! ceaſe, too gen'rous, to o'erpow'r
Thine humbleſt ſlave with all thy bounty's ſtore.
Such godlike bleſſings from ſo fair a hand,
Eternal praiſe and gratitude demand.

While

Line 112. *The mindful god.*] See Book 2. line 288.

Line 113.] *Tunc ille Æneas quem Dardanio Anchiſæ*
Alma Venus peperit Phrygii Simoentis ad undas?

Are you the great Æneas, known to fame,
Who from cœleſtial ſeed your lineage claim?
The ſame Æneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchiſes on th' Iæan ſhore?

DRYD.

For the genealogy of Scriblerus here mentioned, ſee Memoirs of Scriblerus, the beginning.

While on earth's ſurface fruits and flowrets blow
And foſſils vegetate in beds below,
In coral polypes haunt, in ſnow the bear,
Whales ſport in ſeas, and eels in vinegar,
While bright volcanos ſpout eternal flame,
So long ſhall laſt the glories of thy name.

I ſaid,—the gracious monarch inſtant ſends
The wiſh'd refection to my dubious friends:
But from their longing arms their chief detains,
And ſtrives to bind with love's reſiſtleſs chains.
At her deſire the ſeries I relate
Of my long wand'ring and diſaſt'rous fate.
Deep ſunk my ſuff'rings in her yielding heart,
Tranſpierc'd with love's inevitable dart,
And fix'd as ſome impal'd and helpleſs fly,
Who bleeds a victim to the optician's eye,

Before

Line 125. *While, &c.*] *In freta dum fluvii, &c.*

VIRG. B. 1.

While rolling rivers into ſeas ſhall run,
And round the ſpace of heav'n the radiant ſun,
While trees the mountain tops with ſhade ſupply,
Your honour, name, and praiſe ſhall never die.

DRYD.

Line 139. *And fix'd as ſome impal'd and helpleſs fly.*]

Uritur in felix Dido totaque vagatur
Urbe furens qualis conjectâ Cerva ſagitta, &c.
---------- hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

VIRG. Æn. L. 4.

Before his glaſs ſpins in repeated round,
And ſtrives to flutter from the deadly wound:
Firm and unmov'd the ſpeculative ſage
Eyes the vain efforts of its inſect rage.
Soon as the morn diſpens'd her earlieſt ray,
Strait to the ſhore I urg'd my ſpeedy way.
Diſſolv'd in tears my anxious friends I found,
The untouch'd cates neglected on the ground.
As when ſome aſs (hir'd haply to repair
The riot-waſted rake or love-ſick fair)
From her fond young, the tedious morning ſtrays,
Driv'n thro' ſome pop'lous city's crouded ways;
Her abſence, pent in diſmal cots, they mourn:
But wild with rapture, at her bleſt return,
They leap, they bound, their braying fills the plain,
And the glad hills repeat the harmonious ſtrain.

So

So when the watchful ſhepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random ſhaft the careleſs hind;
Diſtracted with her pain ſhe flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn and ſeeks the ſilent floods,
With fruitleſs care; for ſtill the fatal dart
Sticks in her ſide, and rankles in her heart.

Line 149. *As when ſome aſs, &c.*]
As from freſh paſtures and the dewy field
(When loaded cribs their evening banquet yield)
The lowing herds return; around them throng,
With leaps and bounds, their late impriſon'd young,
Ruſh to their mothers with unruly joy,
And echoing hills return the tender cry:
So round me preſs'd, exulting at my ſight, &c.
Ulyſſes's account of his return to his friends from Circe's court. Odyss. B. 10.

So round me preſt, now reſcued from deſpair,
Th' exulting crew, my fortunes I declare.
The welcome ſtores they to the bark convey:
Then chearful follow where I lead the way.
Soon as we reach'd the dome, the Queen invites
To the ſpread feaſt and hoſpitable rites.
Again ſhe aſks to hear the moving tale,
Again big tears her melting heart reveal.
Now all to reſt retire: but ſleep denies
His balmy bleſſings to my anxious eyes.
Long ere the ſun had left his eaſtern goal,
Thus to ALBURTUS I diſcloſe my ſoul.
Seeſt thou, with eyes like mine, this matchleſs Queen,
Her rare endowments, her majeſtic mein?
With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace is join'd,
And as her form, prodigious is her mind.
What gen'rous proffers has her bounty made,
Of half her throne and half her bliſsful bed!
Yes, I confeſs, ſince LINDAMIRA's love,
No other charms, like theſe my breaſt could move:
The ſame their merits, my deſire the ſame:
I feel rekindling all my former flame.
Were I not bound by ev'ry ſacred vow,
Never again at HYMEN's ſhrine to bow,

Perhaps

Line 169. *et infra.*] See Dido's firſt ſpeech, and her ſiſter's anſwer. VIRG. Æn. B. 4.

Perhaps her peerleſs beauties might controul
The weak reſolves of my unſtable ſoul.—
While my rack'd breaſt theſe ſtruggling tumults ſhook,
Thus on my ſpeech the kind ALBERTUS broke;
Say, will you ſtill a joyleſs wanderer rove,
And never taſte the ſoft delights of love?
Nor in your offspring glad th' aſtoniſh'd earth,
The happy parent of a wond'rous birth?
And ſure, no leſs ſhall grace your nuptial bed,
For can aught vulgar from the Queen proceed?
Wiſely, I grant, you ſhunn'd the weak alarms
Of common beauty and quotidian charms;
But O! imprudent, ſhould you now diſclaim
A pleaſing paſſion and auſpicious flame.
With mutual warmth, her proffer'd love receive,
And taſte the joys her heavenly beauties give.
While thus his pleaſing counſel he addreſt,
Alas! too grateful to my love-ſick breaſt!
Sudden aloud the good ALBERTUS ſneez'd:
I yield, and follow with the omen pleas'd.

The

Line 187. *Nor in your offspring.*]

Nec dulces natos veneris nexque præmia noris?
VIRG. B. 4.

Line 192. *Quotidian charms.*]

Tædet quotidianarum harum formarum. TERENCE EUNUCH.

Line 199. *Albertus ſneez'd.*]

She ſpoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Conſtrain'd his noſtril echo'd thro' the crowd.

The monarch now her learned treaſures ſhows,
And pleas'd each myſtic ſcience to diſcloſe,
Illuſtrates by what powers huge veſſels glide,
Conceal'd beneath the ſurface of the tide.
How, by her arts, her ſubjects learn to riſe
On ſilken wings, and cut the liquid ſkies.
Or, to the winds, in cars of lighteſt cane,
Spread the broad ſail, and ſwiftly ſkim the plain.

Much

The ſmiling Queen the happy omen bleſt:
So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſt.

ODYSS. B. 17.

Xenophon having ended a ſpeech to his ſoldiers with theſe words, viz. "We have many reaſons to hope for preſervation." They were ſcarce uttered when a certain ſoldier ſneezed; the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the gods. Then Xenophon, reſuming his diſcourſe, proceeded, "Since, my fellow ſoldiers, at the mention of our preſervation, Jupiter has ſent "this omen," &c.

Line 207. ---------- *in cars of lighteſt cane,*
Spread the broad ſail, and ſwiftly ſkim the plain.]

------ Sericana, when Chineſes drive
With ſails and wind, their cany waggons light.

MILTON, B. 3.

Biſhop Wilkins was much pleaſed with the contrivance of a ſailing carriage. 'What can be more delightful, ſays he, or better huſbandry, than to make uſe of the wind (which coſts nothing, and eats nothing) inſtead of horſes? That ſuch chariots are commonly uſed in the champaign plains of China, is frequently affirmed by divers credible authors. Boterus mentions, that they have been tried alſo in Spain, though with what ſucceſs he doth not ſpecify. But above all other experiments to this purpoſe, that ſailing chariot at Shevelling in Holland, is more eminently remarkable; it was made by the direction of Stephinus, and is celebrated by many authors. Walchius affirms it to be of ſo great a ſwiftneſs for its motion, and yet of ſo great a capacity for its burden, that it did far exceed the

Much I applaud, for much I all admire.
Thus mutual pleaſures fan our growing fire.
  As when in vinegar, at diſtance plac'd,
To join two ſelf-mov'd Aſtroites haſte;
Our heaving hearts, with fond impatience, move,
And pant for contact, with attractive love.
  Nor can our eager paſſion brook delay,
We, for our ſpouſals, name th' enſuing day.
  How ſhall my tongue the ſad reverſe of fate,
And terrors of the dreadful night relate?
Oft roſe fair LINDAMIRA's frowning ſhade:
My purpoſe oft with boding voice forbade.
So JULIA menac'd round her POMPEY's bed,
Ere CÆSAR conquer'd, and PHARSALIA bled.
With her, my ſwarthy rival blaſts my ſight,
And caſts a blacker horror on the night.
Th' aſſembled lawyers next (tremendous band)
Roſe to my view, and all my ſoul unman'd.
But chief, O! chief! the Queen herſelf oppreſt,
And, with dire om'nous action, chill'd my breaſt.

Stern

the ſpeed of any ſhip, though we ſhould ſuppoſe it to be carried in the open ſea with never ſo proſperous a wind. That eminent inquſiitive man Peireſkius, having travelled to Shevelling for the ſight and experience of this chariot, affirms that it went 42 miles in two hours.' Math. Magic, B. 2. ch. 2.

Line 211. *As when in vinegar.*] The ſmall aſtroites or ſtar-ſtones, when immerſed in vinegar, will move till they touch each other.

Line 223. ——— *ſwarthy rival.*] The black prince of Monomotapa. Memoirs of Scriblerus.

Stern ſhe approach'd, and, with contemptuous look,
The horn opprobrious from her forehead took
And fix'd on mine: when, ſudden o'er my head,
Portentous growth! luxuriant antlers ſpread.
Wide and more wide the teeming branches ſhoot,
And ceaſeleſs ſuckers iſſue from the root.
Such ghaſtly viſions waſte the diſmal night:
I roſe, dejected, with the morning light.
The ſun I ſought: behind a murky cloud,
Shorn of his beams, he dimly frown'd in blood,
And now, already at my gate was ſeen
An early herald from th' impatient Queen.
Diſſembling, I ſuppreſs the riſing tear,
And ſtrive th' unproſp'rous moments to defer.
In vain: already at the altar ſtands
Th' officious prieſt to join our hapleſs hands.
Oh ſad effects of too neglectful haſte!
No hymeneal rites our nuptials grac'd.

No

Line 246. *No Hymeneal rites.*] Thus Lucan, Book 2, repreſents Cato receiving Marcia without any marriage ceremonies.

- *Feſta coronato non pendent limine ſerta.* L. 354, et infra.

No garlands gay the chearful portal crown'd,
Nor woolly fillets wove the poſts around;
No genial bed with rich embroidery grac'd,
On iv'ry ſteps in lofty ſtate was plac'd;
No hymeneal torch preceding ſhone,
No matron put the tow'ry frontlet on,
Nor bade her feet the ſacred threſhold ſhun.

No hallow'd prieſt the feſtal victim ſlew,
And the curs'd gall behind the altar threw.
Nor did the ſlaves the flaming torches bear,
Nor burn the axle of the bridal car;
With flow'rs or woolly fillets deck the door,
Or figs, the type of future plenty, pour;
Nor wild aſparagus at once imply'd
The courtſhip and poſſeſſion of the bride;
No ſportive ſongſters hail'd the genial time,
Chaunting the feſcennine licentious rhime.
Nor did the bride the ſolemn barley bear,
Nor with the ſpear divide her flowing hair,
Or yellow veil of myſtic purport wear.
No matron's voice her eager ſteps forbad
The ſacred threſhold of the porch to tread.
No decent zone ſecur'd her looſer waiſt,
But ev'ry rite was loſt in ſhameleſs haſte!
Hymen his ſacred influence withdraws,
And ſees, with anger, his neglected laws.

Soon

No yellow veil was looſely thrown, to hide
The riſing bluſhes of the trembling bride;
No glitt'ring zone her flowing garments bound,
Nor ſparkling gems her neck encompaſs'd round;
No ſilken ſcarf, nor decent winding lawn
Was o'er her naked arms and ſhoulders drawn;
No ſabine mirth provokes the bridegroom's ears,
Nor ſprightly wit the glad aſſembly chears.

Rowe's Lucan, B. 2. l. 544.

Soon as within the ſacred fane I came,
Sudden, extinguiſh'd, ſunk the hallow'd flame.
Ghoſts howling, ſadden the long iſle's dark gloom,
And ſweats of blood diſtil from ev'ry tomb.
To wait a more propitious hour, I move;
But ſhe o'er-rules my fears with eager love.
Th' obedient prieſts diſpatch with trembling haſte,
Thence move, with pomp, to grace the nuptial feaſt.
The bride, tranſported, ſmiles with open ſoul,
Gay from the feaſt, and wanton from the bowl;
To her lov'd grot, with fond deſire, invites,
There to conſummate Hymen's bliſsful rites.
Deep in the dark receſſes of the wood
A cave obſcur'd with gloomy laurels ſtood.
Ivy, within, the verdant roof o'erſpread
With pendant foliage, a luxuriant ſhade!
The ruin'd walls the monarch's hand adorns
With mould'ring ſtones, rough moſs, and broken urns.
O'er theſe, with ſtudied negligence, ſhe ſpreads
Strange roots, gay garlands, and fantaſtic weeds.
Rough unhewn ſteps lead to the dark retreat,
And a vaſt mat preſents an ample ſeat.
This grot ſhe deſtin'd for the nuptial night,
Sacred to love and conſcious of delight.
Unſtable ſtate of wretched human kind!
Faithleſs as ſeas, and fickle as the wind:

The gentleſt blaſt may nip our blooming joy:
The ſlighteſt wave our baſeleſs bliſs deſtroy.
Our fleeting pleaſure no duration knows,
But ebbs, ere well we can perceive it flows.
Now, happieſt pair, we reach th' auſpicious bow'r,
Big with the tranſports of the genial hour;
When lo! two owls, who, with the like deſign,
Retir'd, in ſilence, to the ſecret ſhrine;
Ruſh forth, with loud complainings, from the cave,
And, with ſad ſighs, their loves unfiniſh'd leave.
SATURN, to thwart my riſing joys intent,
The boding augury, terrific, ſent;
He, with foul dreams, my trembling boſom chill'd
And all my ſoul with deadly horror fill'd.
Hence, at the laſt portent, with wild affright,
From the fond Queen I wing my ſpeedy flight.
And, urg'd with ſhame, not knowing how to bear
Her juſt reproach for my diſhoneſt fear,
Strait to the ready crew I give the word,
And ſummon all with ſwifteſt ſpeed on board.
Aurora now had left TITHONUS' bed:
When to the ſhore by fatal fury led,

The

Line 301. *Loves unfiniſh'd.*]
and there conſummate their unfiniſh'd loves.
DRYDEN's Turtles.

Line 312. *Aurora now had left* Tithonus' *bed.*] In the life of Virgil, prefixed to Mr. Dryden's tranſlation, we have the following remark: "We may obſerve,

"on

The monarch haſtes; the parting bark ſhe view'd,
And thus, with ſcoffs, my coward flight purſu'd.
Unmanly traitor, whom nor honor awes,
Nor ſacred gratitude's eternal laws;
Vaunt not thyſelf from great SCRIBLERUS ſprung;
Thy coward ſoul belies thy boaſtful tongue.
Thee not the learned BARTHIUS' daughter bore,
Bred 'midſt the rocks of SCOTIA's barren ſhore,
The lifeleſs offspring of her blaſted trees,
Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidſt thy kindred geeſe.

Ah

' on this occaſion, it is an art peculiar to Virgil, to intimate the event by ' ſome preceding accident. He hardly ever deſcribes the riſing of the ſun, but ' with ſome circumſtance which fore-ſignifies the fortune of the day. For ' inſtance, when Æneas leaves Africa and queen Dido, he thus deſcribes the ' fatal morning:

' *Tithoni croccum linquens Aurora cubile.*'

And for the remark we ſtand indebted to the curious pencil of Pollio.

Line 316, *et infra.*] See Dido's ſpeeches, VIRG. B. 4.

Line 321. *Bred 'midſt the rocks.*].

Nec tibi diva parens———————
———————Sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens,
Caucaſus Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres. VIRG. L. 4.

Line 322. *The lifeleſs offspring of her blaſted trees,*
Nurs'd, as brought forth, amidſt thy kindred geeſe.]

Theſe geeſe are frequent in the weſtern iſles of Scotland, and commonly known by the name of Barnacles, which word our great philoſopher derives from Beapn a child, and aac an oak, Saxon. The legend of them informs us that they grow out of rotten trees by the bill, as fruit by its ſtalk.

As barnacles turn Solan geeſe
In th' iſlands of the Orcades. HUDIBRAS.

Ah whither do my various paſſions rove?
Still muſt I cenſure whom I ſtill muſt love?
How could'ſt thou, cruel, from thy conſort run,
The ſacred rites of Hymen but begun?
Scorn'd and neglected leave the nuptial bed,
And all the mighty debt of love unpaid?
Oh! had you but beſtow'd one fond embrace,
Ere yet you fled from this once valued face;
Perhaps I had not then deſpair'd to ſee
Some young SCRIBLERUS, heav'nly fair, like thee.
If fate, reluctant to compleat my joy,
Denied the bleſſing of a ſprightly boy,
Some embrio ſemblance of thy form divine,
At leaſt had floated in the glaſſy ſhrine.
Fond flatt'ring hope poſſeſſion had ſupply'd,
Nor had you left me ſo forlorn a bride.

Fir'd

Line 336. *Some embrio ſemblance of thy form divine.*]

Saltum in qua mihi do te ſuſcepta fuiſſet
Ante fugam ſoboles: ſi quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referrat,
Non equidem omnino capta aut deſerta viderer.
VIRG. L. 4.

Had you deferr'd, at leaſt, your haſty flight,
And left behind ſome pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bleſs the mother's mournful ſight;
Some young Æneas to ſupply your place,
Whoſe features might expreſs his father's face:
I ſhould not then complain to live bereft
Of all my huſband, or be wholly left.
DRYD.

Fir'd at that ſacred name, again conteſt
The jarring paſſions in my bleeding breaſt.
The friendleſs vagrant, not content to ſave,
Rare arts I taught, and choiceſt preſents gave;
Not ev'n ourſelf with-held, but fondly led
The coward boaſter to my bridal bed—
Now ſigns are ſeen—now Saturn omens ſends—
And viſions bode, and augury portends—
Such cares, forſooth, diſturb the peaceful fowl,
And to diſtreſs poor lovers flies the owl.

If

Line 346. *Now ſigns are ſeen,*—&c.] The breaks in this ſpeech bear a near reſemblance to the interrupted ſenſe which is the ſtriking merit of that admired ſpeech of Dido.

——Ejectum littore egenum
Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi——
Heu furiis incenſa feror——nunc augur Apollo——
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes——nunc, &c.

VIRG. B. 4.

'Tis ſurpriſing that Mr. Dryden ſhould ſo little feel the force of theſe breaks, as to foiſt in a connective ſentence, where Virgil has viſibly intended the tranſition ſhould be moſt abrupt.

I rave, I rave, a god's command he pleads,
And makes heav'n acceſſary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now, &c.

Line 348. *Such cares forſooth,* et infra, to the end of her ſpeech.] Nothing is more natural than for a perſon thoroughly exaſperated to fly out in ſallies of ſarcaſtic wit. Of this kind is that celebrated ſpeech of Dido.

Scilicet is ſuperis labor eſt: ea cura quietos
Sollicitat——
I ſequere Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas.
Spero equidem mediis, &c.

If ere futurity by ſigns was known,
To me ſome omen had thy baſeneſs ſhown;
Victims had wanted ev'ry nobler part,
And, to denote thee truly, chief the heart.
  Her rueful moanings my compaſſion move,
And to my breaſt recall affrighted love.
I feel his dictates o'er my fears prevail,
And call to change our courſe and ſhift the ſail.
But oh! I ſcarce had giv'n the tardy word,
Ere her raſh hand her bleeding boſom gor'd.
Shock'd at the dreadful ſight, ply ev'ry oar,
Eager, I cry, and inſtant make the ſhore—
Rous'd by my well-known voice, again revive
Her drooping ſpirits, and ſhe ſtrives to live.
When lo! vindictive Saturn reach'd the ſtrand,
And ſeiz'd the Plica with relentleſs hand.

Then

Line 352. *Victims had wanted.*

Cæſar. What ſay the augurs?

Meſſenger. They would not have you to ſtir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beaſt.

Cæſar. The gods do this in ſhame of cowardice;
Cæſar ſhould be a beaſt without a heart,
If he ſhould ſtay at home to-day for fear.

JULIUS CÆSAR, Act 2.

Then wav'd aloft his glitt'ring ſcythe in air,
And cropt, for ever cropt, the fatal hair.
A deathful ſlumber clos'd her beauteous eyes:
And her freed ſoul regain'd her native ſkies.

Line 367.] See the death of Dido, VIRG. B. 4. the end.
To cut the Plica Polonica is certain death.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

The Queen appearing to SCRIBLERUS, as he lies in a ſwoon, informs him that all his misfortunes are owing to the murder of the Acroſtick, for whoſe death he muſt make atonement, and celebrate games to his memory. The hero returns to the violated iſland, and ſubmiſſively ſues for peace. Then follow the games. SCRIBLERUS eſtabliſhes a laſting friendſhip with the iſlanders, and retires loaded with preſents. He purſues his courſe up the Red Sea, and travels over the deſart to Cairo. He briefly touches his journey from thence in queſt of the petrified city, and concludes with his affliction for the loſs of his treaſures. The pilgrims condoling with him thereon, are interrupted by an omen which they interpret in his favour; then praying for his ſucceſs, and preſenting him with the moſt valuable of their treaſures, they depart.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

MY ſhudd'ring frame, unnerv'd with horror, ſunk
Extended on the deck a lifeleſs trunk.
My ſoul uncumber'd with corporeal ties,
At large thro' fancy's boundleſs empire flies.
Full in my ſight the Queen's lov'd form appears,
Awakes reflexion, and renews my tears.
But ſoon her voice my riſing griefs forbad,
And thus began the viſionary ſhade.
I come not fondly to upbraid, but ſhow
The fatal origin of all thy woe,
And to direct its cure. From one raſh deed,
Th' Acroſtick's murder, all thy woes proceed.
Then ſeek with ſpeed the violated coaſt;
With ſacrifice appeaſe his injur'd ghoſt.
Games and luſtrations muſt avert thy doom,
And rites exequial grace his honour'd tomb.

Yet,

Yet, ere from hence the parting ſail you ſpread,
Be one ſad office to my mem'ry paid.
In yon lone grove's remoteſt corner ſtands
A ſtructure, rais'd by theſe ill fated hands.
Huge intermingling fibrous roots, diſpos'd
With curious art, a pyramid compoſed.
Bones lin'd the walls, in ruſtick order placed:
The gloomy roof the ſmoak of tapers graced:
Skulls grinn'd around, and aſhes lay beneath:
The bow'r of contemplation and of death.
Here as I ſat and moan'd my widow'd love
With tears, my hapleſs hands Aſbeſtus wove,
And form'd a ſhroud. To this my corſe intruſt,
And ſave my aſhes from the vulgar duſt:

While

Line 28. Aſbeſtus is a mineral ſubſtance of a whitiſh ſilver colour, and a woolly texture, conſiſting of ſmall threads or longitudinal fibres, endued with the wonderful property of reſiſting fire, and remaining unconſumed in the moſt intenſe heat. The induſtry of mankind has found a method of working this mineral, and employing it in divers manufactures, chiefly cloth and paper.

This kind of linen cloth was highly eſteemed by the ancients, and then better known, and more common than among us.

Pliny l. 18. cap. 1. ſays, he himſelf had ſeen napkins thereof, which being taken foul from the table, after a feaſt, were thrown into the fire, and by that means were better ſcoured than if they had been waſhed in water: but its principal uſe, according to Pliny, was for the making of ſhrouds for royal funerals, to wrap up the corpſe, ſo as the aſhes might be preſerved diſtinct from that of the wood whereof the funeral pile was compoſed: and the Princes of Tartary, according to the accounts in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, ſtill uſe it at this day in burning their dead.

A handkerchief or pattern of this linen was preſented to the Royal Society, a foot long, and half a foot broad. This gave two proofs of its reſiſting fire; though in both experiments it loſt above three drams in its weight.

While quick-conſuming flames at once devour
My poor remains, and death-devoted bower.
With marble then the pyramid replace;
And let my bones inurn'd the ſummit grace.
With ſighs ſhe ended. Thrice in vain I ſtrove
To claſp the fleeting object of my love.
She flies my graſp unfelt, as ſhadows paſs,
Or hands protruded from the concave glaſs.
Obedient to the viſionary fair,
Her obſequies employ our pious care.
The pile conſum'd, with marble we replace,
And with her bones inurn'd the ſummit grace.
Then naked run, in frantick courſes, round
Th' anointed tomb with flow'rs and chaplets crown'd.

Such

Line 35.] *Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum,*
Ter fruſtra comprenſa manus effugit imago,
Par levibus ventis volucrique ſimillima ſomno.

VIRG. Æn. B. 1.

And thrice about her neck my arms I flung;
And thrice deceiv'd on vain embraces hung;
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blaſt of wind, ſhe ruſh'd away.

DRYDEN.

Line 38. *Or hands protruded from the concave glaſs.*] This phænomenon (which is the greateſt of all deceptions in opticks) is well known to thoſe who have ſeen the concave mirror. If a man moves his hand towards the focus of the glaſs, the reflected image will appear to come out and touch it, and the ſhadow of the fingers intermix and play with the real fingers.

Line 44. *Th' anointed tomb.*] 'Alexander when he viſited Troy, honoured 'the heroes who were buried there; eſpecially Achilles, whoſe tomb he anointed, 'and, with his friends, as the ancient cuſtom was, ran naked about his ſepulchre, 'and crowned it with garlands.' PLUTARCH's Life of Alex.

Such myſtick rites to great Pelides' ſhade,
On Xanthus' banks, Æmathia's hero paid.
With proſp'rous winds we ſail. The joyful crew
Tranſported hail the wiſh'd-for ſhores in view.
Strait we ſelect a venerable band;
The peaceful olive waves in every hand.
Onward they march, and to the chiefs explain
Our deep contrition for th' Acroſtick ſlain:
And ſue for peace. The bards accept our love
With mutual zeal, and to the temple move
To ratify their vows. An awful ſhrine!
Sacred to Phœbus; where at once combine
Whate'er of ſplendor, beauty, grace, or art,
The moſt exalted fancy can impart.
Nor yields this pile to that celeſtial fane,
The work of Vulcan, in th' ætherial plain.
Within the dome, in lofty niches ſtood
Six ſtatues carv'd of cedar's od'rous wood.

The

Line 56. *Sacred to Phœbus.*] See Dunciad, B. 4. Note on Phœbus.

Line 59. ——————— *that celeſtial fane,*
The work of Vulcan, in th' ætherial plain.]

Deſcrib'd by Ovid, B. 2.

Regia ſolis erat ſublimibus alta columnis
Clara micante auro, flammaſque imitante pyropo, &c.

Line 61.] See the deſcription of Latinus's palace and the ſix ſtatues. VIRG. Æn. B. 7.

The ſacred band great TRIPHIODORUS leads;
High o'er the baffled alphabet he treads.
Next him th' intrepid CHŒRILUS appears;
His boaſtful hand the royal bounty bears.
Elate with ancient praiſe, old BAVIUS ſits:
There LEONINUS, firſt of modern wits.
On the proud elephant, in triumph, thron'd,
QUERNO, with Rome's imperial laurel crown'd,
Shakes his anointed head, in act to ſpeak,
While tears of joy run trickling down his cheek.
The next, a lofty poteſs was ſeen;
Beauteous her face, majeſtic was her mien.

Severe

Line 63.] 'Triphiodorus the lipogrammatiſt compoſed an odyſſey, or epic 'poem, on the adventures of Ulyſſes, conſiſting of 24 books, having entirely 'baniſhed the letter A. from his firſt book, which was called Alpha (as *lucus a non 'lucendo)* becauſe there was not an Alpha in it. His ſecond book was inſcribed 'Beta, for the ſame reaſon. In ſhort, the poet excluded the whole twenty-four 'letters in their turns, and ſhewed them one after another, that he could do his 'buſineſs without them.' SPECTATOR, No. 59.

Line 65.] *Gratus Alexandro Regi magno fuit ille*
Chœrilus - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.

Line 68.] *There Leoninus.*] Author of the Leonine or rhyming verſe.

Trajicit. I, verbis virtutem illude ſuperbis. VIRG. lib. 9. l. 634:

is a proof that Virgil admir'd this ſort of verſe, notwithſtanding the following falſe aſſertion of Mr. Dryden in the preface to his tranſlation.

'Virgil had them in ſuch abhorrence, that he would rather make a falſe Syn-'tax than ſuch a verſe as this of Ovid.'

Vir precor uxori, frater ſuccurre ſorori.

Line 70. *Querno.*] See the note on B. 2. line 11th of the Dunciad.

Severe reward of pride! that lovely form
No more thy tranſmigrated ſoul ſhall warm;
Chang'd to a bird, for ever doom'd to fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye.
Soon as I tread the temple's ſacred floor,
The laurel ſhakes, the hollow caverns roar:
Bedew'd with ſweat, each awful image ſtood,
And big round drops fell from the hallow'd wood.
The vulgar tremble, and would quit the fane,
But the ſkill'd ſeer pronounc'd their terrors vain.
No threaten'd ills theſe boding ſigns portend:
The great SCRIBLERUS comes your deareſt friend.
A copious ſubject for your labour'd ſong,
To tire each hand, and weary ev'ry tongue:
Th' extenſive theme his glorious deeds afford,
Shall ſweat fix well-breath'd poets to record.
He ſaid: and bade them ply the genial feaſt.
Thence, fated, all retire to needful reſt.
Soon as AURORA's beams diſperſe the gloom,
The pious croud ſurround th' ACROSTICK's tomb:

With

Line 78. *With party-colour'd plumes, a chatt'ring pye.*] A line taken from Dryden's Virgil, B. 7. in the transformation of Picus.

Line 81. *Bedew'd with ſweat.*] 'Among other prodigies that preceded the 'march of Alexander's army towards Perſia, the image of Orpheus at Libethra, 'made of Cypreſs wood, was ſeen to ſweat in great abundance, to the diſcou-'ragement of many; but Ariſtander told him, that far from preſaging any ill to 'him, it ſignified he ſhould perform things ſo important and glorious, as ſhould 'make the poets and muſicians of future ages labour and ſweat to deſcribe and 'celebrate them.' PLUTARCH.

With ſolemn pomp begin the rites divine,
Pouring the tepid milk and ſparkling wine,
And conſecrated flour—when, round the grave,
Strange to relate, the ground was ſeen to heave.
A batten'd mole ariſes midſt the heaps
Of crumbled earth, and to the viands creeps:
Around he ſtrays, the rich libation ſips,
And taſtes the ſacred flour with harmleſs lips.
Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous gueſt
Within the hollow tomb retires to reſt.
Then I: Suſpect no more, thrice-honor'd train,
Our vows rejected, or luſtration vain.
See the familiar of th' induſtrious dead,
Propitious omen, on our off'rings fed!
Or ſhall we deem him genius of the place,
By Phœbus ſent our feſtal pomp to grace?
Yon ſloping hill's umbrageous ſide commands
The ſpacious ocean and the level ſands:

The

Line 99.] See Virg. l. 5. Where the ſerpent comes from the tomb of Anchiſes.

Line 103. *Thus fed with holy food, the wond'rous gueſt*
Within the hollow tomb retires to reſt.]

Two lines from Dryden's Virgil.

Line 109. *Or ſhall we deem him genius of the place?*]
Incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis
Eſſe putet? Virg. B 5.

Scriblerus's conjecture will be found to be highly judicious, when we conſider that induſtry is the characteriſtic of theſe iſlanders in common with this animal. This is allowed them by Mr. Pope in the following line:

Pains, ſtudy, learning, are their juſt pretence.

The living marble there ſhall yield a ſeat,
While ſolemn games the hallow'd rites compleat.
Thither the prizes bring ordain'd to grace
The rapid victor in th' ærial race.
  Before the reſt an ox majeſtic ſtalks:
Six monſtrous legs ſupport him as he walks.
On his bold front he rolls three glaring eyes,
And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price.
DEIDEMON next conducted to the ſhore
A female captive valued but at four.
To her, MACHAON, all thy arts were known,
To ſtrain the bandage, or replace the bone.
  My ſwelling heart unable to reſtrain,
I roſe, and thus addreſt the lift'ning train.

Behold

Line 114. *While ſolemn games.*] See Iliad, B. 23. Odyſſ. B. 8. Æn. B. 5. Statius Thebaid, B. 6.

Line 120. *And twice ten vulgar oxen was his price.*] Though the image of an ox was ſtampt on ſome of the earlieſt coins, it is the opinion of the moſt accurate critics, that, in Homer's time, or at leaſt in the times he wrote of, the courſe of exchange was carried on by real oxen, braſs, iron, or ſlaves; but the ſpecific value of things denominated always by oxen; which being leſs variable in worth than accidental lumps of unwrought metal, or ſlaves, which might differ in ſex, age, or capacity, were ſuppoſed to keep the neareſt to a ſtandard. This opinion is confirmed by ſome lines at the end of the 7th book of the Iliad.

Line 122. *A Female captive valued but at four.*] This line is taken from Pope's Iliad, B. 23.

A maſſy tripod for the victor lies,
Of twice ſix oxen its reputed price:
And next, the loſer's ſpirits to reſtore,
A female captive, valu'd but at four.

Behold yon matchleſs beaſt ordain'd to grace,
The rapid victor in th' ærial race.
None from ourſelf that prize ſhould bear away;
But not for triumph is this mournful day.
Far other thoughts my ſorrowing hours employ,
And ſad contrition holds the place of joy.
Let briſker youths their active nerves prepare,
Fit their light ſilken wings, and ſkim the buxom air.
Mov'd by my words, two youths of equal fire
Spring from the croud, and to the prize aſpire.
The one a GERMAN of diſtinguiſh'd fame:
His rival from projecting BRITAIN came.
They ſpread their wings, and with a riſing bound,
Swift at the word together quit the ground.
The BRITON's rapid flight outſtrips the wind:
The lab'ring GERMAN urges cloſe behind.
As ſome light bark, purſu'd by ſhips of force,
Stretches each ſail to ſwell her ſwifter courſe,
The nimble BRITON from his rival flies,
And ſoars on bolder pinions to the ſkies.

Sudden

Line 127.] *See the ſpeech of Achilles,* Iliad. 23.

> Behold the prizes, valiant Greeks! decreed
> To the brave rulers of the racing ſteed;
> Prizes which none beſide our ſelf could gain,
> Should our immortal courſers take the plain;
> But this no time our vigour to diſplay.
> Nor ſuit with them the games of this ſad day.
>
> POPE.

Sudden the ſtring, which bound his plumage, broke;
His naked arms in yielding air he ſhook:
His naked arms no more ſupport his weight,
But fail him ſinking from his airy height.
Yet as he falls, ſo chance or fate decreed,
His rival near him urg'd his winged ſpeed,
Not unobſerv'd. (deſpair ſuggeſts a thought)
Faſt by the foot the heedleſs youth he caught,
And drew th' inſulting victor to the ground:
While rocks and woods with loud applauſe reſound.
Then I: Behold yon matchleſs youth compell'd
By fortune, not ſuperior ſkill to yield
His juſter glories in the well-flown field.
But not unhonor'd ſhall he halt away,
Or giftleſs mourn this unauſpicious day.
Yon damſel, for the preſent, ſuits not ill:
For much, alas! he wants her ableſt ſkill;
And to his tent, ere morning, ſhall be brought,
A ſtatue of reſplendent metals wrought;
Where Icarus his ſilver wings expands,
And boaſts the labour of his father's hands.

Now

Line 166. *Where Icarus his ſilver wings expands,*
And boaſts the labour of his father's hands.]

Some critics have aſſerted, that this ſtatue could not be the work of Dædalus; and for proof of their aſſertion, bring the lines of Virgil, which we ſhall ſubjoin, though we think them of no weight againſt the known veracity of our Author.

Now for thoſe chiefs who cut their calmer way
Beneath the boiſt'rous ſurface of the ſea,
From the tall bark the rich rewards are born:
And firſt was ſeen great AMMON's twiſted horn,
By nature's hand expreſt in maſſive ſtone:
Twice ſix ſtout porters with the burthen groan.
Rich SURINAM produc'd the ſecond prize;
A toad prolific, of enormous ſize.
High on her pregnant back her young are born,
(Her pregnant back with frequent labour torn)
Thro' her burſt ſkin they force their painful way,
And iſſue a portentous birth, to-day.

To

---------- Tu quoq; magnam
Partem opere in tanto; ſineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
Bis conatus erat caſus effingere in auro;
Bis patriæ cecidere manus. ------- VIRG. Lib. 6. l. 30.

Here hapleſs Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief reſtrain'd his art.
He twice eſſay'd to caſt his ſon in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould. DRYD.

Line 169. *Beneath,* &c.] See note on ſubmarine navig. B. 2. l. 316.

Line 175.] The Surinam toad produces its young out of its back in their perfect ſhape, after having been hatched from eggs contained in certain cells within the ſkin.

Mr. Bradley, in his works of nature, p. 126, ſays, he has obſerved this creature in three different ſtates. In the firſt, the pores of the back were all cloſed, excepting three or four, which began to be forced open by the eggs lodged in cells below them. In the ſecond ſtate, all the pores in the ſkin of the back were ſo much opened that he could plainly diſcern the points of the eggs within them. And in the third, (which he gives a picture of) young ones were perfectly formed in all the cells of the back.

To grace the third, a flowing robe was brought:
Of ſpider's web the curious texture wrought.
Firſt, great AGRIPPA to the prize pretends:
From learn'd CORNELIUS' lineage he deſcends.
His ſkilful hand the ſpeedy mermaid guides
Safe from tempeſtuous winds and thwarting tides.
Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell,
The two deſcendants of the great DREBELL.

One

Line 181. *Of ſpider's web,* &c.] In the year 1710, M. Bon diſcovered the art of making ſilk of the webs of ſpiders, for an account of which we refer the reader to a diſſertation on the ſubject publiſhed by him. Mr. Reaumur has objected difficulties to this manufacture, which are printed in the memoirs of the academy. He ſuggeſts that the natural ferocity of theſe animals renders them unfit to be bred and kept together. But this difficulty will vaniſh, when we find upon calculation that ſo ſmall a number as 663,552 only are required to make an whole pound of the ſilk.

Line 186. *Next, long-inur'd beneath the waves to dwell.*] Mr. Boyle tells us he received an account of the ſucceſs of this experiment from an excellent mathematician, who was informed of it by one who was in the veſſel at the time of trial. He then proceeds to the method of purifying the air. 'Having had the 'curioſity and opportunity to make particular inquiries among the relations of 'Drebell, and eſpecially of an ingenious phyſician that married his daughter, 'concerning the grounds upon which he conceived it feaſible to make men un-'accuſtomed to continue ſo long under water without ſuffocation, or (as the 'lately-mentioned perſon that went in the veſſel affirms) without inconvenience; 'I was anſwered, that Drebell conceived that it was not the whole body of the 'air, but a certain quinteſſence (as chymiſts ſpeak) or ſpirituous part of it, that 'makes it fit for reſpiration, which being ſpent, the remaining groſſer body, or 'carcaſe, (if I may ſo call it) of the air, is unable to cheriſh the vital flame re-'ſiding in the heart. So that for aught I could gather, beſides the mechanical 'contrivance of the veſſel, he had a chymical liquor, which he accounted the 'chief ſecret of the ſubmarine navigation. For when from time to time he per-'ceived that the finer and purer part of the air was conſumed or over-clogged by

One guides the Crocodile's ſtupendous ſize;
Six banks of oars, in ſix degrees, ariſe:
The other in the lighter Hydra flies,
Far in the ſea a grove of coral ſtood,
The waves o'erſhadowing with a branching wood.
To this, their deſtin'd goal, they urge their flight,
And, at the ſtated ſignal, ſink from ſight;
Their oars now move with wide-expanded ſweep,
And now return contracted thro' the deep.
The Hydra leads: DREBELL, elate of ſoul,
His rivals eyes, regardleſs of the goal:
With fond aſſurance deems the prize his own;
And oft in thought he weighs the pond'rous ſtone.

O juſteſt

' by the reſpiration and ſteams of thoſe that went in his ſhip, he would, by ' unſtopping a veſſel full of this liquor, ſpeedily reſtore to the troubled air ſuch a ' proportion of vital parts as would make it again for a good while fit for reſpi- ' ration, whether by diſſipating or precipitating the groſſer exhalations, or by ' ſome other intelligible way, I muſt not now ſtay to examine; contenting ' myſelf to add, that having had the opportunity to do ſome ſervice to thoſe of ' his relations that were moſt intimate with him, and having made it my buſi- ' neſs to learn what this ſtrange liquor might be, they conſtantly affirmed that ' Drebell would never diſcloſe the liquor unto any, nor ſo much as tell the ' matter whereof he had made it to above one perſon, who himſelf aſſured me ' what it was.' Boyle's Works, Vol. I. p. 69.

Line 189. *Six banks of oars in ſix degrees, ariſe.*] We hope from henceforward, the citation of this verſe will be allowed a ſufficient anſwer to all ſeamen and mechanics, who deny that the ancients uſed many oars one above another, and pretend to diſpute on a ſubject of this nature with thoſe, who have ſtudied coins, bas-reliefs, and the ancient Poets, with the taſte and ſpirit of true Vertuoſi.

O juſteſt picture of the human mind,
Raſh tho' unknowing, confident tho' blind.
Plung'd in the depths of error, we decree:
Boldly we judge of what we dimly ſee;
And, too impatient for Truth's ſober pace,
We follow light-wing'd hope's deluſive chace.
Some air-drawn phantom leads our eyes aſtray,
Blind to the nearer rocks which choak our dang'rous way.
Thus wrapt in thought, the Chief incautious drove
His veſſel's ſide againſt th' entangling grove.
The branching coral ſnapt th' extended oars,
And the raſh youth his vaniſh'd hopes deplores.
And now the wretch beholds, with jealous eyes,
The Mermaid next advancing for the prize.
Fraternal love a treach'rous thought inſpires,
He loads his engines with the GRECIAN fires:
And,

Line 201. *O juſteſt picture,* &c.] Theſe eight lines, and the Apoſtrophe occaſioned by the Hero's diſappointment in the Third Book, are diſtinguiſhably in the taſte of the moſt admired reflections of ſome of our favourite authors. They are, indeed, of a more modern caſt (as well in ſentiment and expreſſion, as in the uſe of metaphor) than any thing we meet with in this whole work; therefore we hope they will give great ſatisfaction to thoſe, who blame it for adhering too cloſely to an imitation of the ancients.

Line 216. *Grecian fire.*] So called becauſe it was invented by the Greeks about the year 660, as is obſerved by Petavius, on the authority of Nicetas, Theophanes Cedrenus, &c.

It is compoſed of ſulphur naptha, pitch, gum, and bitumen; and is only extinguiſhable by vinegar, mixed with ſand and wine; or with raw hides. The inventor, according to Petavius, was an engineer of Heliopolis in Syria, named Callinicus,

And, as the rival barge triumphant paſt,
Againſt her ſides the fierce bitumen caſt.
Wide rage the fires. The crew with haſty care,
The raw bull-hides and vinegar prepare
To damp the flames, and quit the needful oar:
Swift flies the well-row'd Crocodile before,
Sweeps circling round the grove and makes the ſhore.
Now, her defrauded honors to regain,
The Mermaid plies her oars, but plies in vain.
Too well the fraudful brother's arts prevail;
Applauding ſhouts her conqu'ring rival hail.
At length the young DREBELLIDES returns,
Tho' half her oars the crippled Hydra mourns.
As when the hungry Crab in INDIA's main,
Whoſe body two unequal legs ſuſtain,

Intent

Callinicus, who firſt applied it in the ſea-fight commanded by Conſtantine Pogonates againſt the Saracens, near Cyzicus in the Helleſpont, and with ſuch effect, that he burnt the whole fleet therewith, wherein were thirty thouſand men.

But others will have it of a much elder date, and hold Marcus Gracchus the inventor; which opinion is ſupported by ſeveral paſſages, both in the Greek and Roman writers, which ſhew it to have been anciently uſed by both thoſe nations in the wars. See Scaliger againſt Cardan.

Conſtantine's ſucceſſors uſed it on divers occaſions, with equal advantage as himſelf; and what is remarkable enough is, that they were ſo happy as to keep the ſecret of the compoſition to themſelves; ſo that no other nation knew it in the year 960.

Line 230. *As when the hungry crab.*] This ſpecies of crabs is very frequent in the Weſt Indies, and there called the fidler, becauſe in its progreſs the ſmaller

Intent ſome oyſter's op'ning ſhell to ſpoil,
Moves to the gaping prey with aukward toil;
His larger claw, with treach'rous pebbles load,
Drives him obliquely ſideling from the road;
The Hydra thus, impell'd by partial force,
Steer'd thro' the waves her lame and tardy courſe.
Once more, I thus beſpoke th' attentive train;
Advance the ſkilful markſmen on the plain,
Who, with the air's compreſt elaſtic force,
From wind-guns ſpeed the bullet's rapid courſe.

High

claw has a motion not unlike that of a fidler's arm, and the larger claw is ſuppoſed to reſemble the fiddle. He is remarkable for procuring his food by the following ſtratagem: When he finds an oyſter or muſcle with its ſhell open, he places a little ſtone, which he carries in his larger claw, in ſuch a manner as to prevent the ſhell from cloſing, then inſerting the ſmall claw, he therewith picks out the meat.

Virgil, on the like occaſion, has introduced a ſimile of a wounded ſerpent, which, if it be not equal to this of our author, we may venture to ſay it is not the fault of the poet, but of the times; and we ſhall not ſcruple to preſent it to the reader, as we believe it to be as good a ſimile as ever was wrote before the diſcovery of the Weſt Indies.

Qualis ſæpe viæ deprenſus in aggere ſerpens,
Ærea quem obliquum rota tranſiit, aut gravis ictu
Seminecem liquit ſaxo lacerumque viator:
Nequicquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus,
Parte ferox, ardenſque oculis, & ſibila colla
Arduus attollens; pars vulnere clauda retentat
Nexantem nodos, ſeque; in ſua membra plicantem.
Tuli remigio navis ſe tarda movebat. VIRG. ÆN. L. 5.

High on the ſummit of yon lofty hill,
The milk-white courſer by the ſculptor's ſkill,
Vaſt as the TROJAN horſe, conſpicuous ſtands,
And ſpeaks the labor of no vulgar hands.
Who ſmite the ſteed ſhall ſhare one gen'ral prize,
This radiant ſtore of matchleſs butterflies.
But he whoſe happier ball with nicer aim
Shall ſtrike the flank, the victor's glory claim;

For,

Line 243. *The milk-white courſer,* &c.] Such repreſentations on the ſides of hills are not uncommon. Alexander deſigned to have his image repreſented on a mountain, with a city in one hand, and a river in the other. But the moſt frequent have been thoſe of horſes.

We have a remarkable deſcription of one by a learned antiquary, in 'a 'letter to Dr. Mead, concerning ſome antiquities in Berkſhire, particularly 'ſhewing, that the white-horſe, which gives name to the vale, is a monument, '&c. &c.

'Our horſe is formed on the ſide of a ſteep hill. His dimenſions are extended 'over an acre of ground, or thereabouts.

'The horſe at firſt view, is enough to raiſe the admiration of every curious 'ſpectator, being deſigned in ſo maſter-like a manner, that it may defy the 'painter's ſkill to give a more exact deſcription of that animal.

'The neighbouring inhabitants have a cuſtom of ſcouring the horſe, as they 'call it; at which time a ſolemn feſtival is celebrated, and manlike games with 'prizes exhibited.

'If ever the genius of King Alfred exerted itſelf (and it never failed him 'in his greateſt exigencies) it did remarkably upon the account of this trophy.

'Though he had not the opportunity of raiſing, like other conquerors, a ſtu-'pendous monument of braſs or marble, yet he has ſhewn an admirable con-'trivance, in erecting one magnificent enough, though ſimple in its deſign; ex-'ecuted too with little labour and no expence, that may hereafter vie with 'the pyramids for duration, and perhaps exiſt when theſe ſhall be no more.' Page 24.

For, on the flank, LAOCOON's furious dart
Pierc'd the vaſt ſtructure of EPEUS' art.
Be his reward this valued volume, fraught
With all the ſtores of WOR'STER's pregnant thought.
I ſaid: and in the hallow'd helmet threw
The lots inſcrib'd; the firſt DEIDEMON drew.
His well-aimed engine he directs with care,
And inſtant frees the cloſe-impriſon'd air.
Th' unerring ball purſu'd its rapid courſe,
And ſmote, with furious ſtroke, the ſacred horſe.
By ſtrong repulſion, thence return'd, again
Roll'd back and lay, conſpicuous, on the plain.
The reſt, by turns, ſucceed their art to try,
And wing the pond'rous metal thro' the ſky:

With

Line 251. ——— *the vaſt ſtructure of Epeus' art.*] The Trojan horſe was built by Epeus.

——— *et ipſe ille doli fabricator Epeus.* VIRG. B. 2.

Line 253.] The Marquis of Worceſter's century of inventions.

Line 261. *Roll'd back.*] There is a wonderful ſimilitude between this prodigy, and that which befel Adraſtus, as recorded by Statius.

Campum emenſa brevi, fatalis ab arbore tacta,
Horrendum viſu, per quas modo fugerat, auras,
Venit arundo retro; verſumque a fine tenorem
Pertulit, at notæ juxta ruit ora pharetræ.
Multa duces errore ferunt. Hi nubila et altos
Occurriſſe notos. Adverſo roboris ictu
Tela repulſa alii, penitus latet exitus ingens,
Monſtratumque nefas: uni remeabile bellum;
Et triſtes domino ſpondebat arundo recurſus.

THEBAID, L. 6. the end.

With like amaze the prodigy repeat,
And find the fatal bullet at their feet.
  Mov'd by the impulſe of ſome power divine,
I now reſolve the ſolemn games to join.
When lo! a ſtranger omen greets our eyes,
And fills the gazer's ſoul with new ſurprize;
As thro' the air I drove the whizzing lead,
An ambient flame around the metal ſpread:
Such and ſo bright yon argent circles glow,
Which ceaſeleſs round the orb of SATURN flow;
High o'er the rock, metereous, it flies,
Borne unextinguiſh'd to the lofty ſkies.
  Then thus the bards explain the great portent:
To thee, SCRIBLERUS, is this omen ſent;
By this unerring ſign the Gods decree
Peaceful return to all thy friends: to Thee,
Succeſſive ſcenes of wonder to explore
In realms far diſtant from thy native ſhore.

Fix'd

Line 271. *An ambient flame around the metal ſpread.*] See VIRG. ÆN. B. 5. the arrow of Aceſtes.

Line 272. *Such and ſo bright yon argent circles glow,*
Which ceaſeleſs round the orb of Saturn flow.]

By ſome late obſervations made by Mr. Short, with a reflecting teleſcope whoſe focal length is 12 feet, it appears that Saturn's ring is divided into two unequal parts, by a dark liſt (which may be ſeen by teleſcopes of leſs power) and that the outward and leſſer part is again ſubdivided by other ſmaller liſts, into ſeveral (apparently concentric) rings.

Fix'd and ſuſpended for a while I ſtand:
At length approaching the prophetic band;
Perplex'd, I ſpake: within my dubious ſoul,
Hope and diſtruſt, by turns, tumultuous roll.
Bleſt be the ſeer whoſe hallow'd tongue imparts
Theſe ſounds of comfort to our dubious hearts;
Yet tho' each omen point a proſp'rous end,
Still o'er our heads th' ACROSTICK's threats impend:
O! teach us by what ſacrifice or pray'r
T' avert the curſe, or bravely how to bear:
And, if ſo far thy ſcience reach, relate
What diſtant realms my future toil await.
The ſeer replies: ſuffice it that you know
(For SATURN's wrath forbids the reſt to ſhow)
A proſp'rous end to all your woes decreed;
Then, ſpight of boding prophecies, proceed.
Such threats, nor fear to meet, nor wiſh to ſhun,
Perhaps the menace of an empty pun.
Well has thy care appeas'd th' ACROSTICK's ſoul
No doubt remains thy purpoſe to controul;
With ſpeed to EGYPT's ſacred coaſt repair;
There ſhall a ſurer oracle declare

Thy

Line 295. *For Saturn.*]
---------- *ſaríque vetat Saturnia Juno.* VIRG. L. 3.

Line 299. *Perhaps the menace of an empty pun.*]
Nec tu menſuram morſus horreſce futuros:
Fata viam invenient. ÆN. B. 3.

Thy future courſe; yet ere thou hence depart,
Receive theſe tokens of a friendly heart.
He ſaid, and twelve reſplendent Axes brought;
Twelve choice Ænigmas on the ſteel were wrought.
A ſhepherd's Pipe, whoſe each decreaſing line
Reſounds the honours of the tuneful Nine.
Then march ſix Bards, who, ſtudious to rehearſe
Our deathleſs labours in Pindaric verſe,
Bear them, inſcrib'd on ſix expanded wings,
And each, in turn, th' unequal meaſure ſings.
Then joining hands, ere yet I thence withdrew,
In words like theſe I paid my laſt adieu;
May PHŒBUS ever bleſs this peaceful land;
To endleſs time your lettet'd altars ſtand;
Still may your groves their radiant fruits unfold;
Still bloom with ſparkling gems and burniſh'd gold:
May muſic flow from ev'ry Naiad's urn,
And echoing rocks the melting ſounds return.
Nor Critic pow'rs invade this bleſt retreat,
To bruiſe your flow'rets with their hoſtile feet.
And now confirm'd our vows of mutual love;
From the gay coaſt, with mournful ſteps, we move.

When

Line 306. *Twelve reſplendent axes.*] See SPECTATOR, No. 58.

Line 323.] *Nor bruiſe her flow'rets with the armed hoofs*
Of hoſtile paces. SHAKESPEAR's HENRY IV. beginning.

Six tedious weeks we ſpread the ſwelling ſails,
And drive at large before the ſouthern gales.
When, from ARABIA's ſpicy borders, ſpring
The Eaſtern breezes, and with od'rous wing,
Fanning the wanton air, around diſpenſe
A grateful fragrance to the raviſh'd ſenſe.
The ERYTHRÆAN ſea before us lay
Our deſtin'd courſe: a far-extended bay.
In twice ten days, the inmoſt coaſt we reach,
And land our treaſures on the ſpacious beach.
To camels now conſign the precious load,
And toil, intrepid, thro' the pathleſs road:
The fifteenth ſultry morn's auſpicious light
Reveal'd great CAIRO's minarets to ſight.
From thence we journey'd o'er the deſart plain:
There all my treaſures, ſolace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thouſand toils, but ſav'd in vain,
Periſh'd at once. This ſtroke no boding ſign
Foretold: nor did the dire ACROSTIC join

Amidſt

Line 339.] The Minaret is a ſort of ſteeple in the form of a column, ending towards the top in a cone. A little before it begins to take its conic figure, it is ſurrounded by a gallery.

Line 343.] *Nec vates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret*
Hos mihi prædixit luctus, non dira Celæno.
VIRG. L. 3.

My dear, dear father, ſpent with age, I loſt;
Eaſe of my cares, and ſolace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thouſand toils, but ſav'd in vain.

The

Amidſt his ruthleſs curſes: this ſurpaſt
All other woes: the greateſt and the laſt.
Abrupt the Hero ends the wond'rous tale;
While tears in torrents o'er his words prevail.
When, ruſhing from the ſky, the bird of Jove
A team of twenty ducks before him drove:
With trembling wing, beneath the flood they ſhoot,
The whelming waves elude his vain purſuit.
Ruffled with rage, th'indignant tyrant glows:
'Till from the ſtream a pamper'd gooſe aroſe.
Eager to her he wings his deathful way,
And his ſtrong talons ſeize the goodly prey.
With friendly joys thus ſpake the pious train:
Not hard this myſtic omen to explain
As yon proud bird indignant grief expreſt,
With wild diſorder'd flight and ruffled creſt,

Or

The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greateſt and the worſt conceal'd:
And dire Celæno, whoſe foreboding ſkill
Denounc'd all elſe, was ſilent of this ill.

DRYD.

Line 359.] As thus the plumy ſovereign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,
And wander'd thro' the wide etherial way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So ſhall thy godlike father, toſs'd in vain
Thro' all the dangers of the boundleſs main
Arrive ----------

POPE'S ODYSS. B. 15.

Or wheeling thro' the wide ætherial way,
Or vainly hov'ring o'er his vaniſh'd prey;
Now rais'd on ſounding pinions ſeeks the ſkies,
At length ſucceſsful in a nobler prize:
So ſhall thou meet thy rich reward at laſt,
And loſe in preſent joys thy ſuff'rings paſt.
But O! for us what promiſed boon remains,
What gleam of hope for all our endleſs pains?
With theſe bare feet, in vain, yon hallow'd ground
Whole years we trod: no precious relic found:
No bleſt remains of better days could trace
'Midſt impious OTTOMAN's uſurping race;
Where barb'rous rage the ſainted forms devours,
Foe to the chizzel's conſecrating pow'rs.
While liſtleſs drones the Pontiff's chair degrade,
And zeal no more awakens the Cruſade.
They ſaid, and from the bark a plenteous ſtore
Of ſtrong ASPHALTOS to the Hero bore.
And twelve fair apples beauteous to behold,
Whoſe rind refulgent vies with burniſh'd gold.

But,

Line 378. *Of ſtrong Aſphaltos.*] A brittle, black, bituminous ſubſtance, reſembling pitch. It is chiefly found ſwimming on the ſurface of the Dead Sea. When melted it ſends forth a ſtrong ſulphurous ſmell, extremely offenſive.

Line 379. *And twelve fair apples, &c.*] 'We went on to Jericho, through 'places where grew ſundry ſorts of trees, ſome whereof were full of ripe fruit: 'ſome of our company, taken with their beauty, plucked a few of them, and

'found

But, for the fruit, a nauſeous pulp is found,
Or aſhes fill the vain deluſive round.
Theſe gifts the Chief receives with grateful hand,
And to proud CAIRO leads the wearied band.
He venerates the SOLDAN'S ruin'd ſtate,
And burns to find the Prophet of his fate.

' found nothing in them but dry aſhes, and a ſort of wet or moiſt embers.' BAUMGARTEN'S TRAVELS.

—— ' Apples, which appear very lovely to the eye, but being cut up, prove ' mere naught, being nothing elſe but a heap of nauſeous matter.' GORDON'S GEOGRAPH. GRAMMAR; of Paleſtine.

Sir John Maundevile deſcribing the borders of the Dead Sea, ſays: ' And there ' beſyden growen trees that beren fulle faire apples, and faire of colour to be- ' holde; but whoſo brekethe hem, or cuttethe hem in two, he ſchalle fynde with- ' in hem coles and cyndres.'

Line 385. *The Soldan's ruin'd ſtate.*] Cairo was anciently poſſeſt by the Mamalukes, and governed by their Soldans.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

SCRIBLERUS, having conſulted the Moroſoph, relates to his friends the reſult of his enquiry. That he muſt leave them to go in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone, which is promis'd him. That they muſt return to England and found a ſociety, of which he is to be viſitor; and being aſſured, by poſſeſſion of the ſtone, of longævity, if not immortality, he promiſes to viſit the ſociety every century. After a variety of hardſhips which our Hero undergoes in twelve months travel from Genoa, where his friends leave him, he arrives at a grove near Munſter in Germany. In this city, after ſeveral fruitleſs attempts to tranſmute lead into gold, the alchymiſts agree to poſtpone the farther trial of their art to the next day, hoping it might be more auſpicious, as being the firſt day of April, the birth-day of that ſucceſsful alchymiſt BASILIUS VALENTINUS. That night PLUTUS appears to the Hero, and directs him to the fatal root which is to procure the tranſmutation of metals and prolongation of life. Inſpired with gratitude and devotion, SCRIBLERUS ſacrifices a gooſe and thirty goſlins, which engages him in a ſharp conflict with a revengeful maiden, whom at length he vanquiſhes, and, with a moderation ſingular in a conqueror, leaves, to purſue his journey to Munſter.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

ALL night, the ſleepleſs ſage impatient lay,
Big with the fortunes of the following day.
Soon as the wiſh'd-for morn with purple ſtreaks
Th' horizon's utmoſt bound, SCRIBLERUS ſeeks
The raptur'd ſeer. A long ſucceſsleſs day
Thro' every ſtreet he takes his tireſome way.
The night approach'd: when, ſeated on the ground,
Alone, the penſive Moroſoph he found.
A woolly ſheepſkin veil'd his rev'rend head:
Thence lengthen'd downwards and beneath him ſpread.
(Thus, near ALBUNEA's hallow'd fount, repos'd
On fleecy ſkins, the prieſt of FAUNUS doz'd)

But

Line 8. *Moroſoph.*] See Note on B. 1. line 367.

Line 11.] ---------- *lucoque ſub altâ*
Conſulit Albuneâ ----------
---------- *Cæſarum ovium ſub nocte ſilenti*
Pellibus incubuit ſtratis, ſomnoſque petivit.

But all before, his ſacred body bare,
Ill-brook'd the rigour of th' inclement air.
A deep capacious bowl, replete with ſtore
Of potent opium in his hand he bore.
So fam'd THEANGELIS with hallow'd rage
Fills the ſwoll'n boſom of the PERSIAN mage.
The ſcratching-ſtick with which the Seer ſubdu'd
The tingling tumults of his boiling blood,
Seem'd, as he whirl'd it, the CHALDEAN rod,
Or THYRSUS, ſymbol of the LYBIAN god.

SCRIBLERUS

Line 16. *Of potent opium.*] By reaſon of the prohibition of wine and other ſpirituous liquors, opium is generally uſed throughout the Turkiſh empire. When taken in proper quantities, it raiſes the ſpirits and greatly enlivens; but the Turks know no more moderation in that, than we in our liquors, and ſeldom leave their cordial till they are intoxicated and ſtupified. They are held in deriſion by thoſe who venture to tranſgreſs the law and drink wine, being called by the opprobrious name Teriachi, or opium-ſots.

Line 17. *Theangelis in Libano Syriæ, Dicte Cretæ montibus & Babylona & Suſis Perſidis naſcitur, quâ potâ Magi divinent.* PLIN. L. 4. cap. 17.

Line 19. *The ſcratching-ſtick.*] When the Nile firſt begins to riſe, drinking the turbid waters occaſions an heat in the blood, which throws out a ſort of raſh, attended with continual itchings. The people of faſhion carry, at this time, a ſcratching-ſtick. This is a piece of wood, one ſide of which is in the form of a pine-apple, with the ſame kind of indentures to give it a little roughneſs. It is fixed to a long handle.

Line 21. *The Chaldean rod.*] Not only the Chaldeans uſed rods for divination, but almoſt every nation, which has pretended to that ſcience, has practiſed the ſame method. Herodotus mentions it as a cuſtom of the Alani: and Tacitus of the old Germans. Ezekiel ſpeaks of it, and Hoſea reproaches the Jews as being infected with the like ſuperſtition. My people aſk council at their Stocks; and their Staff declareth unto them. Chap. iv. ver. 12.

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SCRIBLERUS now approach'd with rev'rence low,
The Seer obſerv'd; and dealt a furious blow
Full on his head: whoſe force impetuous ſtunn'd
Th' unwary ſage, and fell'd him to the ground.
Frantic awhile with ideot grin he gaz'd;
At length the Hero from the earth he rais'd:
Then to his lips convey'd the balmy draught;
The ſenſeleſs Chief the ſlumb'rous potion quaft.
His heavy eyes the ſlumb'rous potion clos'd,
Ere yet his tongue his various doubts propos'd.
Wrapt in th' embrace of ſleep, he paſt the night,
And riſing, joyful, with the morning light,
His friends he ſought, impatient to relate
Their glories promis'd by propitious fate.
Eager alike his dear companions ran
To meet their chief; SCRIBLERUS thus began.
Hear, bleſt aſſociates of my various pains,
What rich reward to crown our toil remains.
Laſt night, ſo JOVE ordain'd, alone I found
The heav'n-taught Prophet ſeated on the ground.
An hallow'd rage already had poſſeſt
His raptured ſoul, and heav'd his ſwelling breaſt.

High

Line 32. This adventure of our Hero bears a very near reſemblance to the narration given by Don Quixote (Part 2d, B. 6. chap. 23.) of what befel him in the cave of Monteſinos.

Line 43. *An hallow'd rage*, &c.] See the Sybil in Virgil, B. 6. the Propheteſs in Lucan, B. 5. &c. &c.

High on his head uproſe the briſtling hair:
His turgid eye-balls roll'd an hideous glare;
With chatt'ring teeth, the working foam he churn'd,
And thrice the ſolid earth, impatient, ſpurn'd;
Then, wildly ſtarting, danced with frantic bounds,
Whirling his rapid head in giddy rounds:
He wav'd th' EDONIAN THYRSUS in his hand,
And look'd a prieſt of BACCHUS' furious band.
In admiration loſt, awhile I wait
Till the firſt efforts of his rage abate:
When by his arm the Thyrſus urged around,
Full on my temples gave this goary wound.
Proſtrate I lay. At length the pitying ſage,
Calm'd and recover'd from his holy rage,
With friendly ſteps advancing, ſeiz'd my hand:
Chear'd with his voice and raiſed me from the ſand;
Then with Nepenthes crown'd a mantling bowl,
Whoſe ſov'reign charms reſtored my drooping ſoul.

Thus

Line 61. *Then with Nepenthes.*] Milton mentions this Nepenthes in his Maſque of Comus:

> *'Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone*
> *'In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,*
> *'Is of ſuch power as this to ſtir up joy,*
> *'To life ſo friendly* - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Diodorus writes, 'that in Egypt there lived women who boaſted of certain 'potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but 'drove away the moſt violent fallies of grief or anger.'

Euſebius

Thus HELEN mix'd the mirth-inſpiring draught;
From theſe rich ſhores the virtuous drugs ſhe brought.
My ſpirits ſoon reviving in my breaſt,
I thus the hallow'd Moroſoph addreſt:
Illuſtrious Seer, whoſe all-enlighten'd eyes
Dart thro' the diſtant regions of the ſkies;
To thee an earneſt ſuppliant am I come,
To hear thy dictates and enquire my doom.
The raptured Seer his rev'rend treſſes ſhakes,
Then, fill'd with ſacred inſpiration, ſpeaks.
Heav'n-favour'd Sage, to whom the fates allow
Thoſe ſecrets wrapt from vulgar minds, to know.
Hear with a grateful and attentive heart,
The precepts which thy kinder ſtars impart.

Firſt,

Euſebius directly affirms, 'that even in his time, the women of Dioſpolis were 'able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions. Now whether this 'be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates Homer, ſince a poet may make uſe of a 'prevailing, though falſe, opinion.'

'But that there may be ſomething more than fiction in this, is very probable, 'ſince the Egyptians were ſo notoriouſly ſkilled in phyſic; and particularly, 'ſince this very Thon, or Thonis, or Thoon, is reported by the ancients to have 'been the inventor of phyſic among the Egyptians. The deſcription of this 'Nepenthes agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and effects of 'Opium.' Note on Pope's Odyſſ. B. 4.

Line 64. *From theſe rich ſhores the virtuous drugs ſhe brought.*]

Theſe drugs ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where profilic Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fatt'ned ſoil.

POPE'S ODYSS. B. 4.

Firſt, in obedience to their high decree,
Again embarking on a length of ſea,
Fair GENOA ſeek: there quit thy mournful friends,
But learn what fortune their return attends.
I ſee, I ſee them ſpread their ſwelling ſails:
Some fav'ring pow'r ſupplies the friendly gales.
I ſee fair ALBION's tow'ring cliffs ariſe,
While to the wiſh'd-for port the veſſel flies.
Now, now, behold, their hopes ſucceſsful crown'd,
With wiſeſt laws an infant ſtate they found——
See how her ſons with gen'rous ardour ſtrive,
Bid ev'ry long-loſt GOTHIC art revive.
Each BRITISH ſcience ſtudiouſly explore:
Their dreſs, their building, and their coins reſtore.—
Be theſe your arts. Proceed, illuſtrious race,
And yon fair iſle with ancient glories grace.
Let others view with aſtronomic eyes,
Yon lucid vagrants in the peopled ſkies:
Let them the habitable dome deſign,
Taught by VITRUVIUS, or old EUCLID's line;

Carve

Line 93. *Let others view.*]

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra.

Let others better mould the running maſs
Of metals, and inform the breathing braſs,
And ſoften into fleſh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar, deſcribe the ſkies,
And when the ſtars deſcend, and when they riſe.

DRYDEN's VIRGIL, B. 6.

Carve the rough block, inform the lumpiſh maſs,
Give canvas life, and mould the breathing braſs;
With ſtoried emblems, ſtamp th' hiſtoric coin;
The painter's ſkill and poet's fancy join:
Be yours the taſk, induſtrious, to recal
The loſt inſcription to the ruin'd wall;
Each CELTIC character explain; or ſhew
How BRITONS ate a thouſand years ago:
On laws of jouſts and tournaments declaim,
Or ſhine the rivals of the herald's fame.
But chief the SAXON wiſdom be your care,
Preſerve their idols, and their fanes repair;
The cold devotion of the moderns warm
With FRIGA's fair hermaphroditic form:
And may their deep mythology be ſhown
By SEATER's wheel and THOR's tremendous throne.
  Thus far the Sage by ſacred raptures born,
Reveals the fame of ages yet unborn.
He pauſed and fix'd his eyes as tho' he view'd
Thoſe glories preſent, then his ſpeech renew'd:
  Such honour crowns thy dear companions fates;
Superior far thy glorious ſelf awaits.

The

Line 107. By wiſdom here the author means theology, uſing the word in the ſenſe of Lord Bacon, in his Wiſdom of the Ancients.

Line 110. Verſtegan, in his antiquities, gives the repreſentation of Friga the hermaphrodite, Seater with his wheel, and Thor the thunderer, the only idol who ſits on a throne; with a ſufficient account of this mythology.

The grand elixir art thou doom'd to know:
But firſt muſt roam a mendicant in ſhow;
Naked and pennyleſs thro' diſtant lands,
And eat thy bread the alms of ſtranger hands.
The rugged ALPS muſt thoſe bare feet aſſail,
Froz'n on the hill, or ſwelt'ring in the vale;
Scorn and contempt thy painful lot remain,
Till MUNSTER's venerable walls thou gain.
MUNSTER the deſtin'd period of thy woe:
There, on a lake, white as the new-fall'n ſnow,
A gooſe, majeſtic, o'er the waves ſhall ride,
And thirty milk-white goſlins by her ſide.

Nigh

Line 119. *The grand elixir.*] The ancient Egyptians had the art of extracting an elixir from gems and precious ſtones, which, on account of its ſubtility and perfection, they called Heaven; it is alſo called the Philoſopher's Stone (being drawn from precious ſtones,) aquavitæ, vegetable ſeed of nature, ſolar ſoul, &c. Kircher Œd. Egypt. The chymiſts give it the power of making gold, and curing all diſeaſes.

Line 120. *But firſt muſt roam a mendicant in ſhow*
Naked and pennyleſs - - - - - - - - - - - -
Froz'n on the hill, and ſwelt'ring in the vale,
Scorn and contempt thy painful lot, &c.]

The author undoubtedly means all this in the literal ſenſe: but *query* if he does not alſo hint, at the difficulties of alchymy, in the figurative ſenſe of theſe toils and hardſhips.

Line 129. *A gooſe, majeſtic.*] VIRG. L. 3. l. 390.
Littoreis ingens inventa ſub ilicibus ſus
Triginta capitum fœtus enixa jacebit:
Alba ſolo recubans, Albi circum ubera nati.

Thou

Nigh to the borders of the ſilver flood,
Sacred to PLUTUS, ſtands a lofty wood,
Beneath its ſhadowing branches, grows a flow'r
Whoſe root the god endues with wondrous pow'r;
Not the famed Moly which great HERMES bore
To ſage ULYSSES on th' ÆÆAN ſhore;
Nor that reſtorative the TARTAR boaſts,
Nor all the growth of ARAB's bliſsful coaſts,
Nor balſams which from northern trees tranſpire,
Tho' ſix ſucceſſive months th' ætherial fire
With conſtant rays the balmy juice ſublime,
Can match this offspring of the GERMAN clime.

What

Thou ſhalt behold a ſow upon the ground,
With thirty ſucking young encompaſt round,
The dam and offspring white as falling ſnow.
DRYDEN.

Line 133. See VIRG. L. 6. The golden bough.

Line 135. *Not the fam'd Moly.*] Odyſſ. B. 10. Ovid. Metam. B. 14.

Line 137. *Nor that reſtorative.*] The Gin-ſeng; one of the principal curioſities of China, called alſo, by the Chineſe, the pure ſpirit of the earth, the plant that gives immortality. By the Tartars, Orhota, the firſt of plants. The virtues aſcribed to this plant are hardly credible. Many volumes have been written by their phyſicians, to ſet them forth. One of the Miſſionaries witneſſes, that being himſelf ſo fatigued, that he could hardly ſit on the horſe, a Mandarin gave him one of theſe; upon eating half of it, in an hour's time he was not, in the leaſt, ſenſible of any wearineſs. That ſince, he had often made uſe of it with the ſame ſucceſs. See DU HALDE's HIST. OF CHINA.

Line 140. *Tho' ſix ſucceſſive months th' ætherial fire,* &c.] The continual action of the ſun, for ſix months ſucceſſively on the firs in high northern latitudes, gives them a much greater portion of the ætherial fire, and conſequently much more ſovereign virtues than the productions of ſouthern climes.

What tho' no radiant metal grace the rind,
No golden branches crackle to the wind;
What tho' it ſeem (ſo PLUTUS has decreed)
To vulgar eyes, a deſpicable weed:
Yet from this herb, a thouſand virtues flow;
This pow'rful antidote for every woe.
Nor meagre ſickneſs, nor conſuming care,
Shall waſte thy vigour with inteſtine war.
Tho' age thy wither'd front with wrinkles plough,
And blanch the hoary honours of thy brow;
Tho' ſanguine gameſters bett againſt thy life,
Thou unconcern'd ſhalt hear the wagering ſtrife.

From

Line 144. *No golden branches crackle.*] VIRG. B. 6

——— *ſic leni crepitabat bractea vento.*

Line 149. *Nor meagre ſickneſs, nor conſuming care.*] All travellers who have ſeen and converſed with any of the true adepts, aſſure us, that they always appear with an healthy countenance and great chearfulneſs of ſpirits. This is attributed to the uſe of their excellent medicine, which gives them at once health and affluence; and alſo, to that philoſophy of mind which is previouſly neceſſary for the attainment of the ſecret.

Line 154. *Thou unconcern'd ſhalt hear the wagering ſtrife.*]

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack. ADDISON.

This polite practice of laying wagers on lives, is grown ſo common here, that there is ſcarce a perſon of diſtinction in this nation, who does not become the ſubject of a bett, as ſoon as ever any grey hairs are diſcovered on him. The deſcription of this faſhionable amuſement makes ſo admirable a concluſion to that excellent poem, The Modern Fine Gentleman, that we cannot forbear inſerting it.

——— *Lays wagers on his own and others lives:*
Fights fathers, uncles, grandmothers, and wives.

Till

From this ineſtimable root calcined,
The great hermetic ſecret ſhalt thou find;
On baſer ores the pow'rful aſhes ſtrow;
And pureſt gold ſhall from the furnace flow.
If fav'ring PLUTUS, bounteous pow'r, ordain
That thou, SCRIBLERUS, the high prize obtain,
A ſudden radiance of cœleſtial light
Shall guide thy footſteps, and direct thy ſight:
But if the god the precious gift with-hold
Averſe, nor deem thee worthy of the gold,
Fruitleſs and vain thy weary ſearch is made:
The plant lies buried in eternal ſhade.
If e'er thou ſwerve from rigid virtue's path,
Expect the vengeful god's ſevereſt wrath.

The

Till Death at length, indignant to be made
The daily ſubject of his ſport and trade,
Veils with his ſable hand the wretch's eyes;
And, groaning for the betts he loſes by't, he dies.

Line 159. *If fav'ring* Plutus.]

——— *namque ipſe volens faciliſque ſequetur*
Si te fata vocant, aliter non viribus ullis
Vincere, nec duro poteris convellere ferro. VIRG. B. 6.

Line 167. *If e'er thou ſwerve from rigid virtue's path.*] It is univerſally agreed, that the great ſecret can only be obtained by men of exemplary life. This is continually inculcated in Johnſon's Alchemiſt, and at laſt the failure in the work is aſcribed to Sir Epicure Mammon's failure in continency. He is warned againſt avarice, and charity is recommended to him by Subtle in the 2d act.

SURLY. Why, I have heard, he muſt be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal ſin, a very virgin.

The root its virtue ſhall retain no more:
Like MIDAS thou the uſeleſs gift deplore.
Let humble thoughts thy vanity controul,
And meekneſs temper thine elated ſoul.
Pride rears her giant form aloft and treads
Injurious o'er the cow'ring gazers heads.
By pride obnoxious, jealouſy and hate
Shall drive thee ſkulking from each envious ſtate.

But

MAMMON. That makes it, ſir, he is ſo. He, honeſt wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good ſoul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his ſlippers bald,
With prayer and faſting for it.
SUBTLE. ---------- Son, I doubt
You are covetous ----------.
Take heed, you do not cauſe the bleſſing to leave you,
With your ungovern'd haſte. I ſhould be ſorry
To ſee my labours, now e'en at perfection
Not proſper, which in all my ends
Have look'd no way, but unto public good,
To pious uſes, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my ſon, ſhould now prevaricate,
And to your own particular luſts, employ
So great and catholic a bliſs, be ſure
A curſe will follow, yea, and overtake
Your ſubtle and moſt ſecret way.

Line 173. *Pride rears*, &c.] ὃ γὰρ ἐπ' ἐδει
Πίλναΐαί, ἀλλ' ἆρα ἧγε καὶ' ἀνδρῶν κράατα βαίνει
Βλάπτεσ' ἀνθρώπους. ILIAD. τ. li. 92.

Line 175. *By pride obnoxious.*] All who are poſſeſt of this admirable ſecret are obliged to conceal it by the moſt private life, and to live without the leaſt ſhew of expence; by reaſon that a ſplendid appearance, without an apparent fund to ſupport it, would ſubject them to the inquiſition of every ſtate they ſhould

But lowly charity's unheeded pace
Nor envy ſpies, nor can ſuſpicion trace.
Then chief be heaven-born charity thy care,
Nor paſs one hour without a grateful pray'r.
Thus far the Seer, when ſleep's reſiſtleſs god
Shook o'er my eye-lids his LETHÆAN rod.

At

ſhould happen to reſide in. For they muſt either acquire their wealth by this means, or worſe; if they lie under the ſuſpicion of the latter, a well regulated community will think it their duty to call them to account; if of the former, the policy of the ſtate will not ſuffer a private perſon to enjoy the benefit of their protection, without a participation of the ſecret, for the uſe of the public. Flamel being accuſed of embezzling the finances, and of miſmanagement and extortion, owned fairly, that he was maſter of the ſecret, and by that means accounted for the eſtate of 500,000 piſtoles, which he had amaſſed. But others who have ſtood more in fear of the torture, have never appeared with any degree of magnificence; nor reſided any length of time in one place, leſt their preſerving the ſame florid complexion for a length of years might cauſe the admiration of their neighbours, and the diſcovery of their art. For theſe reaſons they are continually ſhifting from place to place; and but that a wiſe man is a citizen of the world, and that the adage, *Omne ſolum forti patria eſt*, exempts them from the reproach, they would be vagabonds and outcaſts of the earth. From this prudent and cautious conduct of theirs, we do not hear of any one who was ever likely to be detected, except Sig. Gualdi at Venice, and that by a very extraordinary accident: one day ſhewing a picture to a connoiſſeur which he told him was his own, the connoiſſeur declared he was poſitive it was Titian's hand; but how can that be, Sig. Gualdi? ſays he There is your face as old as you appear to be at this inſtant; and yet Titian has been dead above fourſcore years. The viſit ended ſomewhat abruptly. The connoiſſeur, full of aſtoniſhment, came again next morning to re-examine the tints; but Sig. Gualdi was decamped. This ſtory is told at large in a moſt ingenious and entertaining book, not long ſince publiſhed, called Hermippus Redivivus, which we cannot but recommend to the reader for its own merit, and now, particularly, as being the moſt agreeable way of acquainting him with ſeveral chymical anecdotes and ſtories very uſeful for the better underſtanding the remaining part of this work.

Line

At morn I waked, aſtoniſh'd and alone,
For ah! the prophet from my ſide was gone.
Thus to his gladden'd friends the Chief relates
The tale prophetic of their future fates.
Elate with hope a veſſel they prepare
And load the needful ſtores with zealous care.
With proſp'rous gales they cut the liquid way,
And moor ſecure in GENOA's deſtined bay.
There, drown'd in tears and dumb with friendly grief,
His ſad companious leave their mournful Chief;
Yet as the Hero bids his laſt adieu,
He vows, ere long, their growing ſchemes to view,
And, each revolving cent'ry, to repeat
His ſolemn viſit to their foſter ſtate.
Tho' PORTUGAL her loſt SEBASTIAN mourn,
And weary heav'n in vain for his return:

On

Line 183. *At morn I wak'd, aſtoniſh'd and alone;*
For ah! the prophet from my ſide was gone.]

The known effect of opium is, that it ſupplies the mind with a continual preſentation of pleaſing images. It moſt naturally operates by awakening thoſe ideas with which the mind is already ſtrongly poſſeſſed; tho' full as frequently it raiſes entirely new ones. It is no wonder that our hero's warm imagination ſhould be worked up by this drug to a belief, that the delirium cauſed by it was a real converſation; when we ſee Don Quixote by the mere force of a heated imagination, without the aſſiſtance of any opiate, fall aſleep in the cave of Monteſinos, and relate as actually ſeen by him, what the warmth of his fancy ſuggeſted to him only in a dream.

Line 197. Sebaſtian King of Portugal, a man of great courage and zeal for religion, landed at Tangier in the year 1575, with an army conſiſting of the flower of Portugal, and gave battle to the Moors, in which he was totally defeated. Diligent ſearch was made after his body, but it could not be found in

On ſurer prophecies you build your faith;
Nor part I hence to exile or to death,
Like REGULUS amidſt th' oppoſing fears
Of friends, of kindred, and the ſenate's tears;
Nor like LYCURGUS, in his country's cauſe,
His life devoting to enforce his laws.
Nor ſhall your Chief a baffled wretch return,
An outcaſt loaded with reproach and ſcorn;
But rich in glories, honour'd and adored,
And more than mortal, to your arms reſtored.
He ſaid, and penſive preſt the ſounding ſhore,
While the waves foam beneath their bruſhing oar.
Twelve tedious months, with painful ſteps and ſlow,
Thro' a long ſeries of opprobrious woe,
Naked and pennyleſs, in unknown lands,
He ate his bitter bread, the alms of ſtrangers hands.
But now, with lighter wings the moments fly,
And bring the period of his labours nigh.
In MUNSTER's walls, aſſiduous fate prepares,
With endleſs honours to reward his cares.
MUNSTER, which gave th' illuſtrious father birth,
Shall now be conſcious of the filial worth.

In

the field of battle. The Portugueſe have continually expected his return ever ſince; and even at this day are not without hopes of ſeeing him again on the throne. Vaſconcellos, in his hiſtory of Portugal, gives an account of his appearance at Venice in 1595, and afterwards ſuffering great indignities from the Spaniards.

Line 211. *Twelve tedious months,* &c.] See note on line 120.

In this, his future glory's deſtined ſcene,
The great Adepts in HERMES' art convene,
Who boaſt, with vain fallacious ſcience bold,
To change each baſer ore to pureſt gold.
But ne'er will righteous heav'n its gifts impart
To the corrupted and ungrateful heart,
Where lawleſs luſt and wild ambition reign,
And pride and baſe inſatiate thirſt of gain.
Hence, all in vain, they bring their boaſted ſtone,
In vain their powders on the maſs are thrown.
Their weak attempts the juſter fates oppoſe,
And unmatured, unchanged the metal flows.
Then one advancing, who poſſeſt alone,
A fluid extract from th' all-pow'rful ſtone,
Three fatal drops amid the furnace ſpills:
The liquid maſs a ſudden vapour fills,
By quick dilation; and with dreadful ſound,
Exploded, drives the glowing metal round.
The fearful omen all the fabric ſhook,
When thus the race of great BOMBASTUS ſpoke:
Oh!

Line 223. *Who boaſt, with vain fallacious ſcience bold.*] Here it is declared, that ſcience is deceitful and inſufficient, that human means will avail nothing to the perfection of the great work; that it can only be procured by the ſtricteſt purity of manners, and the moſt fervent devotion.

Line 240. Paracelſus Bombaſtus ſucceeded ſo ſurpriſingly with his chymical medicines, that he endeavoured to bring the ſlow effects of the Galenical practice entirely into diſrepute; and was ſo elated with the ſucceſs of his art, as to boaſt that he could keep a man alive by his medicines for many ages.

Oh! why, my friends, for this divine eſſay,
Why have you choſe this unauſpicious day?
'Twere wiſer ſure your trials to poſtpone
Till the laſt eve of frowning MARS be gone.
Your cares ſuſpended till the riſing dawn,
By proſp'rous VENUS, uſher'd o'er the lawn,
Shall ſure ſucceed: for on that ſacred morn
Was great BASILIUS VALENTINUS born.
With ſolemn rites invoke his learned ſhade,
So may his genius your projection aid.

Thus

Line 241. *Oh! why*——] This ſpeech of the deſcendant of Paracelſus, very much reſembles that of Antinous after the fruitleſs attempt to bend Ulyſſes's bow.

> - - - - - - - - - - - *That no man draws*
> *The wondrous bow, attend another cauſe.*
> *Sacred to* Phœbus *is the ſolemn day*
> *Which thoughtleſs we in games would waſte away.*
> *Till the next dawn this ill-timed ſtrife forego,*
> *And here leave fix'd the ringlets in a row.*
> *Now bid the Seer approach, and let us join*
> *In due libations, and in rites divine.*
> *So end our night: before the day ſhall ſpring,*
> *The choiceſt off'rings let* Melanthus *bring.*
> *Let then to* Phœbus' *name the fatted thighs*
> *Feed the rich ſmokes, high-curling to the ſkies.*
> *So ſhall the patron of theſe acts beſtow*
> *(For his the gift) the ſkill to bend the bow.*
>
> POPE'S ODYSS. B. 21.

Line 244. *Till the laſt eve of frowning* Mars *be gone.*] The months of March and April were by Romulus conſecrated to Mars and Venus, and named from them.

Line 248. *Baſilius Valentinus* was born on the firſt of April.

Thus far the Sage, when loud applauſes rung
In glad aſſent, from each approving tongue.
To feaſtful mirth they dedicate the night,
And hail the morning with the ſolemn rite.
That night, ſo Fate decreed, SCRIBLERUS gains
The ſacred grove on MUNSTER's neighb'ring plains.
There ſtretcht at eaſe, his wearied limbs he laid,
And ſlept unconſcious of the friendly ſhade.
Lo! ere the morn diſpenſed her earlieſt light,
Great PLUTUS' form, conſpicuous to the ſight,
Before him ſtood, and thus his ſpeech addreſt:
Thrice happy Sage, by fav'ring fortune bleſt,
On this auſpicious morn th' unwearied ſun
His annual courſe around the globe has run,
Since parting from thy friends on GENOA's ſands,
Thou trod'ſt with toilſome ſteps a length of barren lands.
Ariſe, and thro' the grove purſue thy way:
Obſerve the courſe of yon propitious ray:
That ſplendid guide ſhall lead thee to the flow'r
Whoſe root alone can boaſt th' aurific power.
But, leſt thou doubt, or think the promiſe vain,
Soon as AURORA glads th' enlighten'd plain,

A gooſe

Line 263. *On this auſpicious morn.*] By this accuracy of the poet, we learn the very day on which Scriblerus and his friends both ſet out on their reſpective deſigns, viz. the firſt of April. An accuracy obſervable only in the beſt poets, vide VIRGIL. B. 5. l. 46.

Annuus exactis completur menſibus orbis - - - - -
Haud equidem ſine mente reor, ſine numine Divum.

A gooſe majeſtic o'er the lake ſhall ride,
And thirty milk-white goſlins by her ſide.
Be thy chief care with ſacrifice t' aſſwage,
And humble off'rings, injur'd SATURN's rage.
Nor leſs due honours to my pow'r belong,
Selected victims and a grateful ſong.
That god am I, whoſe univerſal ſway
All nations own, and willing all obey.
Tho' not from heav'n I boaſt my honour'd birth,
Yet ever deareſt to the ſons of earth.
He ſaid, and diſappear'd; when from the ground,
The Hero ſtarting, caſt his eyes around.
Lo! all-propitious to his raptured ſight,
An IGNIS-FATUUS, with portentous light,
From the dank earth exhaled, began to move:
His courſe directing thro' the duſky grove.
With zeal the Sage revered th' auſpicious ray,
And toil'd intrepid thro' the thorny way.
At length the vapour ſtopt. With eager eyes,
Awhile he view'd, then ſeized the matchleſs prize.
The matchleſs prize its conſcious leaves expands,
Springs to the fated touch and meets his hands.

And

Line 273. See note on line 129.

Line 279. *That God am I.*]

Ego ſum pleno quem flumine cernis——
Cæruleus Tibris, cælo gratiſſimus amnis.

And now the roſy morn began to dawn:
He quits the grove and iſſues on the lawn;
When wond'rous to relate! a ſtrange portent
Gives freſh aſſurance of the wiſh'd event.
He ſees the ſtately gooſe in ſwan-like pride
The ſilver lake with oary feet divide;
And thirty milk-white goſlins by her ſide.
Inſpir'd with grateful zeal he haſtes to ſeize
The goodly prey, and to the gods decrees.
When lo! the dying victims plaints alarm
The mournful ſhores and reach the neighb'ring farm;
Their well-known voice the ſtartled SYLVIA hears,
And flies, impell'd by ſad prophetic fears.
This flock the Virgin cheriſh'd with her care,
With pens protected from the evening air;

Each

Line. 297. - - - - - - - - - *a ſtrange portent.*] Thus VIRGIL, L. 8.

Ecce autem ſubitum atque oculis mirabile monſtrum
Candida per Sylvam, &c.

Line 299. See note on line 129.

Line 308. *This flock, &c.*] This reſembles the deſcription of the ſtag which cauſes the ſcuffle in the 7th B. of VIRGIL.

Their ſiſter Sylvia *cheriſh'd with her care*
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare,
To hang his budding horns.
He waited at his maſter's board for food,
Then ſought his ſalvage kindred in the wood;
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings and his country dame.

DRYDEN.

Each morning from her hand they ate their food,
Then fought their cackling kindred on the flood;
There bathing all the day, at night they came
To their known lodgings, and their Country Dame.
  Now all alarm'd, ſhe haſtes to their relief:
But oh! what language can expreſs her grief,
When ſhe, like wretched NIOBE, beheld
Her hopes all welt'ring on th' enſanguin'd field!
Yet ſoon her ſorrow yields to nobler rage,
And furious ſhe attacks th' aſtoniſh'd Sage.
Frequent and thick her deſperate blows ſhe deals;
Beneath her arm the ſtagger'd champion reels.
Again the maiden lifts her vengeful hands,
But now prepared the bold SCRIBLERUS ſtands;
With watchful eyes he wards the threaten'd blow;
And ſtrives to grapple with his active foe.
Artful ſhe baffles his ſuperior might,
And doubtful holds the fortune of the fight.
  So fought the THRACIAN Amazons of old,
While tinged with virgin blood THERMODON roll'd.
Such and ſo brave was great ALCIDES ſeen,
When dauntleſs he engaged the Maiden Queen.
  The bold virago her dread arm extends;
Full on his cheek the weighty blow deſcends.
Cruſh'd with the ſtroke, his ſhatter'd jaws reſound;
And his looſe teeth fall frequent to the ground.

Firm

Firm and unmoved the Hero keeps the field,
And bold with paſſive valour, ſcorns to yield:
At length obſerving her defenceleſs waiſt,
Th' unguarded virgin in his arms embraced;
His griping arms her ſtruggling limbs confine,
And on the plain the Heroine falls ſupine.
Scriblerus following, the fall'n maiden preſt,
And proſtrate lay, victorious on her breaſt.
Thus ſage Ulysses, for his art renown'd,
O'erturn'd the ſtrength of Ajax on the ground:
He ſhook the yielding earth, an helpleſs load,
The victor chief his giant limbs beſtrode.
Thus as he lay, the Sage triumphant ſpoke:
Behold how fate, by one deciſive ſtroke,
To me the laurels of the day ordains;
To thee ſubjection and opprobrious chains;
To thee the laws of combat to fulfil,
The vanquiſh'd yielding to the victor's will.
Thus was the chaſte Hippolyte compell'd
To the proud foe her virgin charms to yield.
And

Line 344. Iliad 23.] Ajax, in the games wreſtling with Ulyſſes, lifts him from the ground.

> ---------- *that time* Ulyſſes *found*
> *The ſtrength t' evade, and where the nerves combine,*
> *His ancle ſtrook: the giant fell ſupine:*
> Ulyſſes *following, on his boſom lies;*
> *Shouts of applauſe run rattling thro' the ſkies.*
>
> Pope's Odyssey.

Line 355. *To the proud foe.*] Theſeus.

And thus each ſtouteſt AMAZONIAN Dame,
Reſign'd her beauties to the Conqu'rors flame,
Yet not my heart theſe vanities inſpire,
Nor ſenſual burns my breaſt with lawleſs fire,
Or knows my chaſter ſoul a thought ſo baſe,
To force thee helpleſs to a lewd embrace.
Not thus the Sage his great purſuit attains:
But endleſs travel, and inceſſant pains,
Severeſt abſtinence from ev'ry joy,
Muſt all his thoughts engage, and all his hours employ.
Then riſe a ſpotleſs virgin from my arms,
And bear unrifled hence thy maiden charms.

Thus,

Line 362. *Not thus the ſage his great purſuit attains.*] Subtle the Alchymiſt, when he finds Sir Epicure Mammon with Doll Common, cries out:

---------- No marvel
If I found check in our great work within,
When ſuch affairs as theſe were managing.

MAM. Why, have you ſo?

SUB. It has ſtood ſtill this half hour. This 'll retard
The work a month at leaſt. MAM. Why, if it do,
What remedy? but think it not, good father;
Our purpoſes were honeſt. SUB. As they were
So the reward will prove.

FACE *enters.* O, Sir, we are defeated! all the works
Are flown in fumo: ev'ry glaſs is burſt, &c. &c.

ALCH. Act 4.

Line 366. *Then riſe a ſpotleſs*] When a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told Mr. Dryden, in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan: That may be, anſwered the bard, with a very grave face; but give me leave to tell you, ſir, you are no hero.

Thus, gracious, the ſelf-conquer'd conqu'ror ſpoke,
And by the hand the trembling maiden took.
Her ſoul poſſeſt, at once, with grief and rage
She flies, regardleſs of th' aſſiduous Sage,
Springs from his graſp, and ſeeks the thickeſt grove,
Like ſullen DIDO from her faithleſs Love.
The borders of the lucid lake he ſeeks,
And haſtes to cleanſe his blood-polluted cheeks.

Now PHŒBUS, o'er the lofty mountain's height,
Pours on fair MUNSTER's tow'rs his golden light.
SCRIBLERUS hails the birth-place of his ſire,
And joy and filial love his ſoul inſpire.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

Scriblerus meets with the ſon of Faustus the Alchymiſt, who invites him to his houſe. Faustus explains to him the cauſe of their feſtival, and relates the hiſtory of Basilius Valentinus. The Alchymiſts are again baffled in their attempt to tranſmute the lead. Scriblerus deſires to make a trial; is refuſed on account of his mean appearance, but diſcovering his name and family, is admitted with honour to the furnace. He ſoon obtains a colour, which ſucceſs is received with univerſal applauſe. They contend who ſhall pay him the greateſt reſpect, and eagerly embrace the propoſal of Bossius to beatify him. The Hero, by a preſentiment, is aware of the accidents that may happen at this important criſis, and adviſes to poſtpone the honours deſigned him 'till the great work be fully accompliſhed, leſt vanity, which already begins to poſſeſs his mind, ſhould ſtop the progreſs of it, and perhaps entirely diſappoint their expectations. His ſpeech is interrupted by their enthuſiaſtic zeal, and they immediately proceed to beatification. And now the Poet having conducted Scriblerus through a ſeries of adventures, with ſucceſs beyond the expectation of a mortal, concludes his poem with the Apotheoſis of his Hero.

THE

SCRIBLERIAD.

BOOK THE SIXTH.

THUS, wrapt in thought, the Hero trod the plain,
When, ſudden, ruſhing from the hills amain,
A youthful ſportsman flies with rapid pace,
And, o'er the lawn, purſues his inſect chace.
A waiſtcoat of the thinneſt ſilk he wore,
And in his hand, of ſlighteſt texture, bore
A curious net, whoſe meſhes light and rare
Scarce ſhone diſtinguiſh'd from th' unbodied air.
And now the plain's remoteſt verge he treads,
Now, nigh the Sage, the chace his footſteps leads;
Now in his ſlender toils he holds the prey,
And joyful to SCRIBLERUS bends his way.
Stranger, contemplate well, with earneſt eyes,
Eager he calls, this paragon of flies.
Obſerve him o'er; and tell if thou haſt ſeen,
Or on the trees, or on the level green,
His pregnant mate, the precious inſect ſhow,
And claim whate'er my bounty can beſtow.

 O! youth,

O! youth, the Sage replies, nor have I ſeen
Or on the trees, or on the level green,
The pregnant conſort of your beauteous game,
Nor aught, tho' needy, from your bounty claim.
Yet oh! vouchſafe one hoſpitable boon,
Declare the name of yon majeſtic town,
And point the way. To MUNSTER's proud abode,
The youth replies, companion of the road
Myſelf thy ſteps will guide. Be thou my gueſt:
For ſure ſome ſecret pow'r informs my breaſt
Thou draw'ſt thy lineage from no vulgar race,
And thro' thy rags a godlike mien I trace.
From far-fam'd anceſtors my birth I claim,
A glorious lineage! FAUSTUS is my name.
My great exploits th' AURELIAN ſages ſhow,
Their walls reſplendent with my labours glow.
Propitious HERMES to my ſire imparts
The greateſt, nobleſt of all human arts.
Obedient VULCAN owns his high commands,
Nor changeful PROTEUS can elude his hands.

He

Line 19.] *Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque viſa ſororum.* VIRG. l. 1.

Line 33. *Aurelian Sages.*] A butterfly in one of its ſtates is called an Aurelia, which name, for its ſound, was choſen to diſtinguiſh the ſociety of butterfly catchers at Munſter.

Line 37. *Obedient Vulcan.*] Fire is the great inſtrument by which the chymiſts perform all their operations. Chymiſts are called philoſophers by fire. BOERHAAVE.

Line 38. *Nor changeful* Proteus *can elude his hands.*] This line will beſt be explained by firſt reciting the following lines of Milton:

He ſaid: his words the Hero's breaſt inflame;
But chief, O FAUSTUS, thy auſpicious name,
Sure preſage of ſucceſs. With ſtreaming eyes,
His joys diſſembling, thus the Sage replies.
Thrice bounteous youth, my grateful thanks receive,
'Tis all alas! that poverty can give.

Once

That ſtone, or like to that which here below
Philoſophers in vain ſo long have ſought,
In vain, tho' by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, *and call up unbound,*
In various ſhapes, old Proteus *from the ſea,*
Drain'd thro' a limbeck to his naked form.

Lord Bacon, in his explanation of the heathen Mythology, by him entitled The Wiſdom of the Ancients, informs us that by Proteus is ſignified matter. He is called up from the ſea, becauſe the operations and diſpenſations of matter are chiefly exerciſed in liquid bodies. If, ſays he, any expert miniſter of Nature (meaning a chymiſt) ſhall encounter matter by main force, vexing and urging her with intent to reduce her to nothing; ſhe changes and turns herſelf into various forms and ſhapes of things, till at length ſhe comes to a period, and betakes herſelf to her former being. See WISD. ANT. PROTEUS.

Line 40. *But chief, O* Fauſtus, *thy auſpicious name,*
Sure preſage of ſucceſs.]

The ancients always looked upon the firſt thing they met, when about any enterprize, as an omen. Thus Virg. *Quatuor hic,* primum omen *equos.* To meet a man with a good name was reckoned fortunate, and a great encouragement to an adventure. A lucky name was eſteemed a bleſſing to the perſon that bore it; and ſeveral have therefore adopted them. From hence the doctrine of onomomancy prevailed. Plato earneſtly recommends the choice of happy names: and the Pythagoreans taught expreſsly, that the minds, actions, and ſucceſſes of men, were greatly influenced by their names. Thus the proverb: *Bonum nomen bonum omen. In luſtranda colonia ab eo qui eam deduceret, & cum imperator exercitum, cenſor populum luſtrant bonis nominibus, qui hoſtias ducerent, eligebantur. Quod idem in delectu conſules obſervant, ut primus miles fiat bono nomine.* CICERO DE DIVIN. lib. 1.

Once happier days were mine; and not the leaſt
In HERMES' art, was known your wretched gueſt;
And O! were now ſome chymic taſk aſſign'd,
The god would ſtill ſupport th' induſtrious mind.
To temper lute; the never-dying flame
To tend, aſſiduous as the Veſtal dame.
With muffled face corroding fumes to dare,
Nor pounded poiſon's ſubtleſt atoms fear.
Not undeſerving would I eat my bread,
An idle loit'rer on your bounty fed.
SCRIBLERUS thus diſguised his promised fate,
And now they reach great FAUSTUS' friendly gate.
When thus the courteous youth his Sire addreſt:
Diſdain not to receive this ſtranger gueſt,
Tho' mean the garb which wraps the man of woe,
Tho' thus he roam a mendicant in ſhow.
Oft, like the ſun behind ſome duſky cloud,
Is Learning known her radiant head to ſhroud
In tatter'd robes; and frequent have we ſeen
Ev'n wit, affecting a neglected mien,
In rags like theſe, all ſpecious pomp abjured,
Chuſe to reſide; his glory unobſcured.

Stranger,

Line 53. *& ſupra.*] Thus Ulyſſes in the ſame diſguiſe, deſires to be employed in ſome menial office, and profeſſes his ſkill in kindling a fire, broiling a ſteak, or frothing a cup of drink. ODYSSEY, B. 15.

Line 66.] *Chuſe to reſide; his glory unobſcur'd.*] A line from MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Stranger, the Sire replies, in happy hour
Thou com'ſt, directed by ſome fav'ring pow'r.
Propitious VENUS ſped thee on thy way
To ſhare the triumphs of this glorious day
Sacred to ſcience and to feſtal mirth,
The day which gave the great BASILIUS birth.
Free and unqueſtion'd enter, and prepare
The due libation and the ſolemn prayer.
Or if thy curious boſom burn to hear
Why thus BASILIUS' mem'ry we revere;
Or why to his diſtinguiſh'd ſhade belong
The hallow'd victim and the votive ſong,
Attend. To this illuſtrious Sage were known
The long-ſought virtues of the wond'rous ſtone,
Potent the fleeting ſpirit to reſtore,
Or to pure gold convert the baſer ore.
Thus had th' adept prolong'd his niggard ſpan,
Thus had he liv'd immortal, tho' a Man.
But wayward fortune takes a ſpleenful joy
The wiſeſt ſchemes of mortals to deſtroy.
The Sage, long waſted with conſuming cares,
His body bending with a weight of years,
When now he felt the tyrant hand of death,
Thus to his ſon addreſt his lateſt breath:

With

Line 79.] This hiſtory of Baſilius Valentinus, introduced here in the manner of the ſtory of Cacus, in the 8th book of Virgil, is related in the SPECTATOR, No. 426.

With painful watching and inceſſant pray'r,
Nine tedious months I labour'd to prepare
The precious drops this chryſtal vaſe contains,
The rich reward of all my waſting pains.
Now mark, my ſon, and with attentive ear,
The virtues of our great Elixir hear.
When haſt'ning age the call of fate obeys,
When the ſoul ſickens, and the ſenſe decays,
When all the weaken'd organs loſe their tone,
The nerves relax'd, th' elaſtic vigour gone,
When ev'n the life-blood ſtagnates in my heart,
Soon as thou ſeeſt my lateſt breath depart,
Within my lips the ſacred med'cine pour;
The draught vivific ſhall my ſoul reſtore;
Courſe thro' the veins, the ſprings of life renew,
And ev'ry nerve with active force endue.
So may your pious gratitude beſtow
On me the life which to your Sire you owe;
And when thy ſoul obeys the call of fate,
To thee the precious gift will I repeat.
Thus may we oft renew the mutual boon,
Thus loſe the names of Father and of Son.
He ſaid, and ſunk to death. Th' unduteous boy,
Drunk with deluſive hopes of worldly joy,
And ſtill miſtruſtful of his Sire's controul,
Checks ev'ry thought of duty in his ſoul.

To

To common earth commits the lifeleſs corſe,
Nor hears great nature's call, or feels remorſe.
And now he haſtes new pleaſures to explore;
Some new expence to vent his endleſs ſtore.
From vice to vice, with taſteleſs ardour roves,
And cloy'd, ere night rejects his morning loves.
A ſon he had; RENATUS was he nam'd:
Tranſmitted vice his genuine birth proclaim'd.
No generous paſſion warm'd his brutal breaſt,
But baſeſt av'rice all his ſoul poſſeſt.
Suſpicion, which in vicious minds ſupplies
Bright wiſdom's poſt, and points the jealous eyes,
Directs the Sire his ſordid ſoul to ſcan,
Who thus prepared his artful ſpeech began.
Thou know'ſt, my ſon, thy Grandſire's virtues claim
An ample tribute from the voice of fame.
And oft have I confeſt this plenteous tide
Of endleſs treaſure by his art ſupply'd.
Yet one important ſecret ſtill remains;
One bleſt attainment of his pious pains.
'Twas on an hallow'd and auſpicious hour,
When thus, inſpired by ſtrange prophetic pow'r,
The great BASILIUS ſpake:
Behold the yellow Lion ſhall go forth,
A potent monarch from the frozen North:

The

Line 140. *Behold the yellow lion.*] There is a great reſemblance between this rapture of Baſilius, and the famous prophecy of Paracelſus, publiſhed by

The ſwift-wing'd eagle from his claws ſhall fly,
The griffon ſhall but ſee his face and die:
The crow, cameleon, and the dragon's blood,
Mixt with the virgin's milk ſhall be his food;
The ſalamander ſhall his rule obey:
And all the ſons of earth ſhall own his ſway.
Thus he by figurative ſigns expreſt
The truths that roll'd tumultuous in his breaſt,

With

Glauber, in his proſperity of Germany, where may be ſeen his explanation of it.

Now follows the moſt potent lion and monarch of the North; to whom none in the world may be compared, nor did ever any excel him in glory and power——

——A yellow lion ſhall come out of the North, which ſhall be a perſecutor of the eagle, and at length its conqueror.

Line 143. *The griffon.*] Though Glauber's explanation be intelligible only to an adept, yet we may ſee, that by the fight of the lion and eagle he means the digeſtion of two bodies in a chymical proceſs, which produce a third, which is called a griffon, being part lion and part eagle.

Line 148. *Thus he by figurative ſigns.*] The Arabians, who firſt treated of alchymy, delivered their precepts in hieroglyphics, and figurative expreſſions. This practice has been continued ever ſince.

The expoſitor of Ripley's Hermetico-poetical works, ſays,

'Our books are full of obſcurity, and philoſophers write horrid metaphors and 'riddles to thoſe who are not upon a ſure bottom, and do not diſcern the ſub-'ject matter of our ſecrets; which being known, the reſt is not ſo hard.' We will ſubjoin his expoſition on the following line:

For kind unto kind hath appetitive inclination.

——'We join kind with kind, for nature is mended and retained with its 'own nature: for this cauſe is our king wedded to the water-bearer's daughter; 'of which water-bearer I told you that his body, his pitcher, and the water in 'it, are all one; and his daughter was the queen which aroſe out of the water; 'in which was ſeen a lamp burning. Wonder not at it, that a queen ſhould

With pray'r and faſting then the holy man
The ſacred heav'n-directed work began.
Nine months within the womb of time it lay;
At length began its glories to diſplay.
Then ſpake the lab'ring Sage: my ſon, attend;
Learn thy conception, and thy wond'rous end.
On that auſpicious ever-honoured morn
Waſt thou conceived, on which thy Sire was born.
The ſun himſelf preſided at thy birth;
Nor ſhall thy body turn to common earth.

The

'ſpring out of a water-bearer's loins: for the king is alſo his ſon, and he is 'greater than both. The king enjoys more riches than his father; but the 'father hath the key of a cloſet, in which is wealth enough for all in the king-'dom, to make every ſubject as rich as the king; but the diſpoſe of this wealth 'the king only is to have; yet can he not have it in his poſſeſſion till he marry 'his ſiſter, which is the water of the pitcher inviſible. This his ſiſter, is alſo his 'mother and his father; for it is one with water-bearer, the water and the pitcher, 'as is ſaid. By reaſon of his conſanguinity, the king embraceth his ſiſter very 'deſirouſly, and ſhe by his embraces appears a queen, and then the water-bearer, 'and his water and pitcher vaniſh, and the king and queen remain alone; at 'length both king and queen are drowned after the immoderate uſe of venery, 'violent ſweating and weeping, which ſweat and tears make one ſea, in which 'ſwim two fiſhes without fleſh and bones, which after reſolve and make one 'broth, which is called water permanent.

'Thus have I ſomewhat metaphorically decyphered our true principles, yet 'ſo plainly as that you may with diligence underſtand the meaning,' &c. &c. &c.

Line 158. *The ſun himſelf preſided at thy birth.*] The chymiſts, from a ſuppoſed analogy, denominate their metals from the planets, and gold is by them called ſol. Therefore Renatus's father urges this aſſertion to deceive him, as not doubting but he is ſufficiently ſkilled in judicial aſtrology, to interpret ſo extraordinary a piece of fortune in the manner he would have him.

The ſacred influence of his virtuous ray
Exalts thine eſſence, and ſublimes thy clay.
Thy body thus prepared, theſe drops ſhall ſave
From foul corruption and the loathſome grave;
Th' elixir ſwallow'd ere thy corſe be cold,
Shall all thy limbs convert to pureſt gold.
Basilius thus his wond'rous art diſplay'd,
And to my hands the precious drops convey'd.
Then, when in death, a recent corſe, I lie,
Be thine the pow'rful med'cine to apply.
Renatus heard the tale with ſecret joy,
And thus, with frequent tears, reply'd the boy:
Obedient, I receive thy great commands;
Yet think not, that, with ſacrilegious hands,
Thy ſon ſhall e'er thy dear remains abuſe,
Or proſtitute thy limbs to common uſe.
But in the conſecrated fane beſtow'd,
Adore at once the ſtatue and the god:
Before thy ſhrine perpetual incenſe burn,
And filial duty to devotion turn.
Thus while he ſpake, he views his father's height
With rapture, and compute's his future weight.
The limbs he meaſures with deſiring eyes,
Impatient to tranſmute the bulky prize.

Nor

Line 161. Exalt and ſublime are chymical terms, which both import refining.

Nor long laments the promised boon delay'd,
But ſoon with joy the breathleſs corſe ſurvey'd.
Then, big with hope, the potent med'cine brought,
And the rich drops pour'd, trembling, down his throat.
Already the rich drops their virtues prove;
And half the doſe impell'd the limbs to move.
Up-roſe the body, with a ſudden bound,
And daſh'd the ſhiver'd chryſtal on the ground.
Th' elixir loſt, the corſe returns to duſt.
Great is our ruler; all his ways are juſt.
  Thus holy FAUSTUS ends the wond'rous tale,
And all the great BASILIUS' fate bewail,
Curſing his race, degenerate: then repair,
Regardful of the day, to fervent pray'r.
  SCRIBLERUS now a crucible provides,
And ſpreads the glowing heat around it's ſides.
Then, placed within, the fatal root calcines;
And ſoon his hoſpitable friends rejoins.
  Unwitting FAUSTUS to his gueſt declares
What great deſigns employ their preſent cares.
Then leads him where in ſolemn order ſate
Th' aſſembled ſages of th' hermetic ſtate.
  Up-roſe the learned PARACELSUS' heir,
And, pious, firſt preferr'd his ſolemn pray'r.
When thus: My friends, on this auſpicious day,
Let each with confidence his art eſſay.

Nor

Nor ſhall your laſt attempt your art controul,
For ſure ſome pow'r prophetic tells my ſoul,
That long ere Heſper's radiant lamp ſhall glow,
Yon maſs impure in genuine gold will flow.
He ſaid: and ſtraitway to the furnace paſt,
And on the molten lead his powders caſt.
No change, alas! their fancied pow'rs impart,
The boaſter mourns his ineffectual art.
Again, in turn, advance the learned train
Their art to try, they try their art in vain.
When thus Scriblerus to the chiefs addreſt
The ſecret thoughts long-lab'ring in his breaſt:
Ye great Adepts, thrice-honour'd Sages, hear,
And chief O! Faustus, lend a fav'ring ear.
And O! forgive that 'till this deſtin'd hour,
Th' unutter'd ſecret in my breaſt I bore.
Great Plutus, patron of th' hermetic art,
To me has deign'd th' elixir to impart.
Has giv'n me to poſſeſs the ſacred flow'r,
Whoſe root alone can boaſt th' aurific pow'r:
Alone tranſmute yon maſs impure and baſe,
And vindicate our ſcience from diſgrace.
Th' Adepts in ſilence witneſs'd their ſurprize,
But ſcann'd his garments with contemptuous eyes:
'Till Faustus roſe, and in his arms embraced
The tatter'd ſage, and near the furnace placed.

When

When thus the race of great BOMBASTUS ſpoke;
His haughty frame indignant anger ſhook.
O! thoughtleſs, ſhall yon mendicant engage
This arduous taſk which baffles ev'ry ſage?
Shall hinds and beggars to that art aſpire
Which foils th' attempts of MUNSTER's learned choir?
But grant him with ſucceſs and glory crown'd,
To us how grateful muſt his glories ſound?
The voice of fame ſhall thus our honours ſtain.
"The learn'd Adepts their art eſſay'd in vain:
"In came a Stroller of th' empyric crew,
"And did what all thoſe ſages could not do."
The Hero now diſclaims his baſe diſguiſe,
And thus with conſcious dignity replies:
Behold SCRIBLERUS, no ignoble name:
Earth ſounds my wiſdom, and high heav'n my fame.
So great a name amazed each hearer's breaſt,
A reverential awe their hearts poſſeſs'd.

Now

Line 240.] See the ſpeech of Antinous. ODYSS. B. 21. line 309.

Line 244.] *"Behold what wretches to the bed pretend*
"Of that brave Chief whoſe bow they could not bed!
"In came a beggar of the ſtrolling crew,
"And did what all thoſe Princes could not do."
Thus will the common voice our deed defame,
And thus poſterity upbraid our name:
The Speech of Eurymachus. POPE's ODYSS. B. 21. line 351.

Line 250.] See POPE's ODYSS. B. 9. *Behold* Ulyſſes, *&c.*

Now on the Sage their eager eyes they bent;
And, all-ſuſpended, wait the great event.
Thus as they ſtood around, SCRIBLERUS ſpread
The pow'rful aſhes on the molten lead.
Soon the dull maſs aſſumed a nobler hue;
With ſudden change the heighten'd colours grew.
Now Luna ſhines with pallid radiance bright,
Now Sol begins to dart his ruddy light;
SCRIBLERUS' praiſe employ'd each raptured tongue,
And all around the loud applauſes rung.
Then thus the Sage the learn'd Adepts addreſs'd:
As yet ye ſee but half my art expreſs'd:
For know, this precious med'cine boaſts the pow'r
The fleeting life, departed, to reſtore.
Tho' cold and breathleſs at my feet ye lay,
My potent art ſhould animate your clay;
Nay more, to youth recall the drooping fire,
And in his nerves infuſe their priſtine fire.
O! would ſome Sage, th' elixir's force to try,
Here in the cauſe of ſcience bravely die,

Science

Line 260. *Now Luna.*] In the language of the chymiſts, *Luna* denotes ſilver, and *Sol* gold. See note on line 158.

Line 270. *Nay more, to youth.*] —— *Stricto Medea recludit*
Enſe ſenis jugulum: veteremque exire cruorem
Paſſa replet ſuccis. Quos poſtquam combibit Æſon
Aut ore acceptos aut vulnere; barba comæque
Canitie poſitâ nigrum rapuere colorem, &c.
OVID'S METAM. B. 6. line 285.

Science ſhould ſoon reſtore his yielded breath,
And claim her martyr from the jaws of death.
Scarce had he ſpoke when all with eager ſtrife,
Stretch their bare throats and pant to meet the knife.
When lo! a caſuiſt from the croud aroſe,
Their raſh deſigns, by reas'ning to oppoſe.
With cited caſes, points, quotations, ſaws,
Expounds what conſcience wills, and what the laws.
If man ſhall murder man; the laws decide
The puniſhment decreed on homicide.
And this muſt follow, if the lawyers plead,
That tho' reſtor'd, the man in fact was dead.
If to your throats yourſelves the weapon guide,
Th' indictment then will lie for ſuicide.
O! think how dreadful at the bar to ſtand,
For your own death by your own deſp'rate hand!
What ſhame, what horror ſhall your boſoms ſhake
Condemn'd alive to feel the piercing ſtake!
The caſuiſt's words the ſtagger'd croud divide;
When calmly thus the thoughtful man reply'd:
On this bleſt day no human blood be ſhed,
This day to ſcience and to mirth decreed.
No, rather let an aged cow be brought,
While, careful, I prepare the potent draught.

Unſcrup'lous will we drain her torpid blood,
And ſoon renew the meliorated flood.
Long ere the ſun completes his daily round,
A friſking calf ſhall o'er the meadows bound.
Thus pow'rful COLCHIS drench'd the feeble ram,
And from the cauldron leapt a wanton lamb.
Now crown'd with wreaths an aged cow they bring,
While ſhouts of joy from every quarter ring.
Not in more pomp, with myſtic garlands dreſs'd,
March'd APIS, uſher'd by the MEMPHIAN prieſt.
Her aged veins, impatient, they divide,
And drain, at length, her ſlowly-ebbing tide.
They pour the med'cine, bind the weeping wound,
And leave her corſe extended on the ground,

Confiding

Line 301. *A friſking calf.*] —— *Qui maximus ævo*
Dux gregis inter oves, agnus medicamine fiet.
—— *tener auditur medio balatus aheno.*
Nec mora: balatum mirantibus, exilit agnus,
Laſcivitque fugâ. OV. METAM. B. VI. line 310.

Line 314. *Then* Boſſius *ſpake.*] M. Boſe publiſhed a treatiſe De Electricitate Inflammante & Beatificante. In this work he tells us, that having prepared large tubs of pitch, and placed a perſon on them, 'In a little time a glimmering 'light of a gold colour ariſes from the pitch, and waves about the feet. Thence 'it aſcends to the knees, and at laſt reaches the head, and encompaſſes the 'whole perſon with a glory, which is a lively repreſentation of that border of 'light, which adorns the pictures of ſaints.'

Confiding in the draught. Again they raiſe
Their voice in rapture to SCRIBLERUS' praiſe.
Then BOSSIUS ſpake: Sure Heav'n my ſoul inſpires,
And prompts me to excite th' electric fires.
Raiſe then, my friends, the well-conſtructed ſtage,
There, placed on high, beatify the Sage,
Stripp'd of theſe rags unſeemly to the ſight,
And cloath'd with radiance and celeſtial light.
He ſaid. His words the pleased aſſembly caught,
Who ſoon, obedient to his dictates, brought
Of pitch and roſin an enormous maſs:
Six ample globes, and fix vaſt tubes of glaſs.
From theſe th' Adepts a myſtic ſtructure made;
And in the midſt the great SCRIBLERUS laid
In naked majeſty, tremendous ſight!
Then haſte to execute the ſolemn rite.
Yet ere they fill the chorus of his praiſe,
Thus ſpake the man long verſed in fortune's ways.
Alas! my friends, forbear this raſh deſign,
Nor crown a mortal with rewards divine.
I fear this premature, this thoughtleſs joy
Has raised a vice our triumphs to deſtroy.
Yes,

Line 322.] Pitch and roſin prevent the electric force from being diſſipated by communication of contact with non-electric bodies.

Line 333. *Has rais'd a vice.*] See B. 5. l. 171.

Let humble thoughts thy vanity controul.

Yes, I confeſs myſelf have felt its pow'r,
The hapleſs victim of this fatal hour.
I, whom in vain, Ambition ſtrove to move,
And baffled Luſt, beſide yon conſcious grove:
Whom not all-conqu'ring Luxury could gain,
Whom ſordid Avarice aſſail'd in vain.
O Vanity, thou fixt and ling'ring gueſt,
Thou laſt of vices in the noble breaſt!
Who like the worm within the ſpecious rind,
Prey'ſt undiſcover'd on the faireſt mind ———
Thus ſpake the moral Sage; but thoughtleſs They
Whirl the loud wheel, and tune the lofty lay.
Impetuous zeal with wild unruly noiſe,
Breaks on his ſpeech, and drowns his ſapient voice.
And now the glaſs by ſtrong attrition urged,
Firſt the foul atmoſphere around him purged.
Then at the Hero's feet began to play
A flame more brilliant than the ſolar ray.
The golden beams aſcending now embraced
Th' illuſtrious Sage, and circled round his waiſt.
Now fixt, and by encreased effluvia fed,
Diffuſed a glory from his awful head.
Thus as he darts around electric fire,
To vocal hymns they tune the ſounding lyre;

His high atchievements in their ſongs relate,
And hail him Monarch of th' Hermetic State.

Such honours MUNSTER to her Hero paid;
And lambent flames around his temples play'd.

Line 360. *Such honours* Ilion *to her Hero paid,*
And peaceful ſlept the mighty Hector's ſhade.
End of POPE'S ILIAD.

AND now having brought our commentary to an happy concluſion, let us crown our labour with admoniſhing all ignorant pretenders, or rather entirely precluding them from preſuming to make any additions to the Scribleriad, with the vanity of Quintus Calaber, and Triphiodorus, who impudently inſinuating, that the Iliad was imperfect, wrote each a Supplement to it, which the former had the aſſurance to call Παραλειπόμενα τȣ̃ Ὁμήρȣ. Maphæus Vegius, poſſeſt with the like folly, wrote a continuation of the Æneid. Camillo di Camilli of the Gieruſalemme Liberata; and Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda of Don Quixote. We will at once quaſh all theſe fruitleſs endeavours, by repreſenting the ſecrecy with which all thoſe who are poſſeſt of the philoſopher's ſtone conceal, not only thoſe minute actions of their lives which conſtitute their hiſtory, but even their very perſons themſelves, as has before been explained. Theirs is the true and only

Secretum iter et fallentis ſemita vitæ.

Our Hero is moſt happily ſecure from one dangerous quarter; for ſuch has been his extraordinary continency, that no lady can, with the leaſt ſhew of probabilty, introduce him to act a part in her memoirs.

Yet

Yet we are aware, that ſeveral of his family, more ſolicitous, perhaps, for his glory than is conſiſtent with a prudential regard for it, will be fond of enlarging upon his actions. To theſe we muſt declare, that the author, when he put his poem into our hands, aſſured us, (in a phraſe which he borrowed from the Spaniſh, and which he eſteemed for being ſo admirably expreſſive,) that HE HAD LEFT NOTHING IN THE INKHORN.

THE END OF THE SIXTH AND LAST BOOK.

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MEADOWS.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES,

WRITTEN AT

TWICKENHAM.

FROM 1751 to 1801.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT AND HIS SERVANT,

In Imitation of the 7th Satire of the Second Book of Horace.

Quid *leges* ſine moribus
Vanæ proficiunt. HOR.

[FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1752.]

SERVANT.

LONG have I heard your fav'rite theme,
A gen'ral reformation ſcheme,
To keep the Poor from ev'ry ſin,
From gaming, murther, and from gin.
And now have I no leſs an itch
To venture to reform the Rich.

MEMBER.

HORATII. LIB. II. SATIRA 7.

Jamdudum auſculto, & cupiens tibi dicere ſervus
Pauca, reformido. HOR. Davuſne? D. Ita Davus, amicum
Mancipium

MEMBER.

What, John! are you too turn'd projector?
Come then, for once I'll hear your lecture.
For ſince a member, as 'tis ſaid,
His projects to his ſervants read,
And of a fav'rite ſpeech a book made,
With which he tired each night a cook-maid,
And ſo it hap't that ev'ry morning
The taſteleſs creatures gave him warning—
Since thus we uſe 'em, 'tis but reaſon
We hear our ſervants in their ſeaſon.
Begin.

SERVANT.

Like gamblers, half mankind
Perſiſt in conſtant vice combined,

In

Mancipium domino, et frugi, quod ſit fatis; hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes.
H. Age, libertate Decembri
(Quando ita majores voluerunt) utere: narra.
D. Pars hominum vitiis gaudet conſtanter, & urget
Propoſitum: pars multa natat; modo recta capeſſens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia. Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modò lævâ Priſcus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:

Ædibus

In races, routes, the ſtews, and White's,
Paſs all their days and all their nights.
Others again, like lady Prue,
Who gives the morning church its due,
At noon is painted, dreſt and curl'd,
And one amongſt the wicked world:
Keeps her account exactly even
As thus: Prue, Creditor with heaven,
By ſermons heard on extra days:
Debtor: To maſquerades and plays.
Item: By Whitfield, half an hour:
Per Contra: To the Colonel, four.
Others, I ſay, paſs half their time
In folly, idleneſs, or crime;
Then all at once, their zeal grows warm,
And every throat reſounds reform.

A lord

Ædibus ex magnis ſubitò ſe conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeſtè:
Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere; Vertumnis, quotquot ſunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, poſtquam illi juſta chiragra
Contudit articulos, qui pro ſe tolleret, atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurnâ
Conductum pavit: quanto conſtantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miſer ac prior ille,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

A lord his youth in ev'ry vice
Indulged, but chief in drabs and dice.
Till worn by age, diſeaſe, and gout:
Then nature modeſtly gave out.
Not ſo my lord —— who ſtill, by proxy,
Play'd with his darling dice and doxy.
I laud this conſtant wretch's ſtate
And pity all who fluctuate;
Prefer this ſlave to dear backgammon,
To thoſe who ſerve both God and Mammon:
To thoſe who take ſuch pains to awe
The nation's vices by the law,
Yet while they draw their bills ſo ample,
Neglect the influence of example.

MEMBER.

To whom d'ye preach this ſenſeleſs ſermon?

SERVANT.

H. Non dices hodie, quorſum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furciſer? D. Ad te, inquam. H. Quo pacto, peſſime? D. Laudas.
Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis, & idem,
Si quis ad illa Deus ſubitò te agat, uſque recuſes:
Aut quia non ſentis, quod clamas, rectius eſſe;
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis; & hæres.
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.
Romæ rus optas, abſentem ruſticus urbem
Tollis ad aſtra levis: ſi nuſquam es fortè vocatus
Ad cænam, laudas ſecurum olus; ac velut uſquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, ameſque,

Qdou

SERVANT.

To you, good ſir.

MEMBER.

To me, ye vermin?

SERVANT.

To you, who ev'ry day profeſs
T' admire the times of good Queen Beſs.
But yet your heart ſincerer praiſe
Beſtows on theſe or Charles's days:
You ſtill approve ſome abſent place
(The preſent's ever in diſgrace.)
And, ſuch your ſpecial inconſiſtence,
Make the chief merit in the diſtance.
If e'er you miſs a ſupper-card
(Tho' all the while you think it hard),

You're

Quòd nuſquam tibi ſit potandum. Juſſerit ad ſe
Mecænas ſcrum ſub lumina prima venire
Convivam, Nemón' oleum feret ociùs? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, furíſque.
Milvius & ſcurræ, tibi non referenda precati
Diſcedunt. Etenim fatcor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem: naſum nidore ſupinor:
Imbecillus, iners, ſi quid vis, adde popino.
Tu cùm ſis quod ego, & fortaſſis nequior ultrò
Inſectere velut melior, verbíſque decoris
Obvolvas vitium? quid, ſi me ſtultior ipſo
Quingentis empto drachmis deprenderis? Aufer

Me

You're all for ſolitude and quiet,
Good hours and vegetable diet,
Reflexion, air, and elbow room:
No priſon like a crouded drum.
But ſhould you meet her Grace's ſummons
In full committee of the commons,
Tho' well you know her crouded houſe
Will ſcarce contain another mouſe,
You quit the bus'neſs of the nation,
And brethren of the reformation.
Tho' ——— begs you'll ſtay and vote,
And zealous ——————— tears your coat.
You damn your coachman, ſtorm and ſtare;
And tear your throat to call a chair.
Nay, never frown, and good now hold
Your hand awhile: I've been ſo bold

To

Me vultu terrere: manum ſtomachúmque teneto,
Dum quæ Criſpini docuit me janitor, edo.
Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum:
Peccat uter noſtrum cruce dignius? acris ubi me
Natura incendit; ſub clarâ nuda lucernâ
* * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
Dimittit, neque famoſum, neque ſollicitum, ne
Ditior aut formæ melioris meiat eodem.
Tu cùm, projectis inſignibus, annulo equeſtri,

Romanóque

To paint your follies; now I'm in,
Let's have a word or two on ſin.
  Laſt night I heard a learned poulterer
Lay down the law againſt th' adulterer:
And let me tell you, ſir, that few
Hear better doctrine in a pew.
Well! you may laugh at Robin Hood:
I wiſh your ſtudies were as good.
From Mandeville you take your morals:
Your faith from controverſial quarrels;
But ever lean to thoſe who ſcribble
Their crudities againſt the bible;
Yet tell me I ſhall crack my brain
With hearing Henley or Romaine.
  Deſerves that critic moſt rebuke
In judging on the Pentateuch,

Who

Romanóque habitu, prodis ex judice Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obſcurante lacernâ,
Non es quod ſimulas? Metuens induceris, atque
Altercante libidinibus tremis oſſa pavore.
Quid refert uri virgis, ferróque necari
Auctoratus eas; an turpi claufus in arcâ,
Quò te demiſit peccati conſcia herilis,
Contractum genibus tangas caput? * * * *
Ibis ſub furcâ prudens dominóque furenti
Committes rem omnen, & vitam, & cum corpore famam.

Evaſti?

Who deems it, with ſome wild fánatics,
The only ſchool of mathematics:
Or he, who making grave profeſſion,
To lay aſide all prepoſſeſſion,
Calls it a bookſeller's edition
Of maim'd records and vague tradition?
You covet, ſir, your neighbour's goods:
I take a girl at Peter Wood's;
And when I've turn'd my back upon her,
Unwounded in my heart or honour,
I feel nor infamous, nor jealous
Of richer culls, or prettier fellows.
But you, the grave and ſage reformer,
Muſt go by ſtealth to meet your charmer;
Muſt change your ſtar and ev'ry note
Of honour for a bear-ſkin coat.

That

Evaſti? metues credo, doctúſque cavebis.
Quæres quando iterum paveas, iterúmque perire
Poſſis. O toties ſervus! Quæ bellua ruptis
Cum ſemel effugit, reddit ſe prava catenis?
Non ſum mœchus, ais. Neque ego hercule fur, ubi vaſa
Prætæreo ſapiens argentea: tolle periclum,
Jam vaga profiliet frenis natura remotis,
Túne mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominúmque
Tot tantiſque minor? quem ter vindicta quatérque
Impoſita haud unquam miſerâ formidine privet?

Adde

That legiſlative head ſo wiſe
Muſt ſtoop to baſe and mean diſguiſe;
Some Abigail muſt then receive you,
Bribed by the huſband to deceive you.
She ſpies Cornuto on the ſtairs:
Wakes you; then melted by your pray'rs,
Yields, if with greater bribe you aſk it,
To pack your worſhip in the baſket.
Laid neck and heels true Falſtaff faſhion;
Then form new ſchemes of reformation.
Thus 'ſcaped the murd'ring huſband's fury,
Or thumping fine of cuckold jury;
Henceforth, in mem'ry of your danger,
You'll live to all intrigues a ſtranger.
No; ere you've time for this reflection;
Some new debauch is in projection.
And for the next approaching night,
Contrivance for another fright.

This

Adde ſuprà dictis, quod non leviùs valeat. Nam
Sive vicarius eſt, qui ſervo paret, uti mos
Veſter ait, ſeu conſervus; tibi quid ſum ego? nempe
Tu mihi qui imperitas, aliis ſervis miſer, atque
Duceris, ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.
H. Quiſnam igitur liber? D. Sapiens; ſibi qui imperioſus
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:

This makes you, tho' ſo great, ſo grave,
Nay! wonder not, an abject ſlave.
As much a ſlave as I: nay more;
I ſerve one maſter, you a ſcore.
And as your various paſſions rule,
By turns are twenty tyrants' fool.

MEMBER.

Who then is free?

SERVANT.

The wiſe alone,
Who only bows to reaſon's throne;
Whom neither want, nor death, nor chains,
Nor ſubtle perſecutor's pains,
Nor honours, wealth, nor luſt can move
From virtue and his country's love.
Self-guarded like a globe of ſteel,
External inſults can he feel?

Or

Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis; & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna Potéſne
Ex his, ut proprium, quid noſcere? Quinque talenta 85
Poſcit te mulier, vexat, foribuſque repulſum
Perfundit gelidâ; rusùs vocat. Eripe turpi
Colla jugo. Liber, liber ſum, dic age. Non quis:
Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres

Subjectat

Or e'er preſent one weaker part
To fortune's moſt inſidious dart.
Much honour'd maſter, may you find
Theſe wholeſome ſymptoms in your mind.
Can you be free while paſſions rule you?
While women ev'ry moment fool you?
While forty mad capricious whores
Invite, then turn you out of doors;
Of ev'ry doit contrive to trick you,
Then bid their happier footman kick you.
Convinced by ev'ry new diſaſter,
You ſerve a more deſpotic maſter;
Say can your pride or folly ſee
Such difference 'twixt yourſelf and me?
Shall you be ſtruck with Titian's tints,
And mayn't I ſtop to ſtare at prints?

Diſpoſed

Subjectat laſſo ſtimulos, versátque negantem.
Vel cùm Pauſiacâ torpes, inſane, tabellâ,
Qui peccas minùs atque ego, cùm Fulvi, Rutubæque,
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia, rubricâ picta aut carbone; velut ſi
Re vera pugnent, feriant, viténtque moventes
Arma viri? Nequam & ceſſator Davus: at ipſe
Subtilis veterum judex & callidus audis.

 Nil

Diſpoſed along th' extenſive glaſs
They catch and hold me ere I paſs.
Where Slack is made to box with Broughton,
I ſee the very ſtage they fought on:
The bruiſers live, and move, and bleed,
As if they fought in very deed.
Yet I'm a loiterer, to be ſure,
You a great judge and connoiſſeur.
Shall you prolong the midnight ball
With coſtly banquet at Vauxhall,
And yet prohibit earlier ſuppers
At Kilbourn, Sadlers-Wells, or Cuper's?
Are theſe leſs innocent in fact,
Or only made ſo by the act?
Thoſe who* contribute to the tax
On tea and chocolate and wax,

With

* It was urged in the petitions of ſome of the houſes of public entertainment, that the ſuppreſſion of them might greatly diminiſh the duties on tea, chocolate, and wax-lights.

Nil ego, ſi ducor libo fumante: tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cœnis reſponſat opimis.
Obſequium ventris mihi perniciofius eſt cur?
Tergo plector enim: qui tu impunitior, illa,
Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, cùm obſonia captas?

Nempè

With high ragouts their blood inflame,
And nauſeate what they eat for fame:
Of theſe the houſes take no knowledge
But leave them fairly to the college.
O! ever proſper their endeavours
To aid your dropſies, gouts and fevers.
Can it be deem'd a ſhame or ſin
To pawn my livery for gin,
While bonds and mortgages at White's
Shall raiſe your fame with Arthur's knights?
Thoſe worthies ſeem to ſee no ſhame in,
Nor ſtrive to paſs a ſlur on gaming;
But rather to deviſe each ſeſſion
Some law in honour o' th' profeſſion:
Leſt ſordid hands, or vulgar place,
The noble myſt'ry ſhould debaſe;
Leſt ragged ſcoundrels in an alehouſe,
Should chalk their cheatings on the bellows;

Or

Nempè inamareſcunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ,
Illuſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
Corpus. Au hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uvam 105
Furtivâ mutat ſtrigiliæ? Qui prædia vendit,
Nil ſervile gulæ parens habet? Adde quod idem.
Non horam tecum eſſe potes, non otia rectè

Ponere;

Or boys the ſacred rites profane
With orange-barrows in a lane.
Where lies the merit of your labours
To curb the follies of your neighbours;
Deter the gambler and prevent his
Confed'rate arts to gull the 'prentice;
Unleſs you could yourſelf deſiſt
From hazard, faro, brag, and whiſt?
Unleſs your philoſophic mind
Can from within amuſement find,
And give at once to uſe and pleaſure
That truly precious time, your leiſure.
In vain your buſy thoughts prepare
Deceitful ſepulchres of care:
The downy couch, the ſparkling bowl,
And all that lulls or ſoothes the ſoul—

MEMBER.

Where is my cane, my whip, my hanger?
I'll teach you to provoke my anger.

SERVANT.

Ponere; téque ipſum vitas fugitivus & erro;
Jam vino quærens, jam ſomno fallere curam:
Fruſtra: nam comes atra premit, ſequitúrque fugacem.
H. Unde mihi lapidem? D. Quorſum eſt opus? H. Unde ſagitas
D. Aut inſanit homo, aut verſus facit. H. Ociùs hinc te
Nî rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

SERVANT.

Heyday! my maſter's brain is crack't!
Or elſe he's making ſome new act—

MEMBER.

To ſet ſuch rogues as you to work
Perhaps,* or ſend you to the Turk.

* Among the many projects for the puniſhment of rogues, it has been frequently propoſed to ſend them in exchange for Engliſh ſlaves to Algiers.

THE

INTRUDER.

IN IMITATION

OF

HORACE, BOOK I. SATIRE IX.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1754.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHATEVER is written in imitation of the manners and converſation of men, has never failed to pleaſe in proportion as it has been well written; and thoſe who have imitated the writings of preceding ages have, by applying ancient manners to modern times, afforded a ſtill greater ſcope for the mind to entertain itſelf by the compariſon. Yet as this advantage may be overbalanced by cramping the genius and warping the argument, by adhering too ſtrictly to every particular, may it not be neceſſary, for the propriety of the whole, in ſome caſes to alter the conduct by the tranſpoſition of a few lines, or the omiſſion of an incident which the difference of manners may make leſs intereſting to the preſent age?

It is ſubmitted to the reader, whether an impropriety in the conduct is not avoided in the following Imitation, by poſtponing the ſenſibility and agony of the Poet; ſince by appearing too early, it ſeems to anticipate the force of his diſtreſs, which ought to riſe by degrees, and in proportion as the importunity of the Intruder increaſes. If this be allowed, it is hoped the Author has not done amiſs in having taken the liberty of tranſpoſing ſome lines of the original.

THE

INTRUDER.

A CERTAIN free familiar Spark
Pertly accoſts me in the Park:
'Tis lovely weather ſure! how gay
'The ſun! - - - I give you, ſir, good day.'
Your ſervant, ſir. To you the ſame - - - -
But - - - give me leave to crave your name?
'My name? why ſure you've ſeen my face
'About in ev'ry public place.
'I'm known to almoſt all your friends,
'(No one e'er names you but commends.)
'For ſome I plant; for ſome I build;
'In ev'ry taſte and faſhion ſkill'd - - - -

'Were

---

1. Ibam fortè viâ ſacrâ, ſicut meus eſt mos,
Neſcio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis:
Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantùm;
Arreptâque manu, Quid agis, dulciſſime rerum?

5. Suaviter, ut nunc eſt, inquam; et cupio omnia quæ vis.
11. Noris nos, inquit; docti ſumus.

'Were there the leaſt regard for merit! - - - -
'The rich in purſe are poor in ſpirit.
'You know ſir Pagode: (here I'll give ye
'A front I've drawn him for a privy)
'This winter, ſir, as I'm a ſinner,
'He has not aſk'd me once to dinner.'

Quite overpower'd with this intruſion
I ſtood in ſilence and confuſion.

He took th' advantage and purſued:
'Perhaps, ſir, yon may think me rude;
'But ſure I may ſuppoſe my talk
'Will leſs diſturb you while you walk:
'And yet I now may ſpoil a thought:
'But that's indeed a venial fault: - - - -
'I only mean to ſuch, d'ye ſee,
'Who write with eaſe like you and me.
'I write a ſonnet in a minute:
'Upon my ſoul there's nothing in it.
'But you to all your friends are partial:
'You reckon * * * another Martial - - - -
'He'd think a fortnight well beſtow'd
'To write an epigram or ode.

'* * * * *'s

23 ——— Nam quis me ſcribere plures
Aut citiùs poſſit verſus?

39. Si

'* * * *'s no poet to my knowledge; - - - -
'I knew him very well at college:
'I've writ more verſes in an hour,
'Than he could ever do in four.
'You'll find me better worth your knowing - - - -
'But tell me; which way are you going?'

What various tumults ſwell'd my breaſt,
With paſſion, ſhame, diſguſt oppreſt!
This courtſhip from my brother Poet!
Sure no ſimilitude can ſhow it.
Not young Adonis, when purſued
By amorous antiquated prude;
Not Gulliver's diſtreſsful face,
When in the Yahoe's loath'd embrace.

In rage, confuſion, and diſmay,
Not knowing what to do or ſay:
And having no recourſe but lying, - - - -
A friend at Lambeth lies a dying. - - - -
'Lambeth!' (he reaſſumes his talk)
'Acroſs the bridge - - - the fineſt walk. - - -
'Don't

39. Si benè me novi, non Viſcum pluris amicum,
Non Varium, facies.
40. ——Hinc quo nunc iter eſt tibi?
52. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Nil opus eſt te
Circumagi: quemdam volo viſere, non tibi notum:

Trans

'Don't you admire the Chineſe bridges,
'That wave in furrows and in ridges?
'They've finiſh'd ſuch an one at Hampton:
'Faith 'twas a plan I never dreamt on - - - -
'The prettieſt thing that e'er was ſeen - - - -
''Tis printed in the Magazine. - - - -'

This wild farrago who could bear?
Sometimes I run; then ſtop and ſtare;
Vex'd and tormented to the quick,
By turns grow choleric and ſick:
And glare my eye, and ſhew the white,
Like vicious horſes when they'd bite.

Regardleſs of my eye or ear,
His jargon he renews - - -
'D'ye hear
'Who 'twas compoſed the Taylor's dance?
'I practiſed fifteen months in France.
'I wrote

Trans Tiberim longè cubat is, prope Cæſaris hortos.
Nil habeo quod agam, et non ſum piger: uſque ſequar te.

55. - Cum quidlibet ille
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret.——

65. Demitto auriculas, ut iniquæ mentis aſellus.

70. - Quis membra movere
Mollius?

76. Invideat

'I wrote a play - - - - 'twas done in haſte - - - -
'I know the preſent want of taſte,
'And dare not truſt it on the town - - - -
'No tragedy will e'er go down.
'The new burletta 's now the thing - - - -
'Pray did you never hear me ſing?'
Never indeed. - - - -
'Next time we meet - - - -
'We're juſt now coming to the ſtreet. - - - -
'Bleſs me! I almoſt had forgot:
'There's poor Jack Stiles will go to pot.
'Sir Scrutiny has preſt me daily
'To be this hour at the Old Bailey,
'To witneſs to his good behaviour:
'My uncle's voter under favour - - - -
'Egad, I'm puzzled what to do,
'To ſave him will be loſing you.
'Yet

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76. ——— Invideat quod et Hermogenes ego canto.

80. ——— Caſu tunc reſpondere vadato
Debebat; quod ni feciſſet, perdere litem.
Si me amas, inquit, paulùm hîc ades. Interea ſi
Aut valeo ſtare, aut novi civilia jura:
Et propero quò ſcis. Dubius ſum quid faciam, inquit;
Téne relinquam, an rem. Me, ſodes. Non faciam, ille;
Et præcedere cœpit.

'Yet we muſt ſave him if we can,
'For he's a ſtanch one,* a dead man.'
By your account he's ſo indeed,
Unleſs you make ſome better ſpeed.
This moment fly to ſave your friend - - - -
Or elſe prepare him for his end.
'Hang him he's but a ſingle vote;
'I wiſh the halter round his throat.
'To Lambeth I attend you, ſir.'
Upon my ſoul you ſhall not ſtir:
Preſerve your voter from the gallows:
Can human nature be ſo callous?
So negligent when life's at ſtake?
'I'd hang a hundred for your ſake.'
I wiſh you'd do as much by me - - - -
Or any thing to ſet me free.

Deaf to my words, he talks along
Still louder than the buzzing throng.
'Are you, he cries, as well as ever
'With lady Grace? ſhe's vaſtly clever?'

'Her

* A cant term for a ſure vote.

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101. Omnes compoſui. Felices! nunc ego reſto:
Confice.

105. ——— Mæcenas quomodo tecum?
Hinc repetit. Paucorum hominum, et mentis bene ſanæ.

Nemo

Her merit all the world declare:
Few, very few her friendſhip ſhare.
'If you'd contrive to introduce
'Your friend here, you might find an uſe - - - -'
Sir, in that houſe there's no ſuch doing,
And the attempt would be one's ruin.
No art, no project, no deſigning.
No rivalſhip and no outſhining.
'Indeed! you make me long the more
'To get admittance. Is the door
'Kept by ſo rude, ſo hard a clown,
'As will not melt at half-a-crown?

'Can't

Nemo dexteriùs fortunâ eſt uſus. Haberes.
Magnum adjutorem, poſſet qui ferre ſecundas,
Hunc hominem velles ſi tradere: diſpeream, ni
Summôſſes omnes. Non iſto vivimus illic
Quo tu rere modo: domus hâc nec purior ulla eſt,
Nec magis his aliena malis: nil mî officit unquam,
Ditior hic, aut eſt quia doctior: eſt locus uni
Cuique ſuus. Magnum narras, vix credibile. Atqui
Sic habet.

15. ——— Accendis, quare cupiam magis illi
Proximus eſſe. Velis tantummodo: quæ tua virtus,
Expugnabis; et eſt qui vinci poſſit: eoque
Difficiles aditus primos habet. Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus ſervos corrumpam; non, hodie ſi
Excluſus fuero, deſiſtam.

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'Can't I cajole the female tribe
'And gain her woman with a bribe?
'Refuſed to-day, ſuck up my ſorrow,
'And take my chance again to-morrow?
'Is there no ſhell-work to be ſeen,
'Or Chineſe chair or Indian ſcreen?
'No cockatoo nor marmozet,
'Lap-dog, gold fiſh, nor perroquet?
'No French embroidery on a quilt?
'And no bow-window to be built?
'Can't I contrive, at times, to meet
'My lady in the park or ſtreet?
'At opera, play, or morning pray'r,
'To hand her to her coach or chair?'
But now his voice, tho' late ſo loud,
Was loſt in the contentious crowd
Of fiſhwives newly corporate,
A colony from Billingſgate.
That-inſtant on the bridge I ſpy'd
Lord Truewit coming from his ride.

My

---

129. ——— Tempora quæram;
Occurram in triviis: deducam.

137. - Hæc dum agit, ecce
Fuſcus Ariſtius occurrit mihi carus, et illum

Qui

My lord, - - - - *Sir William* (I began)
Has given me power to ſtate a plan,
To ſettle ev'ry thing between you;
And ſo - - - - *'tis lucky that I've ſeen you.*
This morning. - - - -
' Hold,' replies the peer,
And tips me a malicious leer,
' Againſt good breeding to offend
' And rudely take you from your Friend!'
(His lordſhip, by the way, can ſpy
How matters go with half an eye:
And loves, in proper time and place,
To laugh behind the graveſt face.)
' 'Tis Saturday. - - - - I ſhould not chuſe
' To break the ſabbath of the Jews.'

The

Qui pulchrè nôſſet. Conſiſtimus. Unde venis? et
Quo tendis? rogat, et reſpondet. Vellere cœpi,
Et prenſare manu lentiſſima brachia, nutans,
Diſtorquens oculos, ut me eriperet.

144. ——— Male ſalſus
Ridens diſſimulare: mecum jecur urere bilis.
Certè neſcio quid ſecretò velle loqui te
Aiebas mecum. Memini benè; ſed meliori
Tempore dicam.

152. ——— Hodie triceſima ſabbata; vin'tu
Curtis JUDÆIS oppedere? Nulla mihi, inquam,

The Jews! my Lord! - - - -

'Why ſince this pother,
'I own I'm grown a weaker brother;
'Faith! perſecution is no joke: - - - -
'- - - - I once was going to have ſpoke: - - - -
'Bus'neſs may ſtay till Monday night:
'Tis prudent to be ſure you're right.'

He went his way. I raved and fumed:
To what ill fortune am I doom'd!
But fortune had, it ſeems, decreed
That moment for my being freed.
Our talk, which had been ſomewhat loud,
Inſenſibly the market crowd
Around my perſecutor drew;
And made 'em take him for a Jew.

To

Relligio eſt. At mi; ſum paulò infirmior; unus
Multorum; ignoſces: aliàs loquar.

159. ——— Fugit improbus, ac me
Sub cultro linquit.

160. ——— Hunccine ſolem
Tam nigrum ſurrexe mihi?

163. ——— Caſu venit obvius illi
Adverſarius; et, Quò tu, turpiſſime? magnâ
Inclamat voce; et, Licet anteſtari?

To me the caitiff now appeals;
But I took fairly to my heels;
And, pitileſs of his condition,
On brink of Thames and Inquiſition,
Left him to take his turn and liſten
To each uncircumciſed Philiſtine.
O Phœbus! happy he whoſe truſt is
In thee and thy poetic juſtice.

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168. ——— Ego verò
Oppono auriculam; rapit in jus.
171. ——— Clamor utrinque;
Undique concurſus.
173. ——— Sic me ſervavit Apollo.

THE

FABLE OF JOTHAM:

TO THE

BOROUGH-HUNTERS.

(FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1754.)

"Jotham's Fable of the Trees is the oldeſt that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made ſince that time."

ADDISON.

JUDGES, Chap. ix. v. 8.

OLD Plumb, who tho' bleſt in his Kentiſh retreat,
Still thrives by his oilſhop in Leadenhall-ſtreet,
With a Portugal merchant, a knight by creation,
From a Borough in Cornwall received invitation.
Well-aſſured of each vote, well equip't from the alley,
In queſt of election-adventures they ſally.
Tho' much they diſcourſed, the long way to beguile,
Of the earthquakes, the Jews, and the change of the ſtile,
Of the Iriſh, the ſtocks, and the lott'ry committee,
They came ſilent and tired into Exeter city.

'Some

'Some books, prithee landlord, to paſs a dull hour;
'No nonſenſe of parſons, or methodiſts four,
'No poetical ſtuff—a damn'd jingle of rhimes,
'But ſome pamphlet that's new and a touch on the times.'
'O Lord! ſays mine hoſt, you may hunt the town round,
'I queſtion if any ſuch thing can be found:
'I never was aſk'd for a book by a gueſt;
'And I'm ſure I have all the great folk in the Weſt.
'None of theſe to my knowledge e'er call'd for a book;
'But ſee, ſir, the woman with fiſh, and the cook;
'Here's the fatteſt of carp, ſhall we dreſs you a brace?
'Would you chuſe any ſoals, or a mullet, or plaice?'
'A Place, quoth the knight, we muſt have to be ſure,
'But firſt let us ſee that our Borough's ſecure.
'We'll talk of the Place when we've ſettled the poll:
'They may dreſs us for ſupper the mullet and ſoal.
'But do you, my good landlord, look over your ſhelves,
'For a book we muſt have, we're ſo tired of ourſelves.'
'In troth, ſir, I ne'er had a book in my life,
'But the prayer-book and bible I bought for my wife.'
'Well! the bible muſt do; but why don't you take in
'Some monthly collection? the New Magazine?'
The bible was brought and laid out on the table,
And open'd at Jotham's moſt appoſite fable;

The

The tale of the Trees. This chimed in with their bent:
And Plumb look't for an hint for his planting in Kent.
Sir Freeport began with this verſe, tho' no rhime—
'The Trees of the foreſt went forth on a time,
(To what purpoſe our candidates ſcarce could expect,
For it was not, they found, to tranſplant—but ELECT)
'To the Olive and Fig-tree their deputies came,
'But by both were refuſed and their anſwer the ſame:
'Quoth the Olive, "Shall I leave my fatneſs and oil
"For an unthankful office, a dignified toil?"
"Shall I leave, quoth the Fig-tree, my ſweetneſs and fruit,
"To be envy'd, or ſlaved in ſo vain a purſuit?"
'Thus rebuff'd and ſurprized they apply'd to the Vine,
'He anſwer'd: - - - -
"Shall I leave my grapes and my wine?
"(Wine the ſovereign cordial of god and of man)
"To be made or the tool or the head of a clan?"
'At laſt, as it always falls out in a ſcramble,
'The mob gave the cry for—"a Bramble! a Bramble!
"A Bramble for ever!"—O! chance unexpected!
'But Bramble prevail'd and was duly elected.'—
'O! ho! quoth the knight, with a look moſt profound,
'Now I ſee there's ſome good *in good books* to be found.
'I wiſh I had read this ſame Bible before:
'Of long miles at the leaſt 'twould have ſaved us fourſcore.

'You, Plumb, with your olives and oil might have ſtaid,
'And myſelf might have tarried my wines to unlade.
'What have merchants to do from their buſineſs to ramble?
'Your electioneer-errant ſhould ſtill be a Bramble.'

Thus ended at once the wiſe comment on Jotham,
And our Citizens' jaunt to the borough of Gotham.

THE

FAKEER:

A TALE.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1756.]

PREFACE.

IT ought to be acknowledged, that the plan of the following lines is borrowed from M. Voltaire, who evidently took his hint from a paſſage in Pere le Comte's Hiſtory of China, which it is thought neceſſary to prefix, in order to ſupport and illuſtrate the facts on which the tale is founded.

An Extract from Le Comte's Memoirs and Remarks, &c. Octavo, 1737. Page 335.

The * Bonzes get a great deal of money by doing acts of penance publicly, which the people eſteem them mightily for. I have ſeen them dragging after them a long chain of iron as thick as one's arm, about thirty feet long, faſtened to their neck, waiſt, or legs. Thus it is, ſay they, at every door as they paſs, that we expiate your faults, ſure this deſerves ſome ſmall alms. Others in public places knock their pates with all their force with large bricks, till they are almoſt covered with

---

* Bonze is the general name for a prieſt. The proper term for the poor begging Derviſe is Fakeer; which both in the Turkiſh and Indian Language, ſignifies *poor*. Thoſe of this ſect who retire to deſert places, and practiſe the utmoſt auſterity of faſting and meditation, are called Jauguis; that is, united with God. They ſeem for hours together abſorbed in extacy, ſeeing, as they fancy, the divinity in the appearance of a clear and vivid light at the end of their noſe, which they endeavour to effect by fixing both their eyes equally to that point, with inflexible conſtancy.

with blood. They have ſeveral other * penitential actions; but what I was moſt ſurprized at was this:

One day I met a Bonze in a ſort of ſedan, very cloſe ſhut, the inſide of which was like an harrow full of nails very thick, with their points ſticking out towards the man in the chair, ſo that he could not bend either one way or the other without wounding himſelf. Two fellows were hired to carry him from houſe to houſe, where he begged the people to have compaſſion on him.

He told them he was ſhut up in that chair for the good of their ſouls, and was reſolved never to go out from thence, till they had bought all the nails (of which there were above two thouſand) at the rate of ſixpence a-piece. If you buy any of them, ſays he, you will do an action of heroic virtue, and your alms are not beſtowed on the Bonzes, to whom you may take other opportunities of beſtowing your charity, but to the god FO, in whoſe honour we are going to build a temple. I told him, that he was very unhappy to torment himſelf thus in this world for no good, and did counſel him therefore to come out of his priſon, to go to the temple of the true God, to be inſtructed in heavenly truths, and ſubmit to penance leſs ſevere, but more ſalutary. He was ſo far from being in a paſſion with me, that he anſwered me calmly and courteouſly, that he was much obliged to me for my good advice, and would be more obliged to me ſtill, if I would buy a dozen of his nails, which would certainly make me have a good journey.

Here hold your hand, ſays he, turning on one ſide, take theſe; upon the faith of a Bonze, they are the very beſt in all my ſedan, for they prick me the moſt, yet you ſhall have them at the ſame rate at which I ſell the others.

---

* Some keep a fire always burning on their heads: others tie their heels to a tree, and leaning downwards, are continually ſupplying a fire with wood, that the flame may riſe to their breaſts.

THE

FAKEER;

A TALE.

A FAKEER (a Religious well known in the Eaſt,
Not much like a parſon, ſtill leſs like a prieſt)
With no canting, no ſly jeſuitical arts,
Field-preaching, hypocriſy, learning or parts;
By a happy refinement in mortification,
Grew the oracle, ſaint, and the pope of his nation.
But what did he do this eſteem to acquire?
Did he torture his head or his boſom with fire?
Was his neck in a portable pillory caſed?
Did he faſten a chain to his leg or his waiſt?
No. His holineſs roſe to this ſovereign pitch
By the merit of running long nails in his breech.
A wealthy young Indian, approaching the ſhrine,
Thus in banter accoſts the prophetic divine:
This tribute accept for your intereſt with FO,
Whom with torture you ſerve, and whoſe will you muſt know;
To your ſuppliant diſcloſe his immortal decree;
Tell me which of the heav'ns is allotted for me.

FAKEER.

FAKEER.

Let me firſt know your merits.

INDIAN.

I ſtrive to be juſt:
To be true to my friend, to my wife, to my truſt:
In religion I duly obſerve ev'ry form:
With an heart to my country devoted and warm:
I give to the poor, and I lend to the rich - - - - -

FAKEER.

But how many nails do you run in your breech?

INDIAN.

With ſubmiſſion I ſpeak to your rev'rence's tail;
But mine has no taſte for a tenpenny nail.

FAKEER.

Well! I'll pray to our prophet and get you preferr'd;
Though no farther expect than to heaven the third.
With me in the thirtieth your ſeat to obtain,
You muſt qualify duly with hunger and pain.

INDIAN.

With you in the thirtieth! You impudent rogue!
Can ſuch wretches as you give to madneſs a vogue!
Though the prieſthood of FO on the vulgar impoſe,
By ſquinting whole years at the end of their noſe,

Though

Though with cruel devices of mortification
They adore a vain idol of modern creation,
Does the God of the heav'ns ſuch a ſervice direct?
Can his mercy approve a ſelf-puniſhing ſect?
Will his wiſdom be worſhipp'd with chains and with nails?
Or e'er look for his rites in your noſes and tails?
Come along to my houſe and theſe penances leave,
Give your belly a feaſt, and your breech a reprieve.

This reas'ning unhinged each fanatical notion;
And ſtagger'd our ſaint, in his chair of promotion.
At length with reluctance he roſe from his ſeat:
And reſigning his nails and his fame for retreat;
Two weeks his new life he admir'd and enjoy'd:
The third he with plenty and quiet was cloy'd.
To live undiſtinguiſh'd to him was the pain,
An exiſtence unnoticed he could not ſuſtain.
In retirement he ſigh'd for the fame-giving chair;
For the crowd to admire him, to rev'rence and ſtare:
No endearments of pleaſure and eaſe could prevail;
He the ſaintſhip reſumed, and new larded his tail.

Our Fakeer repreſents all the vot'ries of fame;
Their ideas, their means, and their end is the ſame:
The ſportſman, the buck; all the heroes of vice,
With their gallantry, lewdneſs, the bottle and dice;

The

The poets, the critics, the metaphyſicians,
The courtier, the patriot, all politicians;
The ſtateſman begirt with th' importunate ring,
(I had almoſt completed my liſt with the king)
All labour alike to illuſtrate my tale;
All tortured by choice with th' inviſible nail.

AN

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN AN

EMPTY ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

--------- Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi ----- VIRG.

[FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1756.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

This Poem being a parody on the moſt remarkable paſſages in the well-known epiſtle of Eloiſa to Abelard, it was thought unneceſſary to tranſcribe any lines from that poem, which is in the hands of all, and in the memory of moſt readers.

AN

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN AN

EMPTY ASSEMBLY-ROOM.

IN ſcenes where HALLET's genius has combined
With BROMWICH to amuſe and cheer the mind;
Amid this pomp of coſt, this pride of art,
What mean theſe ſorrows in a female heart?

Ye crouded walls, whoſe well enlightened round
With lovers ſighs and proteſtations ſound,
Ye pictures flatter'd by the learn'd and wiſe,
Ye glaſſes ogled by the brighteſt eyes,
Ye cards, which beauties by their touch have bleſt,
Ye chairs, which peers and miniſters have preſt,
How are ye chang'd! like you my fate I moan,
Like you, alas! neglected and alone - - -
For ah! to me alone no card is come,
I muſt not go abroad—and cannot BE AT HOME.

Bleſt be that ſocial power, the firſt who pair'd
The erring footman with th' unerring card.
'Twas VENUS ſure; for by their faithful aid
The whiſp'ring lover meets the bluſhing maid;
From ſolitude they give the cheerful call
To the choice ſupper, or the ſprightly ball;
Speed the ſoft ſummons of the gay and fair,
From diſtant Bloomſbury to Groſvenor Square;
And bring the colonel to the tender hour,
From the Parade, the Senate, or the Tower.

Ye records, patents of our worth and pride!
Our daily leſſon, and our nightly guide!
Where'er ye ſtand diſpoſed in proud array,
The vapours vaniſh, and the heart is gay;
But when no cards the chimney-glaſs adorn,
The diſmal void with heart-felt ſhame we mourn;
Conſcious neglect inſpires a ſullen gloom,
And brooding ſadneſs fills the ſlighted room.

If but ſome happier female's card I've ſeen,
I ſwell with rage, or ſicken with the ſpleen;
While artful pride conceals the burſting tear,
With ſome forced banter or affected ſneer:
But now grown deſp'rate, and beyond all hope,
I curſe the ball, the ducheſs and the pope.*

And

* The ducheſs of Norfolk, who was a catholic.

And as the loads of borrow'd plate go by,
" Tax it! ye greedy miniſters," I cry.

How ſhall I feel, when Sol reſigns his light
To this proud ſplendid goddeſs of the night!
Then, when her aukward gueſts in meaſure beat
The crouded floors, which groan beneath their feet!
What thoughts in ſolitude ſhall then poſſeſs
My tortur'd mind, or ſoften my diſtreſs!
Not all that envious malice can ſuggeſt
Will ſoothe the tumults of my raging breaſt.
(For envy's loſt amidſt the numerous train,
And hiſſes with her hundred ſnakes in vain)
Though with contempt each deſpicable ſoul
Singly I view,—I muſt revere the whole.
The methodiſt in her peculiar lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
Though ſingle happy, tho' alone is proud,
She thinks of heav'n (ſhe thinks not of a crowd)
And if ſhe ever feels a vap'riſh qualm,
Some * Drop of Honey, or ſome holy balm,
The pious prophet of her ſect diſtils,
And her pure ſoul ſeraphic rapture fills;

Grace

* The title of a book of devotion.

Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring WHITF—D prompts her golden dreams.

Far other dreams my ſenſual ſoul employ,
While conſcious nature taſtes unholy joy:
I view the traces of experienced charms,
And claſp the regimentals in my arms.
To dream laſt night I clos'd my blubber'd eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits ariſe:
Alas! no more; methinks I wand'ring go
To diſtant quarters 'midſt the Highland ſnow,
To the dark inn where never wax-light burns,
Where in ſmoak'd tap'ſtry faded DIDO mourns;
To ſome aſſembly in a country town,
And meet the colonel----in a parſon's gown!!
I ſtart—I ſhriek----

O! could I on my waking brain impoſe,
Or but forget at leaſt my preſent woes!
Forget 'em----how!----each rattling coach ſuggeſts
The loath'd ideas of the crouding gueſts.
To viſit---were to publiſh my diſgrace;
To meet the ſpleen in ev'ry other place;
To join old maids and dowagers forlorn;
And be at once their comfort and their ſcorn!

For

For once to read----with this diſtemper'd brain,
Ev'n modern novels lend their aid in vain.
My MANDOLINE----what place can muſic find
Amid the diſcord of my reſtleſs mind?

How ſhall I waſte this time which ſlowly flies!
How lull to ſlumber my reluctant eyes!
This night the happy and th' unhappy keep
Vigils alike,-----NORFOLK *has murder'd ſleep.*

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

DISAPPOINTED CANDIDATE AND HIS FRIEND.

WHY in ſorrow, my friend, who were always ſo gay?
Have you had any croſs, any loſſes at play?
Whence ariſes this gloom, this uncommon dejection?
Are you jilted in love?

CANDIDATE.

I have loſt my election.

On Sir Politic's family-intereſt I ſtood:
Five hundred, he ſwore they were ſteady and good—
Had faithfully promiſed, nay four had ſubſcribed,
But the day of the poll ev'ry ſcoundrel was bribed.
Two months have I led this damn'd canvaſſing life,
Cajoling ſome ruſtic or ſpeeching his wife.
Plagued, ſurfeited, poiſon'd, and haraſs'd, I'm grown,
Wan, meagre, dejected, and mere ſkin and bone.
This ſure was enough, but at laſt to be beat—
Had this trouble and plague but procured me a ſeat.—

FRIEND.

Prithee ſit thee down here, and theſe vanities end:
And be proud of a ſeat in the houſe of a friend:
Which no art can obtain and no brib'ry procure:
Which true worth, ſenſe, and virtue, alone can inſure.

CANDIDATE.

But while virtue lies buried in mere ſpeculation,
Who muſt act for the public, who care for the nation?
Tho' I pay due regard to the title of friend,
Yet the cares of a patriot muſt further extend;
To his country his preſent, his poſthumous fame;
And 'tis bus'neſs alone can ennoble his name.

FRIEND.

That true fame is the offspring of action 'tis granted,
But a thouſand are buſy for one that is wanted:
This buſineſs, we boaſt of, we daily create,
From an itch to be meddling, important and great.
But to poliſh our parts and our reaſon refine,
Each art is a jewel: each ſcience a mine.

CANDIDATE.

All arts when compared with the art to perſuade,
Seem debaſed to ſome vile and mechanical trade:

To

To ſoothe haughty man and his errors reform,
Or by reaſon averting ſome popular ſtorm,
On the fortunes perhaps of a kingdom decide:
Theſe, theſe are my wiſhes; this ſhould be my pride.
So important a ſervice, ſuch merit, muſt bring
Applauſe from my country; reward from my King.

FRIEND.

Should the Miniſter's jealouſy check your ambition,
What reſource have you then?

CANDIDATE.

What reſource? Oppoſition.
In the Houſe I'd harangue, in the Country declaim,
With my breath blow each popular ſpark to a flame.
I'd purſue the mean wretch to the brink of diſgrace;
Unleſs duly appeaſed by ſome eminent place:
For no honours, no titles, no ribbands I'd have,
Let him deck with thoſe trappings ſome indolent ſlave.

FRIEND.

And are there no charms but in place and employment?
No private delights, no domeſtic enjoyment?
Are the cares for your kindred, your parent, or race,
When compared with the public ſo ſordid and baſe?
Love, friendſhip, philoſophy, learning, and mirth,
Tho' deſpiſed, can they loſe their intrinſical worth?

Now reading, compoſing, diſcourſe, meditation,
Are all terms of contempt or at beſt out of faſhion.
But tho' fame in this age is to bus'neſs confined,
Retirement's the teſt of true greatneſs of mind.
Let reflection divert you from placing your joys
In vain oſtentation, in hurry and noiſe;
Let the good and the virtuous your merits ſpread forth,
In the permanent tribute to perſonal worth.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE

MARRIAGE AND GAME ACT,

BOTH PASSED THE SAME SESSION.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1753.]

THE Parliament roſe, and Miſs Jenny came down
To the ſeat in the country, quite ſick of the town.
She ſtroll'd all alone to partake the ſweet air
In the grove, with the nightingale, linnet, and hare.
Oh! puſs I rejoice beyond meaſure to meet
My companion again in this happy retreat.
I was ſadly afraid—but no poacher will dare,
From henceforward, be ſeen with a gun or a ſnare.
While here I indulge a contemplative life
You may ſkip to the ſound of my paſtoral fife.
Then friſk it ſecurely; for your preſervation
Is, at preſent, the principal care of the nation.
Oh! Miſs, quoth the hare, you are none of thoſe friends
Who in acting for others conſult their own ends:

But

But I fear, let me tell you, thoſe aſſociators
Will be found to our kindred the worſt of all traitors.
'Tis true they protect from the jaws of the clown
The poor innocent game they devote to their own.
And I fear, if ſome fqueamiſh fantaſtical glutton
Should turn up his noſe at your beef or your mutton,
Your father would order a hare to be ſhot,
And, as chance might decree, your poor friend go to pot.
Oh! brittle condition of friendſhip ſo frail,
So rare to eſtabliſh, ſo ſubject to fail!
How plain to foreſee my unfortunate end!
Has the law any better ſecured me my friend?
(The law which would never till now ſee a crime in
The moſt private myſterious ſecrets of Hymen)
By this Act you are ſafe from each amorous ſpark,
From the Enſign, the Curate, the Butler, the Clerk;
But the firſt booby 'Squire that ſhall knock at your gate,
With a crack'd conſtitution and mortgaged eſtate,
Shall transform (then adieu the poor paſtoral life)
The contemplative nymph to a mope of a wife:
With your fortune redeem his confiſcated lands,
And your father the foremoſt to publiſh the banns.

ON THE

APPOINTMENT

OF

LORD TEMPLE

TO BE

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

A Parody of APOLLO's *Speech to* PHÆTON. Ovid. Metam.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1757.]

HIS royal eye his royal foot ſurvey'd,
His left hand with the glitt'ring ſword-knot play'd;
At diſtance due the ſcarlet band appear,
Who move by clock-work with the day and year.
Nearer the youths in gaudy velvets dreſt;
The fair with flow'rets crown'd and naked breaſts;

Autumnal

——— purpurea velatus veſte ſedebat
In ſolio Phœbus, clarâ lucente ſmaragdo,

Verque

Autumnal fronts which various arts repair;
And ſtateſmen, reverend in their ſilver hair.
Then Phæton his gracious Prince beſpoke.
O King! unleſs this change be all a joke,
All Devonſhire's invention, dream or ſport,
Confirm thy promiſe in this crouded court;
Think not that vulgar token I demand,
A rape committed on your royal hand,
That common proſtitute—but on thy life,
O ſpeak to me and whiſper to my wife.
Then thrice the monarch ſhook his anxious head;
At length——Yes——I will ſpeak to thee, he ſaid.
My fleet I give thee for my promiſe ſake,
But 'tis a promiſe I had rather break.

O Phæton!

Verque novum ſtabat cinctum florente coronâ;
Stabat Nuda Æſtas & ſpicea ferta gerebat.
Stabat & Autumnus calcatis ſordidus uvis
Et glacialis Hyems, canos hirſuta capillos.
Phœbe pater, ſi das hujus mihi nominis uſum,
Nec fulſâ Climene culpam ſub imagine celat,
Pignora da genitor, per quæ tua vera propago
Credar, & hunc animis errorem detrahe noſtris.
Pœnituit juraſſe patrem, qui terq quaterq.
Concutiens illuſtre caput, temeraria, dixit,
Vox mea facta tua eſt. utinam promiſſa liceret
Non dare, confiteor, ſolum hoc tibi nate negarem.

Diſſuadere

O Phaeton! conſider what you aſk!
Ev'n for a ſeaman what an arduous taſk!
You're a mere landman, you was never hurl'd
By rapid tempeſts round the rolling world.
The charge you claim aſks ſuch experienced ſkill
As not our cabinet combined could fill.
Not ev'n our William, godlike in command,
Who rolls his dreadful thunders o'er the land,
On this uncertain element would dare ———
And which of you with William ſhall compare?

Perhaps your Lordſhip, judging in your haſte,
Conceives the ſea a place laid out in taſte.
Or, in a calenture, believes the main
Umbrageous verdure and a flow'ry plain:
Temples above and bridges all below ———
Perhaps you fancy 'tis another Stowe.
Alas! th' inſidious element you'll find
By turns to calm, by turns to rage inclined.

Weigh

Diſſuadere licet. non eſt tua tuta voluntas.
Magna petis, Phaeton, & quæ nec viribus iſtis
Munera conveniant, nectam puerilibus annis.
Sors tua mortalis: non eſt mortale quod optas.
Plus etiam quam quod ſuperis contingere fas eſt;
Neſcius affectas.
Vaſti quoque rector Olympi,

Weigh well the ſtorms in each tempeſtuous ſea,
The reſtleſs roll of the Biſcayan bay.
There treach'rous Dunkirk, and Saint Malo's here,
Alike conceal the lurking privateer.
In ſouthern ſeas the uncertain power of Spain,
In northern, dread the more uncertain Dane;
Your iſlands now th' adventurous French invade,
Now prey with eaſe on your defenceleſs trade.
Beſides a ſeaman is a ſtubborn thing,
Much worſe to rule than a ſubmiſſive king.
Judge not by me of this rebellious crew,
Truſt me, my Lord, they more reſemble you.
Yet merchants clam'ring at the chance of war,
Are louder than the patriot or the tar.
Nor think I want my promiſe to evade,
When only this department I diſſuade.

Honours,

Qui fera terribili jaculatur fulmina dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus
Et quid Jove majus habemus?

Forſitan et Lucos illic urbeſq. Deorum
Concipias animo, Delubraque.

——— Per inſidias iter eſt.
Nec tibi quadrupedes animoſos ignibus illis
Quos in pectore habent, quos ore & naribus efflant

In

Honours, preferments, freely chuſe the beſt,
And call promotion from the Eaſt or Weſt;
Thy choice in Ireland, or the Indias make,
And thence a government or penſion take.
Whate'er you aſk you ſurely ſhall obtain,
But to aſk wiſely you muſt aſk again.

In promptu regere eſt. Vix Me patiuntur.

At tu funeſti ne ſim tibi muneris auctor
Nate, cave; dum reſque ſinit tua corrige vota
——— quicquid habet dives circumſpice mundus:
Eque tot ac tantis cœli terræque mariſque

Poſce bonis aliquid, nullam patiere repulſam.
Deprecor hoc unum, quod vero nomine pœna
Non honor eſt. Pœnam Phaeton pro munere poſcis.
Ne dubita; dabitur (Stygias juravimus undas)
Quodcunque optaris. Sed tu ſapientius opta.

AGAINST

INCONSTANCY;

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF ———.

NEVER tell me, my Lord, of the pleaſures of change,
Nor inveigle from home my reluctance to range;
I plead guilty, variety's vot'ry profeſt,
By none more than myſelf her delights are confeſt;
But to aſk where ſhe's found would ſome judgments perplex,
In each woman we find her, but not in the ſex.
Whatever their breeding, their rank, or their name,
In themſelves only various, the ſex are the ſame.
A wife, by your looks, you would tell me grows old,
Oft unſightly in ſhape, and ſhe may be a ſcold:
But poſſeſt of the charms which your ſenſes delude,
In the nat'ral coquet, or unnatural prude,
You may flatter yourſelf all the days of your life,
And you've only obtain'd, what you loath in a wife.
Then invite me no more, my kind tempter, to range,
Like for like is no gain; I ſhall loſe if I change.

TO

Mr. WHITEHEAD,

ON HIS BEING MADE POET LAUREAT.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.]

'TIS ſo—tho' we're ſurpriz'd to hear it:
The laurel is beſtow'd on merit.
How huſh'd is ev'ry envious voice,
Confounded by ſo juſt a choice!
Tho' by preſcriptive right prepared
To libel the ſelected bard.

But as you ſee the ſtateſman's fate
In this our democratic ſtate,
Whom virtue ſtrives in vain to guard
From the rude pamphlet and the card;
You'll find the demagogues of Pindus
In envy not a jot behind us:
For each Aonian politician,
Whoſe element is oppoſition,
Will ſhew how greatly they ſurpaſs us,
In gall and wormwood at Parnaſſus.

Thus

Thus as the ſame detracting ſpirit
Attends on all diſtinguiſh'd merit,
When 'tis your turn, obſerve, the quarrel
Is not with you, but with the laurel.
Suppoſe that laurel on your brow
For cypreſs changed, funereal bough;
See all things take a diff'rent turn!
The very critics ſweetly mourn,
And leave their ſatire's pois'nous ſting,
In plaintive elegies to ſing:
With ſolemn threnody and dirge
Conduct you to Elyſium's verge.
At Weſtminſter the ſurpliced dean
The ſad but honourable ſcene
Prepares. The well-attended hearſe
Bears you amid the kings of verſe.
Each rite obſerv'd, each duty paid,
Your fame on marble is diſplay'd,
With ſymbols which your genius ſuit,
The maſk, the buſkin, and the flute:
The laurel crown aloft is hung:
And o'er the ſculptured lyre unſtrung
Sad allegoric figures leaning—
(How folks will gape to find their meaning!)
And a long epitaph is ſpread,
Which happy You will never read.

But

But hold—the change is ſo inviting,
I own, I tremble while I'm writing.
Yet, WHITEHEAD, 'tis too ſoon to loſe you;
Let critics flatter or abuſe you:
O! teach us, ere you change the ſcene
To Stygian banks from Hippocrene,
How free-born bards ſhould ſtrike the ſtrings,
And how a Briton write to kings.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

BY

MISS POPE,

IN THE

Character of Miſs NOTABLE, *in the* LADY'S LAST STAKE: 1760.

YES——I'm reſolv'd——I'll live and die a Maid.
Expos'd! and jeer'd! abandon'd and betray'd!
Such uſage!——monſtrous——bear it thoſe who can,
Here——I *renounce* that *faithleſs creature*——*Man.*
Sooner in *cells* and *nunneries* I'll *hide*
The juſt reſentment of my injur'd pride,
Than *tame* and *quiet* ſtay *another minute*
In this *vile world*——and not——*make miſchief in it.*
For *ever leave* the *world!*——That's not the worſt——
To be a nun——one muſt be *papiſt* firſt.
To change religion and beyond ſea roam——
But——one may be a *methodiſt* at home.
Hold! to be qualify'd for that, they ſay,
The hopeful convert firſt muſt——go aſtray.

'Tis

'Tis, I've been told, a bleſſed ſituation——
But then——I loathe the odious preparation.
What! can one then deviſe no kind of plan,
Without this *neceſſary evil, Man!*
Can woman ſingly find herſelf no ſtation?
Sinner or ſaint muſt be by his creation!
Why, faith, without him——nothing can be done:
One can——I think——be nothing——but a Nun.
Whatever woman's vanity may boaſt,
He makes the peereſs——and *He* makes the toaſt.
Her *laſt beſt title*——ſhe from *him* derives——
For——to be *widows*——we muſt firſt be *wives.*
To this hard fate is every maiden born:
We can *not* have the roſe without the thorn.
——Then——I give up the world and all its folly,
For ſolitude and muſing melancholy.
Oh! how I long to quit this empty dream,
And fix ſome ſober plan, ſome laſting ſcheme!——
'Twill ſoon be ſettled when I've once begun it.——
I'll go to *Ranelagh—and think upon it.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,

BY

MISS PRITCHARD,

In the Character of MARIA *in the* TAMER TAMED: 1760.

WELL! ſince I've thus ſucceeded in my plan,
And conquer'd this all-conquering tyrant, man,
To *farther conqueſts* ſtill my ſoul aſpires,
And all my boſom glows with *martial* fires.
Suppoſe——a *female* regiment we raiſe———
We muſt———for men grow ſcarceiſh now-a-days,
Now every *man of ſpirit* is enliſted——
Why, ladies———theſe brave lads ſhould be aſſiſted.
The glorious ſcheme my flutt'ring heart bewitches:
But hold———I've promis'd *not to wear the breeches.*
No matter——in this variegated army
We'll find ſome regimentals that ſhall charm ye.
If *plumes* and *lace* recruiting can perſuade,
We'll try to ſhew *our* taſte in *maſquerade.*
My feather here is fitted in a trice:
Then for the creſt, the motto, and device—

Death's

Death's head and bones!——No——we'll have flames and darts!
In Latin mottos men may ſhew their parts,
But *ours* ſhall be true Engliſh——like our hearts.
Our uniform we'll copy from the Greek;
The drapery and emblems true antique:
Minerva's ægis! and *Diana's bow!*—
And thus equipt to *India's* coaſts we'll go.
Temples of gold, and diamond mines we'll rob:
—And every month we'll make a new *Nabob.*
Amid this glorious ſcene of *contributions,*
Spoil, preſents——HOURLY CHANGE and *revolutions,*
While high on ſtately elephants we ride,
Whoſe *feet* can trample European pride,
Think not our COUNTRY we can e'er forget:
We'll *plunder*——*but* to *pay the nation's debt.*
Then there's *America*———we'll ſoon diſpatch it,
This tedious war——when *we take up the hatchet.*
Heroes and *ſoldiers Indian wiles* may catch;
But——in a *woman* they may meet their match.
To *art, diſguiſe,* and *ſtratagem* no ſtrangers,
We fear no hazard, nor once think of dangers
In our true character of *Female Rangers.*

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON AND THE THAMES.

In Imitation of Horace, B. 3. Ode 9.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1763.]

SIR RICHARD.

WHILE fondly I triumph'd alone in your breaſt,
And none elſe to your boſom ſo cloſely you preſt,
No monarch on earth was ſo happy as I:
I envy'd no king of a land that was dry.

THAMES.

HOR. Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quiſquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Perſarum vigui rege beatior.

LYD. Donec non aliâ magis
Arſiſti, neque erat Lydia poſt Chloën;
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HOR.

THAMES.

While you on my banks was contented to ſtray,
With the days and the months I roll'd glibly away.
Nor envy'd I then ('tis no treaſon I hope)
The Tweed her lord Bute, or the Tiber her Pope.

SIR RICHARD.

Piccadilly, it muſt be confeſt, has its charms:
By the proſpect allured I deſerted your arms:
Tho' the cielings were damp and the walls hardly dry,
I'd have gone there tho' Burroughs had ſworn I ſhould die.

THAMES.

Your neighbour, Sir Charles, has employ'd ev'ry art
With reſiſtleſs allurements to raviſh my heart.

To

HOR. Me nunc Creſſa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos et citharæ ſciens:
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata ſuperſtiti.

LYD. Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi:
Pro quo bis patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata ſuperſtiti.

HOR.

To gaze on his charms with delight I could ſtay
From morning to night, from December to May.

SIR RICHARD.

Should your lover prove falſe and abandon your ſhore,
Rebuilding his houſe where 'twas founded before?
Should I, loaded with picture and ſtatue and urn,
To preſent you the ſpoils of the Tiber, return?

THAMES.

Tho' inconſtant in thought you ſhould often be ſtealing
To your loved Piccadilly, or even to Ealing:
Your walls would I claſp in my amorous arms,
And ſwell with delight to contemplate your charms.

HOR. Quid ſi priſca redit Venus,
Diductoſque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYD. Quanquam ſidere pulchrior
Ille eſt; tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adria;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

TO

OZIAS HUMPHRY, Esq.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.]

WE find, in the annals of famed Richmond Hill,
That each touch of the pencil makes work for the quill.
In the morning a picture is ſhewn by Patoun : *
A volume of poems is publiſh'd at noon.
With all the bright tints that the palette affords
Cleopatra is drawn. With the choiceſt of words
That bards of all ranks may contribute to deck her,
The Treas'ry † completes what's begun by th' Exchequer. ‡
But, Humphry, by whom ſhall your labours be told,
How your colours enliven the young and the old ?
And was it for this you indulged in your freak,
To excel all the moderns and rival th' antique,
On ſublime Saint Gotardo to venture your neck ?
No poet d'ye find to extol your deſign,
The glow of your tints, or the grace of your line ?

With

* William Patoun, Eſq. who reſided on Richmond Hill, a gentleman eminent for his ſkill in painting, who had lately finiſh'd a fine picture of Cleopatra.

† Sir Grey Cooper, Secretary to the Treaſury.

‡ Lord Hardwicke, one of the Tellers of the Exchequer.

With lofty Parnaſſus proud Richmond may vie,
And ſpout ev'ry hour her bright ſtreams to the ſky.
Are the founts of the vallies exhauſted and dry?
Then we'll cull from their borders the flow'rs of the mead
To preſent you a wreath not unworthy your head.
The ſwans of ſweet Thames their beſt quills ſhall afford
Your genius, your talent, your life to record;
And ſhall not your Sheridan give you an ode,
To deſcribe ancient Rome and the charms of the road,
With the taſte you acquired in that learned abode?
From that learned abode ſhall Corilla pour forth
Her extempore lays to acknowledge your worth.
From more diſtant Elyſium your Goldſmith ſhall tell his
Old friends at the club how you're praiſed by Apelles.
How Zeuxis admires you, how Raphael fears:
How the ancients and moderns are all by the ears:
What zeal old Protogenes ſhews in your ſervice:
How he treats the great Titian no better than Jervis:
How Proſerpine lately was chuckling to think
She had juſt caught you napping on Phlegeton's brink:
(No mortal ſince Orpheus her fancy could taſte
And only your pencil his lyre had ſurpaſt.)
How ſhe longs to poſſeſs you by force or by ſtealth.
——Now your danger you know——ſo take care of your
health.

MR. WILKES'S SOLILOQUY,

THE DAY BEFORE HIS ELECTION FOR CHAMBERLAIN OF LONDON:

A PARODY *on* CÆSAR'S *Speech in the Boat.*

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA, Lib. 5. l. 559.

THUS far my bark has found a proſp'rous gale,
And though in this my laſt attempt I fail,
I've done enough. Scotland has felt my pen,
Has felt and trembled in her darkeſt den.
Horne I've ſubdued, and Sawbridge to his ſhame
Is but my ſecond in the liſts of fame.
I've taught the mob the ſenate to defeat,
And, ſpite of rule and order, kept my ſeat.

Of

——— Licet ingentes abruperit actus
Feſtinata dies fatis: ſat magna perigi.
Arctoas domui gentes: inimica ſubegi,
Arma metu: vidit magnum mihi Roma ſecundum.
Juſſâ plebe tuli faſces per jura negatos:

Of pow'r and profit I've enjoy'd my ſhare,
Truſtee, Receiver, Treaſurer, Lord Mayor.
And ſince by theſe proud titles made ſo great
That Charon's boat ſhall groan beneath my weight,
What is't to me if 'tis ordain'd my lot,
Unburied with ſome creditor to rot,
I'll ſtill have wine and women whilſt alive,
For Chriſtian burial let the vulgar ſtrive.
My corſe let bailiffs ſeize or ſurgeons tear,
My ſpirit the ſurviving world ſhall fear.

Nulla meis aberit titulis Romana poteſtas.
Me ſciat hoc quiſquam, niſi tu, quæ ſola meorum
Conſcia votorum es, me (quamvis plenus honorum
Et Dictator eam Stygias, et Conſul ad umbras,)
Privatum, Fortuna, mori. Mihi funere nullo
Eſt opus O ſuperi: lacerum retinete cadaver.
Fluctibus in mediis: deſint mihi buſta roguſque
Dum metuar ſemper - - - - - - -

ON

PAINTING;

ADDRESSED TO

MR. PATCH,

A CELEBRATED PICTURE CLEANER.

THY pen in haſte, Thalia, ſnatch,
To ſing of Titian and Carach,—
Baſſan, and Tintoret—and Patch.
'Tis EXETER demands * the ſtrain;
Shall Burleigh's maſter aſk in vain?
Burleigh, the place where every Muſe
Her favourite elegance may chuſe.
For there the Romans and Venetians
Diſplay a ſhew, which all the Grecians,
Whate'er ingenious Webb may ſay,—
Could ne'er have equall'd in their day.
Protogenes and famed Apelles——
The ſtory well enough to tell is,
How one could colour, t'other draw——
But were their colours warm or raw?

Why

* Mr. Patch was at that time employed in cleaning the pictures at Burleigh.

Why nothing now remains to ſhow it,
Except the hiſtorian and the poet.
And ſhall we truſt that wanton tribe
Who all, with fancy's pen deſcribe.
No Patch.—but had thy healing hand
Been preſent in Achaia's land,
Their art divine had now been known,
Their tints in all their luſtre ſhone.
Honours divine you muſt have ſhared,
A mortal with the gods compared.
Did Grecian god or Romiſh ſaint
E'er match the wonders of thy paint?
In miracles you far excel 'em.———
How ſhall the Muſe attempt to tell 'em?
When human forms diſpleaſe your taſte,
Ill drawn, ill colour'd, or ill placed;
Or when unſkilful hand has hurt 'em,
To rock or fountain you convert 'em———
Make Niobe marble, Battus touchſtone,
(Salvator never painted ſuch ſtone)
Or change, like Jove, to bull or ſwan,
Ill moulded horſe or graceleſs man.
Turn we from poets to the church?
You leave all fiction in the lurch,
Tho' beads and reliques oft have fail'd,
Your pencil ever has prevail'd.

The

The holy head of Januarius
Oft in effect has proved precarious;
Nor has the thundering mountain ſtopt
Its lava, tho' his blood has dropt.
But you at once can make it ſtill,
Or run on either side the hill.
Your art miraculous the ſame,
Adminiſter'd to blind or lame.
You cure the darkeſt drop ſerene:
Give eyes to ſee and to be ſeen.
Heal the poor martyr flay'd and rackt,
Shrivel'd and ſcorcht, and torn and hackt.
Reſtore the decollated head,
Revive the dying and the dead.
Your charity you ne'er withhold
From bodies naked, raw or cold;
And when you find an arm or ſhape awry,
Hide the defect with flowing drapery.
When wanton Eve and carnal Adam,
Drunk with that fruit their God forbad 'em,
Lie at their length, in fond embraces,
With bodies naked as their faces,
You cover Adam's limbs and Eve's
With thick feſtoons of flowers and leaves;
So draw the eyes of every prude,
To weep the children in the wood.

Where-

Where'er you ſee ungracious Ham,
Bent to diſcloſe his father's ſhame;
And, ſpite of modeſt Shem and Japhet,
Perſiſt the boozy ſire to laugh at,
You aid the pious brother's cares:
Your delicacy ſuits with theirs.
So when each over-curious elder,
(As if to look for Hans-en-kelder)
Tugs hard, with trembling hand, to lift
The folds of chaſte Suſanna's ſhift;
If Time, whoſe trick is to diſcover,
As much as any tatling lover,
Should make a third with theſe unfolders,
And leave her bare to all beholders;
A veil, by your propitious art,
White and unſpotted as her heart,
O'er the much-injured matron hung,
Shall ſhield her from the cenſuring tongue.
Alcides's ill-directed wife,
Gave him a ſhirt, which coſt his life:
You gave his Omphale a ſhift,
Which proves a better-fated gift,
It ſits ſo gracefully upon her,
And recommends her to his Honour*.

* The Maſter of the Rolls, for whom he had cleaned a picture, and given ſome drapery to the figure of Omphale.

But

But be it ſtill your greateſt praiſe,
From dull obſcurity to raiſe,
From all thoſe evils that aſſault 'em,
From gums, from oils, from deadly ſpaltum;
And give to works almoſt divine,
Once more in native tints to ſhine.
Then I, like Newton's * bard, may write,
Patch waved his bruſh, and all was light.

* Vide the Inſcription on Newton's Monument in Weſtminſter Abbey.

ON

SEEING THE HEAD

OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

Richly gilt, and placed by a celebrated Optician upon the top of a certain Temple, in a conſpicuous part of his Garden on Richmond Hill.

RESOLVED to reſcue Newton's buſt
From dull obſcurity and duſt,
Or the vile purpoſe of a ſign,
And give the demigod a ſhrine;
Firſt o'er his venerable head
The moſt reſplendent *gold* I ſpread:
This obvious and apparent hint
Beſpeaks him *maſter of the mint**.
Next (that the hero might be placed
To ſhew his genius and my taſte)
An inſulated building's top
Affords his contemplation ſcope.
No walls his active eye t' impriſon;
No trees to intercept th' horizon;
Prevent the *planets path* to trace,
And ſpeculate on *time and ſpace*.

* Sir Iſaac Newton was maſter of the mint.

Here

Here be he fixt till reſtleſs love
Of knowledge inſtigates to move,
To depths where *nature* gives to view
Her treaſures to the choſen few.
For as he proves that all things tend
By their own nature to deſcend,
He, by the *laws of gravitation*,
May gain a more convenient ſtation,
From whence his all-exploring eye,
In nature's ſecrets beſt may pry.
There undiscover'd yet, may find
The hidden origin of *wind:*
And, traced from their myſterious ſource,
Detect the *fountains* in their courſe;
With curious obſervation, mark well
How guſhing waters foam and ſparkle;
Compare their luſtre as they paſs
With hues of the *priſmatic glaſs:*
Till, yielding now to his enquiries,
The yet impenetrable *Iris*,
Shall all the various colours ſhew,
That decorate her *wond'rous bow.*

TO A LADY

WHO WAS VERY HANDSOME,

AND HAD ASKED THE AUTHOR HIS OPINION OF THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

DEAR MADAM,

You honoured me with your commands to give you the moſt complete idea of the Witch of Endor;—I can find no way to do it ſo exactly, as by recommending to you to look in the glaſs. You will ſee by this how much I am,

Your devoted humble Servant,

R. O. Cambridge.

A CURIOUS lady bids me ſend her,
My notions of the Witch of Endor;
And I her perſon to deſcribe well,
Shall truſt to nothing but the Bible.
For little ſhall I mind Delany,
Who only writes to entertain ye.
Much leſs the poet or the painter,
Who both with age and wrinkles taint her,
While each for half-a-crown would faint her.
But I, who from my earlieſt youth
Have never writ or ſpoke but truth,
Will ſhew her merits from the Scripture,
Of which they wantonly have ſtripp'd her.

There you will find no word of her age
But much of her addreſs and courage;
Who when ſhe ſaw the daſtard Saul
So weaken'd by his fright and fall,
Diſmay'd with griſly ghoſt of faint,
With vapours and with hunger faint;
She would not do him good by half,
So baked her bread and kill'd her calf,
The time was ſhort; the bread was hot;
No yeaſt or leaven to be got.
The veal, tho' fat, could not be tender.—
—But for the gen'rous Maid of Endor,
Adorn'd with each engaging quality
To ornament her hoſpitality,
Good ſenſe, good humour, truly rich in,
It muſt be own'd ſhe was bewitching.

A PARODY

OF

ACHILLES' SPEECH,

POPE'S HOMER, BOOK FIRST, LINE 309.

Occaſioned by the Author hearing of a Clergyman, who, in a violent fit of Anger, threw his Wig into the Fire, and turned his Son out of Doors.

" NOW by this ſacred perriwig I ſwear,
" Which never more ſhall locks or ringlets bear,
" Which never more ſhall form the ſmart toupee,
" Forced from it's parent head,—(as thou from me);
" Once 'twas live hair; now form'd by th' Artiſt's hand,
" It aids the labours of the ſacred band; " Adds

Now by this ſacred ſceptre hear me ſwear,
Which never more ſhall leaves or bloſſoms bear;
Which ſever'd from the trunk (as I from thee,)
On the bare mountains left it's parent tree;
This ſceptre form'd by temper'd ſteel to prove
An enſign of the delegates of Jove,

Ut ſceptrum hoc (dextrâ ſceptrum nam fortè gerebat)
Nunquam fronde levi fundet virgulta nec umbras:
Cum ſemel in ſylvis imo de ſtirpe reciſum
Matre caret, poſuitque comas et brachia ferro:

" Adds to the Vicar's brow a decent grace,
" And pours a glory round his rev'rend face.
" By this I ſwear, when thou ſhalt aſk again
" My doors to enter, thou ſhalt aſk in vain."
He ſpoke, and furious with indignant ire
Hurl'd the vaſt hairy texture on the fire;
Then ſternly ſilent ſate—the active flame
Remorſeleſs waſtes the ſoft and tender frame:
Writhed to and fro conſumes the tortured hair,
And loſt in ſmoke attenuates to air.

From whom the power of Laws and Juſtice ſprings;
(Tremendous Oath! inviolate to Kings,)
By this I ſwear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, ſhe ſhall call in vain.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
He ſpoke, and furious hurl'd againſt the ground
His ſceptre, ſtarr'd with golden ſtuds around.
Then ſternly ſilent ſate—with like diſdain
The raging King return'd his frowns again.

Olim arbos, nunc artificis manus ære decoro
Incluſit, patribuſque dedit geſtare Latinis.
VIRG. ÆNEID. Lib. xii. l. 206.

A PAROD Y

ON

"DEATH AND THE LADY;"

In a DIALOGUE between Lord NORTH and Lord SANDWICH:

Written extempore, and occasioned by Lord Sandwich's exaggerated praiſe of that compoſition, and his defying Mr. Cambridge, in a large company, to produce any thing of equal merit.

[WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1780.]

LORD NORTH.

PROUD lord of fleets, lay your commiſſion down,
And walk a private man about the town.
I now reſume the ſhining poſt I gave ye,
And you no more muſt lord it o'er the navy.

LORD

DEATH.

Fair lady, lay your coſtly robes aſide,
No longer ſhall you glory in your pride;
Take leave of ev'ry carnal vain delight,
I'm come to ſummon you away to-night.

LADY.

LORD SANDWICH.

What bold attempt is this; will you, my lord,
Preſume to threat or move me from my board?
Muſt I, lord Sandwich, yield to your decree,
Becauſe you're bigger round the waiſt than me?

LORD NORTH.

Reply not to me with a catch-club jeſt,
And know the man with whom you dare conteſt.
Play not with my ſuperior pow'r and worth;
My rank is Premier, and my name is North.

LORD

LADY.

What bold attempt is this? pray let me know,
From whence you come and whither I muſt go;
Muſt I, a Lady, yield to ſtoop and bow
To ſuch a pale-fac'd viſage? Who art thou?

DEATH.

Do you not know me? Well; I'll tell you then,
'Tis I that conquer all the ſons of men:
No pitch of Honour from my dart is free;
My name is Death; have you not heard of me?

LADY.

LORD SANDWICH.

Thy power and worth are not to me unknown;
But ſtill I think more highly of my own:
For while the Fleet is my peculiar care,
I awe the French, the Spaniard, and Lord Mayor.

LORD NORTH.

Great is your power, but greater my command;
You preſs the City; but I tax the Land;
And, as my various Features ſmile or pout,
So ſure this man comes in, and that goes out.

LORD

LADY.

Yes; I have heard of thee time after time;
But being in the glory of my prime,
I did not think you wou'd have call'd ſo ſoon.
What! muſt my morning ſun go down at noon?

DEATH.

Talk not of noon; you may as well be mute;
It is no longer time for to diſpute;
Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments leave,
Your houſe and land muſt all new maſters have.

LADY.

LORD SANDWICH.

The brave with tyrant miniſters conteſts;
Inſtead of ſpeeches now I'll write proteſts;
Call back the thunderſtruck ſeceding crew,
Inſtead of going out, I'll turn out you.

LORD NORTH.

Call not for them, their ſkill will never do,
They know what 'tis to ſtarve; and ſo ſhall you.
I'll hear no more, I'm ſummon'd by the King;
And ſo — you may proteſt, or ſpeak, or ſing.

LADY.

Come all you learned doctors, try your ſkill;
And let not Death of me obtain his will;
Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find;
My gold ſhall fly like chaff before the wind.

DEATH.

Call not for them; their ſkill will never do;
They are but mortals here as well as you:
Mine is a fatal ſtroke, my dart is ſure;
That wound I now will give—and none ſhall cure.

AN INVITATION

TO A BALL AT LADY COOPER'S:

WRITTEN BY SIR GREY COOPER, 1781;

And occaſioned by Mr. CAMBRIDGE having ſpoken in Admiration of the DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.

EVER a juſt and elegant *Spectator*
Of beauty, grace, and all the charms of nature,
Your moral wit with Addiſon might ſhare
The truſt of *Guardian* to the Britiſh fair:
With you converſing with delight we feel
You could with perfect eaſe out *Tatler* Steele:
You've writ the beſt things in the *World*, and ſure
Your taſte ſurpaſſes far the *Connoiſſeur:*
A *Rambler* too you've been, and like the *Bee*,
Gather'd ſweet ſpoils from ev'ry flow'r and tree.
At laſt you turn *Adventurer*, and fly
Too near the flame of Devonſhire's bright eye.
That charming flame whoſe animating ray
Would tempt e'en Dædalus to ſoar aſtray:
Again your wings to burn you ſeem t' aſpire;
You are no child, and do not dread the fire.

But,

But, ah! beware the fable's fatal end,
And e'er too late take caution from a friend:
Come hither with your Icarus and try
A flight together in our middle ſky;
That region has its ſtars; tho' not ſo bright,
They ſhed a milder and a ſafer light.

ANSWER.

You've dreſs'd me out in borrow'd rags and tatters
Of *Ramblers*, *Guardians*, *Tatlers*, and *Spectators*;
You've given me wings to fly from pole to pole,
"With thoughts beyond the reaches of my ſoul."
To claims like theſe I've not the leaſt pretence,
Reſume them all, and grant me *Common Senſe*. *

* Another periodical paper, which Sir Grey omitted.

THE
PROGRESS OF LIBERTY.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1790.]

WHAT progreſs does Liberty make ev'ry week!
How quick from Verſailles has ſhe reach'd Martinique!
And ſo ſoon will her power all the Indies ſubdue,
We ſhall ſee her dominion extend to Peru;
For now to her ſtandard ſo great the reſort is,
Her conqueſts ſhe's ſpreading much quicker than Cortez.
At the rate ſhe goes on, ſhe will ſoon be poſſeſt
Of all hearts that too long have been ſlaves in the Weſt.
Then Eaſtward ſhe'll bend—'tis but croſſing the ocean—
And ſhe'll put the Poiſſardes of Morocco in motion.
Now, turning Algiers, and the kingdoms piratical,
Into popular boroughs and ſtates democratical;
In Egypt, a new conſtitution and laws
Shall end the contention, of Beys and Baſhaws.
But how ſhall ſhe paſs by the ſtrict Dardanelle?
How teach ſuch inveterate ſlaves to rebel?
How impreſs on the children of predeſtination
Thoſe maxims which tend to ſuch ſtrange reformation?
That tyranny turn to a free common-weal,
To états-généreaux, and a hotel-de-ville?

How

How make the Vizier ſuch a poor renegade,
As to change his three tails for a Chriſtian cockade?
Should Conſtantinople embrace the idea,
Sure nothing will eaſier yield than Crimea;
For we know that the mighty Tartarian Cham,
Submitted to Ruſſia, as meek as a lamb!
Content to reſign on the very firſt notice,
Bag and baggage he ſail'd o'er the Palus Mæotis.
From the Crim', the divinity lands at Oczakow,
Then hey! for her favourite Veto at Cracow!
If ſhe meet, in her road, hyperborean Kate,
She may chance to perſuade that ſublime autocrate,
'Ere ſhe quits this vain world, to adopt her opinions,
And preſent her to all her extenſive dominions.
Now in haſte over Sweden and Denmark ſhe wanders,
To ſee how her pupils are acting in Flanders.
From thence to Great Britain ſhe travels with ſpeed,
And, perch'd on the pillar in famed Runnymead,
She ſurveys the whole iſland, and finds it in awe
Of no pow'r upon earth, but of juſtice and law;
With no wrongs to redreſs, and no rights to reſtore;
She has all ſhe can wiſh, and ſhe aſks for no more.

ON SEEING THIS MOTTO TO A FRENCH PAPER:

"DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI."

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1793.]

TO die for one's country, I grant is DECORUM,
To eſtabliſh the rights of mankind or reſtore 'em.
But I firſt muſt be ſure of my facts ere I full ſee
That the fate of the bleeding Pariſians is DULCE.
Moſt men with poor Agag agree that 'tis "bitter,"
And for *Frenchmen* I find 'tis an epithet fitter.
Have they died like the heroes of Rome or of Greece?
No.—They ſuffer their fate from another's caprice.
And when not in the humour to die, they are martyr'd;
So, without their conſent, they are hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.
As a tax it is frequently levied; but no man
Has made a free gift of his life like a Roman.
Their zealous compatriots have ſaved them the labour;
Each man is ſo buſy in hanging his neighbour.
Which has made the mere mob ſuch expert undertakers,
By performing the funeral rites of the Bakers.

To die, in fine language, is noble and ſpecious,
But who dies like a Paulus, * a Curtius or Decius,
Devoted for Rome? or the Theban † Menæcius?
Let me ſee *ſuch* examples of virtue, before I
Acknowledge 'tis DULCE PRO PATRIA MORI.
But leſt you ſhould think that I talk like a tory,
Of Livy and Tacitus read the hiſtory:
Examine the tales which they tell for their glory,
And you'll find that of France a quite different ſtory.

* - - - - - - - - - - Animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum. HOR.

† Menæcius—edito oraculo largitus eſt patriæ ſuum ſanguinem.
CICERO TUSC.

TO

A FRIEND,

WHO WAS A GREAT ASTRONOMER,

Recommending the Bearer as a proper Perſon to take Care of his Cows.

OLD Ovid tells, (as I and you know,)
A tale of Jupiter and Juno:
She, jealous huſſy, thought her cows
Were fatal to his marriage vows;
And, ſwallowing ev'ry's goſſip's lies,
Beſet him with the ſtrangeſt ſpies:
Old Argus with his hundred eyes.
With two he ſlept, and watch'd with four;
The raſcal ogled with a ſcore.—
Well, but to leave the ancient ſtory,
How is it in the caſe before ye?
Your rooted paſſion for your cows,
Diſturbs the quiet of your ſpouſe:
This youth, I prophecy, ſhe'll find
A faithful Argus to her mind;
Whoſe vigilance and care ſupplies
The want of number in his eyes.

While

While you, ſo practiſed to ſurvey,
Thro' Storer's * glaſs, the *milky* way,
Shall there find out a proper ſtation,
To form a ſplendid conſtellation;
When you and Joe, your wife and cow,
Shall leave your dairy here below.

* A celebrated Optician.

A FREE TRANSLATION OF BOILEAU;

Epiſt. 1. l. 61.

Applied to the immoderate Ambition of France.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1801*.]

THUS of Pyrrhus, enquired his old Tutor and friend:
Theſe elephants, ſoldiers, and ſhips, to what end?
PYR. To the ſiege; for I've oft' been invited to come,
And with glory to conquer all-conquering Rome.
TUT. I agree that great glory from thence would enſue,
And 'tis worthy alone Alexander or you.
After ſuch an exploit, there's no more to be done.—
PYR. Yes—the countries that border on Rome muſt be won.
TUT. Any more? PYR. Don't you ſee Syracuſe is ſo near.
TUT. Any more? PYR. Give me that, and to Carthage I ſteer.
TUT. Now I ſee, you're reſolved to be maſter of all,
The near, and the diſtant, the great and the ſmall;
And I plainly perceive you will not be at reſt,
Till you've tried all the Eaſt, when you've conquer'd the Weſt.

* The Author was then in his 85th year.

So

So Egypt is yours. Your Ambition then ranges,
And bears you away to the Tigris and Ganges.
But when crown'd with ſucceſs and with glory you tire us,
What's left to be done, when return'd to Epirus?

PYR. Why to feaſt on good cheer, and good liquor to quaff;
And, forgetting our labours, to ſit down and laugh.

TUT. Then why ſhould we travel to Egypt and Rome?
Who forbids us to laugh without *ſtirring from home?*

EPIGRAMS.

1.

ID CINEREM AUT MANES CREDIS *curare* SEPULTOS.
VIRG.

THUS Flavia exclaim'd, when beholding the coffin,
Which her dear loving ſpouſe to the Abbey went off in;
" And why might not I, like the Braminy dames,
" Leap to his dear arms, through the midſt of the flames;
" Here, Jenny, go ſend for a load of dry faggots, ;——
" But hold!—They may ſay theſe are whimſies or maggots.
" Would it give his dear manes the *ſmalleſt concern?*
" Would his aſhes be much *diſcompoſed* in their urn?
" If I ſay with St. Paul " Better marry than burn."

2. ON

2.

ON MEETING AT MR. GARRICK'S

An AUTHOR very ſhabbily dreſt in an old velvet Waiſtcoat, on which he had ſewed Embroidery of a later date.

THREE waiſtcoats, in three diſtant ages born,
The bard with faded luſtre did adorn.
The firſt in velvet's figured pride ſurpaſt;
The next in 'broidery; in both the laſt.
His purſe and fancy could no further go,
To make a third he join'd the former two.

3.

QUIN'S DEATH.

THY death ſhall provide us a general treat,
At this critical epoch all creatures ſhall eat.
To thy tomb each voracious inſect ſhall haſte,
In thine entrails to batten: luxurious repaſt!
May the worm be full-gorged in thy liver and heart:
May'ſt thou ſurfeit the grub with ſome delicate part:
May the poet too dine, who adorns thee with verſe,
And drunk be the parſon who prays by thy herſe.*

* And fat be the gander who feeds on thy grave. BATH GUIDE.

The laſt line alludes to a ſtory told of a clergyman, who diſgraced himſelf and his profeſſion by hard drinking, and who boaſted, that at a ſupper after Thomſon's funeral, he left Quin drunk under the table, whilſt he was able to walk home.

4.

ACTEON NO CUCKOLD.

I ne'er can agree on
The tale of Acteon,
With a moral ſo much miſapplied;
As by wits who ſuppoſe,
They may claſs him with thoſe,
Who have err'd in the choice of a bride.
But Diana undreſt,
Was too tempting a jeſt,
To be loſt on ſo curious a wag;
So the goddeſs in wrath
Leap'd out of the bath,
And turn'd the raſh youth to a ſtag,

5.

IMITATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is a honey-moon in works of Taſte,
Which gazed on for awhile, grows full and ſplendid;
But in the wane is waſting to obſcurity,
Shorn of its beams by wanton criticiſm,
Or hourly fading through ſatiety.

6.

THE HISTORIAN IN LOVE:

AN IMPROMPTU,

On the AUTHOR seeing his Daughter reading the Life of Mr. GIBBON, just after she had been assisting Lady NEWDIGATE in a Charity for distressed Ribbon Weavers.

Now Charlotte has done with the Newdigate ribbon,
She gives all her leisure to luminous Gibbon,
Who laments how in Oxford the colleges stunk
Of mild ale, and the pipes of the indolent Monk.
Then soon as the stripling grew up to a Man,
He relates the reception he met at Lausanne.
He begins with the learned and ends with the fair,
— He saw, and he loved—'twas an object so rare,
That all gifts she possest both of nature and art,
And she offer'd her lover a virtuous heart.
So he wish'd to go back to the Mountains to thank her,
But he heard, in his absence, she'd married a banker*.

* This banker was Monsr. Neckar, who supplanted the historian in the lady's affections during his absence.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

7.

OCCASIONED BY THE CONDUCT OF THE FRENCH TOWARDS THE POPE IN THE YEAR 1794.

In times of old, at War's imperious call,
England has oft "Robb'd Peter to pay Paul."
France, her enormous reck'ning to defray,
Peter has robb'd, but Paul will never pay.

8.

ON SEEING A DECENT-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN COME DOWN A STAIRCASE IN CLEMENT'S-INN:

A PARODY of JANE SHORE's Speech. Act 1ſt. Scene the laſt.

YES! Man, that lawleſs libertine, may ſin
In ev'ry corner of St. Clement's-Inn.
But Woman! if ſhe clamber in the dark
The vice-worn ſtaircaſe of ſome lawyer's clerk,
A *writ of error* blots her ſpotleſs name;
A *habeas corpus* ever damns her fame.

9.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

Who complained of one Relation who gave late Breakfaſts on account of long Prayers,—and of another who gave bad Dinners.

Our ghoſtly guides, to Heav'n who point the way,
Enjoin this golden precept—Faſt and Pray.
How well, O pious youth, thy days are paſs'd,
Who pray with *Sanctus* and with *Parcus* faſt.

10.

LINES GIVEN EXTEMPORE

To Doctor Monsey, *Phyſician to Chelſea Hoſpital,*
Upon his expreſſing Surprize that the Scribleriad was not more known and talked of.

Dear doctor, did you ever hear I had
So piqued myſelf on the Scribleriad,
That every penſioner of Chelſea,
The learning and the wit ſhould well ſee;
Enough for me if only one ſee,
But let that one be doctor Monſey.

11:

THE FOLLOWING FRENCH LINES

Being put into Mr. Cambridge's Hand, by a Friend who ſeemed ſomewhat too partial to this ſpecies of French Writing, he was induced to tranſlate them, for the Sake of introducing the two concluding Lines, which expoſe the *falſe Wit*, and give a juſt Ridicule to the Idea of *dying for Love.*

Quand vous venez dans ces vergers
Voyez les meux que vous y faites
Vos yeux font mourir les Bergers
Et votre gozier les Fauvettes
Qui chantera donc le printems
Quand il n'y a plus d'oiſeau ni d'amans.

Each ſhepherd falls a victim to your eye,
Thrill'd by your notes the birds for envy die;
Henceforth in deſerts muſt you ſing alone,
When all the lovers and the bards are gone.
Yet ſome *blind* bard may ſtrike the ſocial ſtring;
And a *deaf* nightingale in ſafety ſing.

12.

A NOTE TO THE AUTHOR.

At Church, or at Buſhy, your ſabbath d'ye ſpend,
Your mind to regale or your morals to mend?
If the former, I leave you the Devil to cheat;
If the latter, I beg to have part of the treat.

HIS ANSWER.

Why your Lordſhip is now ſo impatient to ſearch,
If I'm paſſing my hours with the State or the Church,
I was puzzled—but now I perceive, on the whole,
So you get but my news, you don't care for my ſoul.

13.

ON SEEING A TAPESTRY CHAIR-BOTTOM BEAUTIFULLY WORKED BY HIS DAUGHTER FOR MRS. HOLROYD.

[WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1793.]

While Holroyd may boaſt of her beautiful bottom,
I think of what numberleſs ills may beſpot 'em:
'Tis true they're intended for clean petticoats;
But beware of th' intruſion of bold Sanculottes;
Who, regardleſs of Charlotte's moſt elegant ſtitches,
May rudely ſit down without linen or breeches:
Would you know from what quarter the miſchief may come,
When the batt'ry's unmaſk'd then beware of the *bomb*.

14. A TRANS-

14.

A TRANSLATION

Of the following Epigram in the Eton collection.

ΛΟΥΚΙΛΛΙΟΥ.

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
Καὶ, τί ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;
Ἡδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδὲν, φίλε, φησὶ, φοβηθῇς.
Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρήζομον, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.

As ——— was ſtepping out of bed,
A lurking Mouſe he ſpies;
And thus, alarm'd with ſudden dread,
Aloud to Tony cries:
Tony make haſte—the trap prepare——
I ſee the raſcal dodging.——
Friend, quoth the Mouſe, you need not fear,
I come but for a lodging;
Nor plant that dreadful engine there,
To catch me by the neck faſt;
For ſurely I had ne'er come here,
If I had wanted breakfaſt.

VERSES

ADDRESSED

AT VARIOUS TIMES

TO

R. O. CAMBRIDGE, Esq.

By HENRY BERKLEY, Esq.

[WRITTEN ABOUT THE YEAR 1739.]

CARMINA SUNT DICENDA NEGET QUIS CARMINA GALLO?

VIRG.

THO' all the ſilly world, my Friend,
Thy manners, and thy life commend,
Nor Envy's ſelf would grudge to ſwear
Thou'rt honeſt, open, and ſincere;
'Tis true perhaps in Proſe; but then
In Verſe thou'rt clean another Man:
Generous in all things elſe, and free,
A very Jew in poetry.
For who but Shylock (with a ſtore
That makes all other plenty poor,
A touch like Midas that refines
All ſubjects ſtrait to ſterling lines)
Would not unrecompenſed beſtow
Thoſe riches which ſo freely flow,
Rather than poorly condeſcend
T' accept vile uſance from a friend,
Which he, I'm ſure, muſt toil to give,
And you unſatisfied receive?

Aſk verſe of him who knows to ſing,
His well-tuned lyre bid Davies* bring,
And boldly ſtrike the docile ſtring;
† Drawn by the pow'r of that ſweet ſound,
The liſt'ning herds ſhall gaze around;
Whilſt from the deep and oozy bed
Sabina rears her aweful head,
And, as his notes harmonious glide,
Forgets to roll her ample tide.
Ah, Cambridge! may the chatt'ring pie
With Philomela's muſic vie,
Then ſhall be heard my Clio's tongue,
Where you and Davies deign a ſong.
Mine's but a lame and ſullen Muſe,
A Flemiſh frow in wooden ſhoes,
Scarce once a luſtre ſmiles, and then
Moſt people think ſhe does but grin.
‡ However when ſhe's in the vein,
I thank my ſtars, and eaſe my brain:

* A friend of the Author and of Mr. Cambridge, who was a very elegant poet.

† Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca, - -
Et mutata ſuos requierunt flumina curſus. VIRG. Ec. 8.

‡ Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit
Pennas reſigno quæ dedit et meâ
Virtute me involvo probámque.
Pauperiem ſinè dote quæro.
Lib. 3. HOR. OD. 29.

But

But if ſhe frown, why farewell ſhe
With all her medley trumpery,
With all her fuſtian, forced conceit,
And limping rhimes, and would-be wit:
I'm careleſs when, or how ſhe goes,
Content with truth and humble proſe.
Yet † ****** if kind Jove to-day,
Deſcend in turtle and tokay,
To-morrow o'er a chop at Dolly's
Calls gluttony the worſt of follies;
So you, with dainties cloyed at home,
For change to me full wiſely come;
My homely board ſhall ſet you right,
Shall wet your blunted appetite,
Reſtore your judgment to its tone,
And teach you how to prize your own.

† Jupiter et læto deſcendet plurimus imbri.

VIRG. Ec. 7.

VERSES

LEFT ON A PEDESTAL

BENEATH A ROW OF ELMS IN MR. CAMBRIDGE'S GROUNDS, 1760*.

YE† green hair'd nymphs, whom Pan allows,
To guard from harm theſe favour'd boughs;
Ye blue-eyed Naïads of the ſtream,
That ſoothe the warm poetic dream;
Ye elves and ſprights, that, thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic meaſures uncontroul'd,
Your fairy ſports and revels hold,
And up and down where'er ye paſs,
With many a ringlet print the graſs;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your power,
At morn's grey dawn or evening hour,
If e'er by moon-light on the plain,
Your ears have caught th' enraptured ſtrain,
From every flow'ret's velvet head,
From reveren'd Thames's oozy bed,

* Mr. Cambridge never learned who was the author of theſe elegant verſes.

† The firſt line is borrowed from an Ode by Mr. Maſon, publiſhed in Dodſley's Collection. *Note by the Author.*

From theſe moſs'd elms, where priſon'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes ye ſleep;
If theſe your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, ariſe, and hear my prayer!
O baniſh from this peaceful plain,
The perjured nymph, the faithleſs ſwain;
The ſtubborn heart, that ſcorns to bow,
And harſh rejects the honeſt vow;
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that ſenſe would bluſh to hear,
Or falſe to honour, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot ſtain:
The light coquet, with various art,
Who caſts her net for every heart,
And, ſmiling, flatters to the chaſe,
Alike the worthy and the baſe:
The dame, who, proud of virtuous praiſe,
Is happy if a ſiſter ſtrays,
And conſcious of unſullied fame,
Delighted ſpreads the tale of ſhame.
But far, O baniſh'd far be they,
Who hear, unmoved, the orphan's cry,
Who ſee, nor wiſh to wipe away,
The tear that ſwells the widow's eye.
The unloving man, whoſe narrow mind
Diſdains to feel for human kind,

At other's bliſs, whoſe cheek ne'er glows,
Whoſe breaſt ne'er throbs with other's woes,
Whoſe hoarded ſum of private joys - - - -
His private care alone deſtroys - - -
Ye fairies caſt your ſpells around,
And guard from ſuch this hallow'd ground!
But welcome all, who ſigh with truth,
Each conſtant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
(Sweet union of the willing mind!)
Hearts pair'd above, not meanly ſold,
Law-licenſed proſtitutes for gold.
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The choſen few, the worthy train,
Whoſe ſteady feet, untaught to ſtray,
Still tread where virtue points the way;
Whoſe ſouls no thought, whoſe hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own;
Who, torn with pain, or ſtung with care,
In other's bliſs can claim their part,
And in life's brighteſt hour can ſhare
Each pang that wrings another's heart.
Ye guardian ſpirits, when ſuch ye ſee,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free;
Clear be the ſky from clouds or ſhow'rs!
Green be the turf, and freſh the flow'rs!

And

And that the youth, whoſe pious care
Lays on your ſhrine this honeſt prayer,
May with the reſt admittance gain,
And viſit oft this pleaſant ſcene;
Let all who love the muſe attend—
Who loves the Muſe is Virtue's friend.
Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear,
Whoſe wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race,
Whom Virtue and her friends approve,
Whom CAMBRIDGE and the Muſes love.

T. S.

FROM

GEORGE BIRCH, Esq.*

ON RECEIVING A LETTER FROM MR. CAMBRIDGE IN JANUARY 1782, FRANKED BY GEORGE SELWYN.

WHAT leſs than wit could be expected
From what a Selwyn's pen directed?
Whatever comes in ſuch a guiſe,
Meets Mirth on tiptoe in our eyes;

* Author of ſome much admired LOVE ELEGIES; the Second Edition of which is dedicated to Mr. CAMBRIDGE, and publiſhed 1777.

And

And Fancy chuckles at the thought,
What ſuch a ſignature has brought?
But ſay what needs the pen of two,
For that one pen within can do?
A pen, that always can, at pleaſure,
Command our laughter without meaſure;
Laughter!—away with niggard praiſe,
That can delight—ten thouſand ways;
Such wit had current paſs'd alone,
Tho' Selwyn's fun had ne'er been known,
And muſt for ever ſtand the teſt,
When each Bon Mot is gone to reſt.
What's the preſervative you'll ſay,
That will enſure it from decay?
'Tis ſterling ſenſe that guides the whole,
Temper'd by candour's mild controul;
Unfailing titles to engage,
Applauſe and love from every age!

Thou art a Retailer of Phrases;
And dost deal in Remnants of Remnants,
Like a Maker of Pincushions.

Congreve's Way of the World, Act IV. Scene 9

THAT readineſs at quotation, which diſtinguiſhed the AUTHOR, furniſhed the paſſage from Congreve's admirable comedy, upon which the humour of this PICTURE is founded. It occurred to him, at a time when the preſs was daily iſſuing freſh anecdotes relative to Dr. Johnſon; in which, not only the moral wiſdom and critical ſagacity of that diſtinguiſhed writer are diſplayed, but every trifling or unguarded expreſſion that had fallen from him in the liſping of childhood, or in the feebleneſs of age; and even under the influence of a morbid depreſſion of mind, are not leſs induſtriouſly circulated. So unjuſtifiable an indulgence of the public curioſity may well be ſuppoſed to excite the diſpleaſure of the Doctor, whoſe Ghoſt is here repreſented as appearing to his Biographer, to remonſtrate with him upon the indiſcretion of ſuch a proceeding. The alarm expreſſed by the hiſtorian at being diſcovered by his old friend in the midſt of this employment, may ſerve as a uſeful hint to others who are daily manufacturing their pineuſhions, out of every ſcrap and remnant of anecdote they can pick up and patch together. Happening to have an artiſt in his houſe, he employed him to execute the humorous ideas which had thus ſtruck his fancy, and which affords a ſpecimen of his inventive genius in the ſiſter art to poetry.

It may be right to add, that the Author's delicacy upon the ſubject of all perſonality, made him embrace the earlieſt opportunity of ſhewing it to Mr. Boſwell, who was ſo much delighted with the humour of the deſign and the juſtneſs of the criticiſm, that he ſtrongly ſolicited to have it engraved. The Editor conſiders this as ſufficient authority for the preſent publication of it; and it is here given as an appoſite frontiſpiece to theſe Eſſays, from its partaking of the ſame good humoured ſatire with which they abound. It will be more acceptable, as being a ſtriking likeneſs of Dr. Johnſon's figure, and the only whole length of him ever publiſhed.

(To face the Engraving of Dr. Johnſon's Ghoſt.)

ESSAYS

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N° 50. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1753.

Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi cauſa videndi?
VIRG.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

THOUGH I am a conſtant inhabitant of this town, which is daily producing ſome new improvement in the polite and elegant arts, in which I intereſt myſelf, perhaps to a degree of enthuſiaſm, and have always a thouſand reaſons for not leaving it a ſingle day; yet I cannot help ſtill accoſting my friends, upon their firſt arrival from the country, with the uſual queſtion at this time of the year, 'Well, Sir, what brings you to town?' The anſwer has always varied according to the circumſtances of the perſon aſked: 'To ſee the new bridge; to put a ſon to Weſtminſter; the inns of

court, the army, &c. To hear the new opera; to look out for a wife; to be in fortune's way at the drawing of the lottery; to print a ſermon; a novel; the ſtate of the nation, &c. &c.; to kiſs hands for an employment; to be elected fellow of the Royal Society; to conſult Doctor Ward; to be witneſs for Mrs. Squires.' In ſhort, the reaſons given are infinite, and I am afraid the detail has been already tedious. But I muſt obſerve, that the moſt general motive of the men has been to buy ſomething they wanted, and of the ladies to buy ſomething they did not want.

This year, indeed, that general reaſon has given place to another, which is not only general but univerſal; for now, aſk whom you will what he is come up for, he draws up all his muſcles into a moſt devout gravity, and with an important ſolemnity anſwers you, 'To repeal the Jew bill.' This religious anxiety brings to my mind the political zeal, no leſs warm or univerſal, in the year ten. I remember I then met with a Welch collier who aſked me for a halfpenny, telling me he was ſtarving here, as were his wife and children two hundred miles off. As I knew him by his dialect to be of a good family, I expreſſed to him my ſurprize that he would leave his principality to come into a country where they paid ſo little regard to the antiquity of his houſe, or the length of his pedigree; and deſired that he would tell me why he came to London. He immediately ſwelled with all the pride of his anceſtors, put his arms a kimbow, and anſwered, 'To pull down the French king.'

But

But the worſt reaſon for coming to London that I ever heard in my life, was given me laſt night at a viſit by a young lady of the moſt graceful figure I ever beheld; it was, 'to have her ſhape altered to the modern faſhion.' That is to ſay, to have her breaſts compreſſed by a flat, ſtrait line, which is to extend croſs-wiſe from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, and alſo to deſcend, ſtill in a ſtrait line, in ſuch a manner, that you ſhall not be able to pronounce what it is that prevents the uſual tapering of the waiſt. I proteſt, when I ſaw the beautiful figure that was to be ſo deformed by the ſtay-maker, I was as much ſhocked, as if I had been told that ſhe was come to deliver up thoſe animated KNOWLS of beauty to the ſurgeon. —I borrow my terms from gardening, which now indeed furniſhes the moſt pregnant and exalted expreſſions of any ſcience in being——And this brings to my mind the only inſtance that can give an adequate idea of my concern. Let us ſuppoſe that Mr. Browne ſhould, in any one of the many Elyſiums he has made, ſee the old terraces riſe again and maſk his undulating knowls, or ſtraight rows of cut trees obſcure his nobleſt configurations of ſcenery. When lord Burlington ſaw the rebuilding of St. Paul's by Sir C. Wren, the remembrance of the front which had been deſtroyed, and his partiality to the work of his admired Inigo Jones, drew from him the following citation. 'When the Jews ſaw the ſecond temple, they wept.' I own (though no Jew) I did the ſame, when I heard that the moſt beauteous remain of nature's architecture

chitecture was so soon to be deſtroyed; and could not help reciting those once-admired lines in the Henry and Emma,

> *No longer ſhall the* BODDICE, *aptly laced,*
> *From thy* FULL BOSOM *to thy* SLENDER WAIST,
> *That air and* HARMONY *of* SHAPE *expreſs,*
> FINE *by* DEGREES, *and* BEAUTIFULLY LESS;
> ——— *An horſeman's coat ſhall hide*
> *Thy* TAPER *ſhape and* COMELINESS *of* SIDE.

Obſerve the force of every word; and as a teſtimony that this excellent writer was peculiarly happy in the expreſſion, COMELINESS of SIDE, the niceſt obſerver of our times, who is now publiſhing a moſt rational Analyſis of Beauty, has choſen for the principal illuſtration of it, a pair of ſtays, ſuch as would fit the ſhape deſcribed by the judicious poet; and has alſo ſhewn by drawings of other ſtays, that every minute deviation from the firſt pattern is a diminution of beauty, and every groſſer alteration a deformity.

I hear that an ingenious gentleman is going within theſe few days to publiſh a treatiſe on Deformity. If he means artificial as well as natural deformity, he may make his work as voluminous as he pleaſes. A few books of travels will furniſh him with abundant inſtances of head-moulders, face-ſqueezers, noſe-parers, ear-ſtretchers, eye-painters, lip-borers, tooth-stainers, breast-cutters, foot-ſwathers, &c. &c. all modelled by faſhion, none by taſte. Whenever taſte or ſenſe ſhall interpoſe to amend, by a ſlight improvement, the mere deficiencies in the human figure, we may ſee by a ſingle inſtance how it is likely to be received.

A country family, whoſe *reaſon for coming to London*, was to have their pictures drawn, and principally that of the hopeful heir, brought him to Sir Godfrey Kneller. That ſkilful artiſt, ſoon diſcovering that a little converſe with the world might, one day or other, wear off the block, which to a common obſerver obſcured the man, inſtead of drawing him in a green coat with ſpaniels, or, in the more contemptible livery of a fop, playing with a lap-dog

Os homini ſublime dedit.

He gave him a ſoul darting with a proper ſpirit through the ruſticity of his features. I met the mother and ſiſters coming down ſtairs the day it was finiſhed, and I found Sir Godfrey in a moſt violent rage above. 'Look there,' ſays he, pointing to the picture, 'There is a fellow! I have put ſome ſenſe in him, and none of his family know him.'

Sir Godfrey's conſciouſneſs of his own ſkill was ſo well known, that it expoſed him frequently to the banter and irony of the wits his friends. Pope, to play him off, ſaid to him, after looking round a room full of beauties that he had painted, 'It is pity, Sir Godfrey, that you had not been conſulted at the creation.' Sir Godfrey threw his eyes ſtrong upon Pope's ſhoulders, and anſwered, 'Really I ſhould have made SOME things better.' But the puniſhment for this profaneneſs purſued our wit ſtill further.

It is remarkable that the expletive Mr. Pope generally uſed by way of oath, was, 'God mend me!' One day, in a diſpute with a hackney coachman, he uſed this expreſſion:—

'Mend

'Mend you!' ſays the coachman; 'it would not be half the trouble to make a new one.' If it may be allowable to draw a moral reflection from a ludicrous ſtory, I could heartily wiſh that the ladies would every morning ſeriouſly addreſs to their Maker this invocation of Mr. Pope; and, after devout meditation on the Divine patronage to which they have recommended their charms, apply themſelves properly to purſue all human means for the due accompliſhment of their prayer. I flatter myſelf that this advice may be palatable, in as much as it comprehends that celebrated example of uniting religion and politeneſs, delivered down to us from the ancients in these few words, 'Sacrifice to the Graces.' And I hope the ſex will conſider how great a blemiſh it will be to the preſent age, if the painter or hiſtorian ſhould declare to poſterity that the ladies of theſe times were never known to ſacrifice to any god but FASHION.

To conclude the hiſtory of my unhappy viſit. I muſt confeſs I was provoked beyond all patience, reſerve, or good breeding; and very rudely flung out of the room, having firſt told the lady ſhe need not have given herſelf the trouble of *a journey to London*, for I would anſwer for him, the talents of Mr. Square, her Somerſetſhire ſtay-maker, were ſufficient to dreſs her in the moſt elegant taſte of the modern faſhion, or indeed (if he was not an old man) to put her in a way that ſhe could not poſſibly dreſs out of it.

I am, *as a lover of elegance,*
Your admirer and humble ſervant.

N° 51. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1753.

——— Quod medicorum eſt,
Promittunt medici: tractant fabrilia fabri. HOR.

THOUGH there is nothing more pleaſing to the mind of man than variety, yet it may be purſued in ſuch a manner as to make the moſt active and varied life a tireſome ſameneſs. To illuſtrate this ſeeming paradox, I ſhall relate what I learnt from an humble companion of a gentleman of vaſt ſpirits (as he is called by his acquaintance) who thinks he has ſhewn his value for time by never having yet enjoyed one moment of it. This active gentleman, it ſeems, propoſed to the other to make the tour of England, and ride daily from houſe to houſe, and from garden to garden: which indeed they did in ſo expeditious a manner, *not to loſe time*, that they did not allow the leaſt portion of it for the objects they ſaw to make any impreſſion on their memories. In the hotteſt weather they never walked under the ſhade of the plantations they ſo much admired, and came on purpoſe to ſee; but croſſed the ſcorching lawn for the neareſt way to the building they would not reſt in, or the water they refuſed to be rowed upon. Thus they FLEW through the countries and gardens they went to SEE, with as much fatigue, and not more obſervation, than a poſthorſe in his ſtage; and this for the pleaſure of VARIETY, and the advantage of IMPROVEMENT.

In what reſpect does this gentleman's conduct differ from his who ſeeks a VARIETY of ACQUAINTANCE? The conſequence muſt be exactly the ſame; viz. uſe and enjoyment of none. An unexperienced man, who has happened to ſee one of this turn eagerly following, or boaſting of his acquaintance with the builder, the planter, the poet, the politician, the ſeaman, the ſoldier, the muſician, the jockey, would naturally ſuppoſe he was generally talking with thoſe gentlemen in the ſeveral ſciences they reſpectively excelled in. No, this is the only diſcourſe which he ſtudies to avoid.

Before I endeavour to account for this ſtrange abſurdity, I would juſt obſerve, that the perſons I am ſpeaking of are of a very different character from thoſe who from a mere principle of vanity are continually numbering among their friends, though upon the ſlighteſt grounds, men of high birth and ſtation, and who always bring to my mind juſtice Shallow's acquaintance with John of Gaunt, who never ſaw him but once, and then he broke his head. Equally wide of the queſtion is that character, who from a love of talking avoids the company where his news has been already publiſhed, and dreads the man who is better heard than himſelf on general topics.

IGNORANCE and an IMBECILITY OF ATTENTION, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, are the moſt probable cauſes of this inconſiſtent behaviour. To avoid metaphyſical diſquiſitions, let us try if we can ſet our judgments by compariſon. Men of the weakeſt ſtomachs are very ſolicitous of the greateſt

variety

variety of diſhes and the higheſt ſauces, which they conſtantly reject upon taſting, being, as they confeſs, too ſtrong for them, though the objects of their deſire and expectation before they were brought upon the table. It is alſo obſervable, that when gentlemen after a certain age devote themſelves to the fair ſex, they generally purſue with more fervor, and always expreſs themſelves with more warmth, than when in the heat of youth, ſo long as the game is out of reach; but a nearer proſpect of ſucceſs ſoon diſcovers the difference between natural heat, and the deluſion of falſe deſire and imaginary paſſion. The ſportſman cannot be more apprehenſive and concerned for the death of the hare he wiſhes to ſave, than the old gallant is at the approaching opportunity of accompliſhing his deſires; which, if he obtain, I am afraid he will ſing no other *Te Deum* than that of Pyrrhus—*Such another victory will ruin me.*

——— *Animaſque in vulnere ponunt*

was a famous quotation of Dr. Bentley's on the ſudden death of an old bridegroom.

To avoid a dry argument, and as I do not remember to have ſeen this ſubject touched upon by any writer ancient or modern, I have endeavoured to throw it into meaſure.

Ye ſages ſay, who know mankind,
Whence, to their real profit blind,
All leave thoſe fields which might produce
Fit game for paſtime or for uſe?

The well-ſtor'd warren they forſake,
And love to beat the barren brake:
Sooner their pleaſures will avoid,
Than run the chance of being cloy'd.
DAMŒTAS ever is afraid
Leſt merchants ſhould diſcourſe on trade:
And yet of commerce will inquire,
When drinking with a country 'ſquire.
Of ladies he will aſk how ſoon
They think count Saxe can take a town,
Or whether France or Spain will treat,
But if the brigadier he meet,
He queſtions him about the ſum
He won or loſt at laſt night's drum.
Or if ſome miniſter of ſtate
Will deign to talk of Europe's fate;
Th' important topic he declines,
To prate of ſoups, ragouts and wines;
Yet he, at Helluo's board can fix
On no diſcourſe but politics.
Once were the linguiſt, and the bard,
The objects of his chief regard;
Now with expreſſive ſhrugs and looks
He flies the haunts of men of books:
Yet o'er his cups will condeſcend
To toaſt the prebend for his friend:

For

For depth of reading tell his merit,
Extol his ſtile for force and ſpirit:
Aſk where he preach'd, or what his text,
Inquire what work he'll publiſh next:
What depth of matter, how he treats it—
He can't be eaſy till he gets it.
Wet from the preſs 'tis ſent him down,
Three days before 'tis on the town:
The title read (for never more is)
Next having writ *ex don authoris.*
He ſpends at leaſt the time in finding
A place to ſuit its ſize and binding,
As might have ſerv'd, if well directed,
To read the volume thus neglected.
When laſt with Atticus I din'd,
Damœtas there I chanc'd to find,
Who ſtrait addreſs'd me with complaint
How Pollio talk'd of the Levant;
And how he teiz'd him near an hour
With the Grand Seignior and his pow'r:
Then Athens' ruin'd domes explain'd,
And what in Egypt ſtill remain'd.
This talk Damœtas could not bear,
For Pollio had himſelf been there;
But from ſome fellow of a college,
Would think the ſubjects worth his knowledge.

The

The table now remov'd, again
Began Damœtas to complain;
'I knew Eugenius in his prime,
'The beſt companion of his time;
'But ſince he's got to yonder board,
'You never hear him ſpeak a word,
'But tireſome ſchemes of navigation,
'The built of veſſels and their ſtation—
'Such ſtuff as ſpoils all converſation.'
'Good Atticus, repeat the verſes,
'You lately ſaid were made by Thyrſis.'
John at that inſtant introduces
This very ſervant of the muſes;
Damœtas ſtarts, and in confuſion,
Curſing the d—d ill-tim'd intruſion,
Whiſpers the ſervant in his ear,
'John, be ſo good to call a chair;'
And flies the ſpot, alarm'd with dread,
Leſt Thyrſis ſhould begin to read.
And yet, for all he holds this rule,
Damœtas is in fact no fool:
For he would hardly chuſe a groom
To make his chairs or hang his room;
Nor with th' upholſterer diſcourſe
About the glanders in his horſe;
Nor ſend to buy his wife a tête
To Puddle-Dock or Billingſgate;

Nor

Nor if in labour, ſpleen, or trance,
Fetch her Sir Thomas for Sir Hans;
Nor bid his coachman drive o' nights
To pariſh-church inſtead of White's;
Nor make his party or his bets
With thoſe who never pay their debts;
Nor at deſſert of wax and china
Neglect the eatables, if any,
To ſmell the chaplet in the middle,
Or taſte the Chelſea-china fiddle.

N° 54. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1754.

Hoc novum eſt aucupium ———
Poſtremo imperavi egomet mihi
Omnia aſſentari. Is quæſtus nunc eſt multo uberrimus.

TER.

THAT an eſſay on HEARERS has not been given us by the writers of the laſt age, is to be accounted for from the ſame reaſons that the ancients have left us no treatiſe on tobacconiſts or ſugar-planters. The world is continually changing by the two great principles of revolution and diſcovery; as theſe produce novelty, they furniſh the baſis of our ſpeculations.

The pride of our anceſtors diſtinguiſhed them from the vulgar, by the dignity of TACITURNITY. If we conſult old pictures,

tures, we ſhall find (ſuitable to the dreſs of the times) the beard cut and the features compoſed to that gravity and ſolemnity of aſpect, which was to denote wiſdom and importance. In that admirable play of Ben Jonſon's, which, through the capacity and induſtry of its reviver, has lately ſo well entertained the town, I mean *Every man in his humour*, a country ſquire ſets up for high-breeding, by reſolving to be 'proud, melancholy, and gentleman-like.' In the man of birth or buſineſs, SILENCE was the note of wiſdom and diſtinction; and the haughty peereſs then would no more vouchſafe to talk to her equals, than ſhe will now to her inferiors.

In thoſe times, when talking was the province only of the vulgar or hireling, fools and jeſters were the uſual retainers in great families; but now, ſo total is the revolution, voices are become a mere drug, and will fetch no money at all, except in the ſingle inſtance of an election. Riches, birth and honours, aſſert their privileges by the oppoſite quality to SILENCE; inſomuch, that many of the great eſtates and manſion-houſes in this kingdom ſeem at preſent to be held by the tenure of perpetual TALKING. Fools and jeſters muſt be uſeleſs in families, where the maſter is no more aſhamed of expoſing his wit at his table to his gueſts and ſervants, than his drunkenneſs to his conſtituents. This revolution has obtained ſo generally all over Europe, that at this day a little dwarf of the king of Poland, who creeps out after dinner from under the trees of the deſſert, and utters impertinences

to

to every man at table, is talked of at other courts as a ſingularity.

Happy was it for the poor TALKERS of thoſe days, that ſo great a revolution was brought about by degrees; for though I can conceive it eaſy enough to turn the writers at Conſtantinople into printers, and believe it poſſible to make a chimney-ſweeper a miller, a tallow-chandler a perfumer, a gameſter a politician, a fine lady a ſtock-jobber, or a blockhead a connoiſſeur; I can have no idea of ſo ſtrange a metamorphoſis as that of a TALKER into a HEARER. That HEARERS, however, have ariſen in later times to anſwer in ſome degree the demand for them, is apparent from the numbers of them which are to be found in moſt families, under the various denominations of couſin, humble-companion, chaplain, led-captain, toad-eater, &c. But though each of theſe characters frequently officiates in the poſt of HEARER, it will be a great miſtake if a HEARER ſhould imagine he may ever interfere in any of their departments. When the toad-eater opens in praiſe of muſty veniſon, or a greaſy ragout; when the led-captain and chaplain commend priekt-wine, or other liquors, ſuch as the French call *Chaſſe-couſin*, the HEARER muſt ſubmit to be poiſoned in SILENCE. When the couſin is appealed to for the length of a fox-chace, and out-lies his patron; when the ſquire of the fens declares he has no dirt near his houſe, and the couſin ſwears it is a hard gravel for five miles round; or when the hill improver aſſerts that he never ſaw his turf burn before, and turning ſhort, ſays,

'Did You, couſin?' In ſuch caſes as theſe the anſwers may give a dangerous example: for if a raw whelp of a HEARER ſhould happen to give his tongue, he will be rated and corrected like a puppy.

The great duty therefore of this office is SILENCE; and I could prove the high antiquity of it by the Tyro's of the Pythagorean ſchool, and the ancient worſhip of Harpocrates, the tutelary deity of this ſect. Pythagoras bequeathed to his ſcholars that celebrated rule, which has never yet been rightly underſtood, 'Worſhip, or rather, ſtudy the echo;' evidently intending thereby to inculcate, that HEARERS ſhould obſerve, that an echo never puts in a word till the SPEAKER comes to a pauſe. A great and comprehenſive leſſon! but being, perhaps, too conciſe for the inſtruction of vulgar minds, it may be neceſſary to deſcend more minutely into particular hints and cautions.

A HEARER muſt not be drowſy: for nothing perplexes a TALKER like the accident of ſleep in the midſt of his harangue: and I have known a French TALKER riſe up and hold open the eye-lids of a Dutch HEARER with his finger and thumb.

He muſt not ſquint: for no lover is ſo jealous as a true TALKER, who will be perpetually watching the motion of the eyes, and always ſuſpecting that the attention is directed to that ſide of the room to which they point.

A HEARER muſt not be a ſeer of ſights: he muſt let a hare paſs as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt narration, by

crying

crying out at ſight of a highwayman or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine, who lived with a maiden aunt, loſt a good legacy by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and ſix, which he firſt diſcovered at the end of the avenue, and announced as a moſt acceptable hearing to the pride of the family: but it happened unluckily to be at the very time that the lady of the houſe was relating the critical moment of her life, when ſhe was in the greateſt danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

A HEARER muſt not have a weak head: for though the TALKER may like he ſhould drink with him, he does not chooſe he ſhould fall under the table till himſelf is ſpeechleſs.

He muſt not be a news-monger: becauſe times paſt have already furniſhed the head of his patron with all the ideas he chuſes it ſhould be ſtored with.

Laſtly, and principally, a HEARER muſt not be a wit. I remember one of this profeſſion being told by a gentleman, who to do him juſtice was a very good ſeaman, that he had rode from Portſmouth to London in four hours, aſked, 'if it was by Shrewſbury clock?' It happened the perſon ſo interrogated had not read Shakſpeare; which was the only reaſon I could aſſign why the adventurous queriſt was not immediately ſent aboard the Stygian tender.

But here we muſt obſerve that SILENCE, in the opinion of a TALKER, is not merely a ſuppreſſion of the action of the tongue; it is alſo neceſſary that every muſcle of the face and

member of the body ſhould receive its motion from no other ſenſation than that which the TALKER communicates through the ear.

A HEARER therefore muſt not have the fidgets: he muſt not ſtart if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He muſt not ſnuff with his noſtrils if he ſmell fire; becauſe, though he ſhould ſave the houſe by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Caſſandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguiſhing thoſe of Lilliput.

There are many more hints which I ſhould be deſirous of communicating for the benefit of beginners, if I was not afraid of making my paper too long to be properly read and conſidered within the compaſs of a week, in which the greateſt part of every morning is neceſſarily dedicated to mercers, milliners, hair-cutters, voters, levees, lotteries, lounges, &c. I ſhall therefore ſay a word or two to the TALKERS, and haſten to a concluſion.

And here it would be very impertinent, and going much out of the way, were I to interfere in the juſt rights which theſe gentlemen have over their own officers and domeſtics. I would only recommend to them, when they come into other company, to conſider that it is expected the talk of the day ſhould be proportioned among them in degrees, according to the acres they ſeverally poſſeſs, or the number of ſtars annexed to their names in the liſt printed from the public funds: that HEARING is an involuntary tribute, which is paid,

paid, like other taxes, with a reluctance increasing in proportion to the riches of the person taxed: that it is a false argument for a TALKER to say to a jaded audience he will tell a story that is true, great, or any way excellent; for when a man has eat of the first and second course till he is full to the throat, you tempt him in vain at the third, by assuring him the plate you offer is one of the best *entremets* LE GRANGE ever made.

N° 55. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1754.

——Extinctus amabitur. HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM one of those benevolent persons, who having no land of their own, and not being free of any one corporation, like true citizens of the world, turn all their thoughts to the good of the public, and are known by the general name of Projectors. All the good I ever did or thought of, was for the public. My sole anxiety has been for the security, health, revenue and credit of the public: nor did I ever think of paying any debts in my whole life, except those of the public. This public spirit, you already suppose, has been most amply rewarded; and perhaps suspect that I am going to trouble you

you with an oſtentatious boaſt of the public money I have touched; or that I am deviſing ſome artful evaſion of an inquiry into the method by which I amaſſed it. On the contrary, I muſt aſſure you that I have carried annually the fruits of twelve months deep thought to the treaſury, pay-office, and victualling-office, without having brought from any one of thoſe places the leaſt return of treaſure, pay, or victuals. At the admiralty the porters can read the longitude in my night-gown, as plainly as if the plaid was worked into the letters of that word. And I have had the mortification to ſee a man with the dulleſt project in the world admitted to the board, with no other preference than that of being a ſtranger, while I have been kept ſhivering in the court.

After this ſhort hiſtory of myſelf, it is time I ſhould communicate the project I have to propoſe for your particular conſideration.

My propoſal is, that a new office be erected in this metropolis, and called the EXTINGUISHING OFFICE. In explaining the nature of this OFFICE, I ſhall endeavour to convince you of its extraordinary utility: and that the ſcope and intent of it may be perfectly underſtood, I beg leave to be indulged in making a few philoſophical remarks.

There is no obſervation more juſt or common in experience, than that every thing excellent in nature or art, has a certain fixed point of perfection, proper to itſelf, which it cannot tranſgreſs without loſing much of its beauty, or acquiring ſome blemiſh.

The period which time puts to all mortal things, is brought about by an imperceptible decay: and whatever is once paſt the criſis of maturity, affords only the melancholy proſpect of being impaired hourly, and of advancing through the degrees of aggravated deformity to its diſſolution.

We inconſiderately bewail a great man, whom death has taken off, as we ſay, in the bloom of his glory; and yet confeſs it would have been happier for Priam, Hannibal, Pompey, and the duke of Marlborough, if fate had put an earlier period to their lives.

Inſtead of quoting a multitude of Latin verſes, I refer you to that part of the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, which treats of longevity: but I muſt deſire particularly to remind you of the following paſſage:

Provida Pompeio dederat Campania febres
Optandas.——

It is to a mature reflection on the ſenſe of this paſſage that I owe the greateſt thought which ever entered the brain of a projector: and I doubt not, if I could once eſtabliſh the OFFICE in queſtion, of being able to ſtrike out from this hint, a certain method of practice that would be as beneficial to mankind, as it would be new and extraordinary.

It has been the uſual cuſtom, when old Generals have worn out their bodies by the toils of many glorious campaigns, Beauties their complexions by the fatigues of exhibiting their perſons, or Patriots their conſtitutions by the heat of the houſe, to ſend them to ſome purer air abroad, or to Kenſington Gravel-

Gravel-pits at home: but as there is nothing ſo juſtly to be dreaded as the chance of ſurviving good fame, I am for ſending all ſuch perſons in the zenith of their glory to the fens in Eſſex.

As it is with man himſelf, ſo likewiſe ſhall we find it with every thing that proceeds from him. His plans are great, juſt and noble; worthy the divine image he bears. His progreſſion and execution, *to a certain point*, anſwerable to his deſigns; but beyond it, all is weakneſs, deformity and diſgrace. To be aſſured of this point, it is as neceſſary to conſult another, as the ſick man his phyſician to know the criſis of his diſtemper: but whom to apply to, is the important queſtion. A friend is of all men living the moſt unfit, becauſe good counſel and ſincere advice are known to produce an immediate diſſolution of all ſocial connexions. The neceſſity of a new OFFICE is therefore evident; which OFFICE I propoſe ſhall be hereafter executed by commiſſion, but firſt (by way of trial) by a ſingle perſon, inveſted with proper powers, and univerſally acknowledged by the ſtile and title of SWORN EXTINGUISHER. To explain the functions of this perſon, I ſhall relate to you the accident which furniſhed the firſt hint for what I am now offering to your peruſal.

Whenever I have been ſo happy as to be maſter of a candle, I have obſerved that though it has burnt with great brightneſs to a certain point, yet the moment that the flame has reached that point, it has become leſs and leſs bright, riſing and falling with great inequalities, till at laſt it has expired in a moſt intolerable

tolerable ſtink. In other families, where poverty is not the directreſs, the candle lives and dies without leaving any ill odour behind it; and this by the well-timed application of a machine called an EXTINGUISHER.

It is the uſe of this machine that I am deſirous of extending: and what confirmed me in the project was my happening one Sunday to drop into a church, where the top of the pulpit was a deep concave, not very unlike the implement above-mentioned. The ſermon, which had begun and proceeded in a regular uniform tenor, grew towards the latter end extremely different; now lofty, now low, now flaſhy, now dark——In ſhort, the preacher and his canopy brought ſo ſtrongly to my mind the expiring candle and its EXTINGUISHER, that I longed to have the power of properly applying the one to the other; and from that moment conceived a project of ſuſpending hollow cones of tin, braſs or wood, over the heads of all public ſpeakers, with lines and pullies to lower them occaſionally.

I carried this project to a certain great man, who was pleaſed to reject it; telling me of ſeveral devices which might anſwer the purpoſe better; and inſtancing, among many other practices, that of the ROBIN HOOD ſociety, where the preſident performs the office of an EXTINGUISHER by a ſingle ſtroke of a hammer. In ſhort, the arguments of this great man prevailed with me to lay aſide my firſt ſcheme, but furniſhed me at the ſame time with hints for a more extenſive one.

At the playhouſe the curtain is not only always ready, but capable of EXTINGUISHING at once all the perſons of the drama. How many new tragedies might be ſaved for the future, if the curtain was to drop by authority as ſoon as the hero was dead! or how happily might the languid, pale, and putrid flames of a whole fifth act be EXTINGUISHED by the eſtabliſhment of ſuch an office.

In applying it to epic poetry, I could not but felicitate the author of the Iliad. The EXTINGUISHER of the Æneid deſerves the higheſt encomiums——Happy Virgil! but O wretched Milton! more unhappy in the blindneſs of thy commentators, than in thy own! who, to thy eternal diſgrace, would preſerve thy two concluding lines, with the ſame ſuperſtition with which the GEBERS venerate the ſnuff of a candle, and cry out ſacrilege if you offer to extinguiſh it.

I perceive I ſhall want room to explain my method of EXTINGUISHING Talkers in private companies; but that I may not appear to you like thoſe quacks who boaſt of more than they can perform, let me convince you that the attempt is not impracticable, by reminding you of Appelles, who ſtanding behind one of the pictures, liſtened with great patience while a ſhoemaker was commending the foot; but the moment the mechanic was paſſing on to the leg, ſtept from his hiding-place, and EXTINGUISHED him at once with the famous proverb in uſe at this day, 'The ſhoemaker muſt not go beyond his laſt.'

But

But whenever this office is put into commiſſion, I propoſe, for this laſt-mentioned branch, to take in a proper number of ladies; I mean ſuch as dreſs in the height of the mode; who being equipped with hoops in the utmoſt extent of the faſhion, are always provided with an EXTINGUISHER ready for immediate uſe. By the application of this machine to the above-mentioned purpoſe, I ſhall have the farther ſatisfaction of vindicating the ladies from the unjuſt imputation of bearing about them any thing uſeleſs. And as the Chineſe knew gunpowder, the ancients the load-ſtone, and the moderns electricity, many years before they were applied to the benefit of mankind, it will not appear ſtrange if a noble uſe be at length found for the HOOP, which has, to be ſure, till now, afforded mere matter of ſpeculation.

I NOW EXTINGUISH myſelf, and am, ſir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

A. B.

P. S. If the above project meets with your approbation, I ſhall venture to communicate another of a nature not very unlike the foregoing, and in which the public is at leaſt equally intereſted.

Galenical medicines, from the quantity with which the patient was to be drenched, have excited of late years ſo univerſal a loathing, that the faculty muſt have loſt all their practice, if they had not hit upon the method of contracting the whole force and ſpirit of their preſcriptions into one chymical DROP or PILL.

From this hint I would propoſe to erect a NEW CHAMBER, with powers to abridge all arts and ſciences, hiſtory, poetry, oratory, eſſays, &c. into the ſubſtance of a maxim, apothegm, ſpirit of hiſtory, or epigram. And as a proof of the practicability of this project, I will make yourſelf the judge, whether your laſt paper on HEARERS may not be fully comprized in the following four lines:

Our ſires kept a Fool, a poor hireling for ſtate,
To enliven dull pride with his pertneſs and prate:
But faſhion capriciouſly changing its rule,
Now my LORD *is the* WIT, *and his* HEARER *the* FOOL.

N° 56. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1754.

Porrecto jugulo hiſtorias, captivus ut audit HOR.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

CAER CARADOCK, *Jan.* 16, 1754.

SIR,

YOUR paper upon HEARERS gave me that pleaſure which a ſeries of truths muſt always afford, to him who can witneſs for every one of them.

I was born and brought up in the principality of Wales, which from time immemorial muſt have been productive of the

the moſt thorough-bred, ſeaſoned and ſtanch HEARERS, ſince every gentleman of that country holds and aſſerts his right to be a TALKER by privilege of birth. I would not have you conclude from what I have ſaid above, that I am not as good a gentleman as the beſt (I mean of as good a family) though poverty and ill-fortune have doomed me to be for ever a HEARER.

I was left an orphan in my earlieſt years; but I am not going to trouble you with the many misfortunes which conſtantly attended me to the age of forty; at which time I was a ſchoolmaſter without boys to teach, or bread to eat. At this period of my life I was adviſed by the parſon of our pariſh to go and enter myſelf in ſome large and wealthy family to be an UNCLE; which is a known and common term in Wales, of like ſignification with HEARER in England; the duties and requiſite qualifications being nearly the ſame, as will appear from the following ſhort inſtructions given me by my adviſer; viz. never to open my lips, except for the well-timed utterance of *indeed!—ſurpriſing!—prodigious!—moſt amazing!* But theſe only to be uſed at the proper intervals of the TALKER's fetching his breath, coughing, or at other pauſes; and the length of the admiration to be always adapted to, and particularly never to exceed the aforeſaid intervals.

But in order to explain the method he took to qualify me ſtill farther, and inure me to patience, I muſt give you a ſhort hiſtory of this worthy parſon. He was truly, what he was called, a good ſort of a man; if charity, friendſhip and good-

humour

humour can entitle a man to that character. I muſt not conceal the meanneſs of his education, in which he diſcovered, however, as great a genius as could poſſibly ariſe out of a ſtable and a kennel. He was a thorough ſportſman, and so good a SHOT, that the late ſquire took a fancy to him, made him his conſtant companion, and gave him the living. But that he might not be loſt in ſtudy and ſermon-making, he contrived to marry him to the daughter of the late incumbent, who had been taught by her father latin and metaphyſics, and exerciſed from twelve years old to forty in making themes and ſermons. As ſhe was by nature meagre and deformed, by conſtitution fretful and complaining, by education conceited and diſputatious, by ſtudy pale and blear-eyed, and by habit talkative and loud, the friendſhip of the good parſon ſuggeſted her as the fitteſt perſon in the world to exerciſe my patience for a few months, and inure me to the diſcipline of my future function. In this ſtation I made a vaſt progreſs in a little time; for I not only heard above a thouſand ſermons, but the ſtrict obſervance of my vow of attention having made me a favourite, I was complained to whenever any thing went amiſs in the family, and often ſcolded at for the huſband, whoſe office grew into a ſinecure: inſomuch, that if I had not known the ſincerity and uprightneſs of his heart, I ſhould have ſuſpected him of bringing me into his houſe to ſupply for him all thoſe duties which he wanted to be eaſed of. But he had no ſuch intereſted views; for as ſoon as he found his help-mate had transfuſed into me a neceſſary portion of pa-

tience and long-ſuffering, he recommended me to my fortune, giving me, generous man! a coat and wig, which formerly himſelf, and before him the ſquire, had worn for many years upon extraordinary days. Having thus equipt me, he reſumes the duties of his family, where he officiates to this day, with true chriſtian reſignation.

My firſt reception was at the houſe of a gentleman, who in the early part of his life had followed the ſtudy of botany. Nature and truth are ſo pleaſing to the mind of man, that they never ſatiate. Alas! he happened one day to taſte, by miſtake, a root that had been ſent him from the Indies: it was a moſt ſubtle poiſon, to which his experience in Britiſh ſimples knew no antidote. Immediately upon his death, a neighbouring gentleman who had his eye upon me ſome time, ſent me an invitation. His diſcourſe was upon huſbandry; and as he never deceived me in any thing but where he deceived himſelf, I heard Him alſo with pleaſure.

Theſe were therefore my halcyon days, on which I always reflect with regret and tears. How different were the ſucceeding ones, in which I have liſtened to the tales of old maids running over an endleſs liſt of lovers they never had; of old beaus who boaſted of favours from ladies they never ſaw; of ſenators who narrated the eloquence they never ſpoke! giving me ſuch a diſguſt and nauſea to lies, that at length my ears, which were at that time much too quick for my office, grew unable to bear them. But prudently conſidering that I muſt either hear or ſtarve, I invented the following expedient for qualifying a lie. While I aſſented by

ſome

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ſome geſticulation, or motion of the head, eyes, or muſcles of the face, I reſolved to have in reſerve ſome inward expreſſion of diſſent. Of theſe I had various; but for the ſake of brevity I ſhall only trouble you with one.

A younger brother, who had ſerved abroad all his life, as he would frequently tell us, and who came unexpectedly to the eſtate and caſtle where he found me with a good character, took ſo kindly to me that he ſeemed to deſire no other companion; and as a proof of it, never ſent to invite or add to our company any one of the numerous friends he ſo often talked of, of great rank, bravery and honour, who would have gone to the end of the world to have ſerved him. I could have loved him too, but for one fault. He would LIE without meaſure or diſguiſe. His uſual exaggeration was—*and more*. As thus, 'At the ſiege of Monticelli,' (a town in Italy, as he told us) 'I received in ſeveral parts of my body three and twenty ſhot, *and more*. At the battle of Caratha (in Turkey) I rode to death eighteen horſes, *and more*. With Lodamio, the Bavarian general, I drank hand to fiſt, ſix dozen of hock, *and more*.' Upon all ſuch occaſions I inwardly anticipated him, by ſubſtituting in the place of his laſt two words, the two following—*or leſs*. But it ſo happended one unfortunate evening, as he was in the midſt of the ſharpeſt engagement ever heard of, in which with his ſingle broad-ſword he had killed five hundred, *and more*, that I kept my time more preciſely than ſilence: for unhappily the qualifying *or leſs*, which ſhould have been tacitly ſwallowed

lowed for the quieting my own ſpirit, was ſo audibly articulated to the inflaming of his, that the moment he heard ſubjoined to his five hundred—*or leſs*, the fury of his reſentment deſcended on my ear with a violent blow of his fiſt. By this ſlip of my tongue, I loſt my poſt in that family, and the hearing of my left ear.

The conſequences of this accident gave me great apprehenſions for a conſiderable time; for the ſlighteſt cold affecting the other ear, I was frequently rebuked for miſplacing my marks of approbation. But I ſoon diſcovered that it was no real misfortune; for experience convinced me, that abſolute ſilence was of greater eſtimation than the beſt-timed ſyllable of interruption. It is to this experience that I ſhall refer you, after having recounted the laſt memorable adventure of my unfortunate hiſtory.

The laſt family that received me was ſo numerous in relations and viſitors, that I found I ſhould be very little regarded when I had worn off the character of ſtranger; though as ſuch, I was as earneſtly applied to as any high court of appeals. For as the force of liquor co-operated with the force of blood, they one and all addreſſed themſelves to me to ſettle the antiquity of their families; vociferating at one and the ſame time above a ſcore of genealogies. This was a harder ſervice than any I had ever been uſed to; and the whole weight of the clamour falling on my only ſurviving ear, unhappily overpowered it, and I became from that inſtant totally deaf.

Had this accident happened a few years ſooner, it would have driven me to deſpair: but my experience, aſſuring me that I am now much better qualified than ever, gives me an expectation of making my fortune: I therefore apply to you to recommend me for a HEARER in a country where there is better encouragement, and where I doubt not of giving ſatisfaction.

I ſhall not trouble you with enumerating the advantages attending a deaf HEARER: it will be enough for me to ſay, that as ſuch, I am no longer ſubject to the danger of an irreſiſtible ſmile: nor will my ſqueamiſh diſlike to lies bring me again into diſgrace. I ſhall now be exempt from the many misfortunes which my ungovernable ears have formerly led me into. What reproving looks have I had for turning my eyes when I have heard a bird fly againſt the window, or the dog and cat quarrelling in a corner of the room! How have I been reprimanded, when detected in dividing my attention between the ſtories of my patron, and the brawls of his family! 'What had I to do with the quarrels of his family?' I own the reproof was juſt; but I appeal to you, whether any man who has his ears, can reſtrain them, when a quarrel is to be heard, from making it the chief object of his attention?

To conclude. If you obſerve a TALKER in a large company, you never ſee him examining the ſtate of a man's ear: his whole obſervation is upon the eye; and if he meet with the wandering or the vacant eye, he turns away, and inſtantly addreſſes

addreſſes himſelf to another. My eyes were always good; but as it is notorious that the privation of ſome parts add ſtrength and perfection to others, I may boaſt that, ſince the loſs of my ears, I found my eyes (which are confeſſedly the principal organs of attention) ſo ſtrong, quick, and vigilant, that I can without vanity offer myſelf for as good a HEARER as any in England.

Yours, &c.

N° 65. THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1754.

Campeſtres melius Scythæ,
Quorum plauſtra vagas rité trahunt domos. HOR.

THAT, Experience is the beſt, and ſhould be the only guide of our conduct, is ſo trite a maxim, that one can hardly offer it without an apology; and yet we find the love of innovation and the vanity of invention carrying men daily to a total neglect of it. In a country where mode and faſhion govern every thing, we muſt not be ſurpriſed that men are ruled by no fixed principles, but rather ſhould expect they will frequently act in direct oppoſition to every thing that has been long eſtabliſhed. The favourite axiom of the preſent times, is, that our anceſtors were barbarous; therefore whatever differs from the ignorance of their manners, muſt be wiſe and right.

To ſhew the folly of an overweening opinion of inventive wiſdom, and to bring the foregoing remarks to the purpoſe and ſubject of this day's paper, I ſhall give an inſtance from Garcilaſſo de la Vega, who tells us that when the Spaniards began to ſettle in Peru, and were erecting large ſtone buildings, the Indians ſtood by and laughed at them, ſaying that they were raiſing their own tombs, which on the firſt heaving of the earth, would fall and cruſh them. Yet big with their European improving genius, they deſpiſed the light cabins of the Americans, and at length became the victims of their own opinionated pride. Equally ridiculous would be the Peruvian in England, who, diſregarding the old eſtabliſhed models of ſtrength and ſolidity, ſhould build himſelf a hut after the faſhion of his own country, and adapted only to the temperature of that climate.

As I would willingly pay my countrymen the compliment of ſuppoſing all their actions to be founded in reaſon, when I cannot demonſtrate the contrary, I have imputed the number of ſlight wooden edifices with which we ſee our parks and gardens ſo crowded, to the extravagant fears with which it may be remembered the inhabitants of more ſolid ſtructures were ſeized at the time of the late expected earthquake. If ſuch a time of univerſal panic ſhould again occur, I doubt not but the builders of theſe aſylums, who had mercenary views, would ſee good intereſt for their money, while the generous and benevolent would enjoy the greateſt of pleaſures, that of making numbers eaſy and happy. But even in this caſe, how have

they acted againſt EXPERIENCE! For as a ſtorm of wind is a much more uſual phenomenon in this climate than an earthquake, it is evident that the expence of erecting theſe occaſional receptacles (though not indeed very conſiderable) muſt be totally thrown away: unleſs we are to believe thoſe refiners in practical arithmetic, who aſſert that theſe retreats have contributed as much to the ſervice of the public in the INCREASE of its inhabitants, as they could have done in the PRESERVATION of them, according to their original inſtitution.

The ſame ſpirit which influences men to deſpiſe and neglect ancient wiſdom, leads them to a haſty and precipitate imitation of novelty. Thus many, ignorant of the original deſign of theſe ſlight ſhelters, and not imagining there could poſſibly be any uſe in them, concluded that they muſt imply ornament and beauty: and recollecting the proverb, that 'every thing that is little is pretty,' dotted their parks with ſections of HOGSHEADS. The firſt I ſaw of theſe gave me a high opinion of the modeſty of its owner. A wiſe man of Greece, thought I to myſelf, was immortalized for his ſelf-denial and humility in occupying the whole of that manſion, of which my wiſer countryman is contented with the half. But upon looking round me, and ſeeing this new old whim propagated all over his park, and theſe philoſophical domicils ſo numerous as to make a town big enough to hold all the wiſe men upon earth, I ſoon changed my opinion of the founder, and concluded him rather to be poſſeſſed with the ambitious madneſs

of

of an Alexander, who coveted MORE WORLDS, than with the moderation of the Cynic, who, as Hudibras obſerves, expreſſed no manner of ſolicitude about a PLURALITY OF TUBS.

The whole world was not half ſo wide
To Alexander, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes: who is not ſaid
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put finger i' th' eye and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another tub.

The ſituations uſually deſtined for theſe monuments of taſte, are not in covered vallies, emboſomed in groves, or in ſome ſheltered dell; (there indeed we have the modeſty to place our wood piles, bone-ſtacks, cinder-heaps, and other more heavy fabrics, compoſed of rubbiſh, oyſter-ſhells, and ſometimes more glittering worthleſſneſs, under the ennobling title of grottos, hermitages, &c. &c.) to make them conſpicuous, they are placed on eminences in the bleakeſt expoſures; inſomuch that I have over-heard an aſſembly of modern improvers condoling with one another at a drum on a windy night, like a company of merchants at Jamaica, who had a rich fleet in the harbour at the time of a hurricane.

The moveable houſes of the Scythians, deſcribed in my motto, are worthy our admiration. We muſt acknowledge them to be the perfection of all works, ſince they will ſtand the criticiſm of Momus himſelf; having that requiſite, for the want of which he condemned all other houſes: they are upon wheels, and can move from bad neighbours, or be conveyed to ſhelter from

from the fury of the winds, or the ſcorching of the ſun. What a ſatisfaction muſt it be to a man of fortune to be told that ſuch houſes are a manufacture of this age and country, and that he may be ſupplied with a very complete one, at the common and moderate price of three hundred pounds! It is to be preſumed that no gentleman whom this intelligence may reach, will hereafter litter his park with huts, tubs, cribs, ſentry-boxes, &c.

The taſte of the preſent age is univerſally for annuals. Their politics, books, plantations, and now their buildings, muſt be all annuals; and it is to be apprehended, that in a few years, large trees and ſubſtantial ſtructures will be no where to be found, except in our DESERTS: unleſs we could be as ſanguine in our expectations as a certain ſchemiſt, of whom I ſhall relate ſome particulars.

This gentleman, whoſe Chineſe temple had been blown down a few weeks after it was erected, was comforting himſelf that he had found in Hanway's travels, a model never yet executed in this part of the world, which, from the advantage of its form, muſt ſtand againſt the moſt violent guſts of wind on the higheſt mountains. This was, it ſeems, a *pyramid of heads*, after a genuine plan of that great improver, Kouli Khan. He immediately contracted with the ſexton of his pariſh for a ſufficient ſupply of human ſculls, and was preparing the other materials, when the ſcheme was prevented by the over-ſcrupulous conſcience of the ſexton's wife. The

ſchemiſt

ſchemiſt was extremely mortified, yet remained pertinacious in the execution of his deſign, and, as I am told, ſet out the next morning for Cornwall to obtain a ſeat in parliament, in order to bring in a bill for the erecting a pyramid in every county, with niches for the reception of the heads of all criminals hereafter to be executed. He is in no pain for the ſucceſs of his motion; for though the legiſlature has found objections to every ſcheme for making malefactors of USE, he doubts not of their ready concurrence in a propoſal for making them an ORNAMENT to their country.

In former times the GREAT HOUSE was the object to which the ſtranger's admiration was particularly invited. For this purpoſe lines of trees were planted to direct, and walls built to confine your approach, in ſuch a manner that the eye muſt be conſtantly employed in the contemplation of the principal front. Now it is thought neceſſary to *change all this*; you are therefore led by roundabout ſerpentine walks, and find your progreſs to be often intercepted by inviſible and unexpected lines and intrenchments, and the manſion purpoſely obſcured by new plantations, while the nobleſt trees of the old grove are tumbled down to give you a peep, now and then, at an out-building of about ten feet ſquare of plaiſter and canvass. So different from this was the practice of our anceſtors, that whenever they erected ſuch little edifices (which they did only from neceſſity) they conſtantly planted before them yews, laurels, or aquatics, according

cording as the ſoil was moiſt or dry: and I could venture to promiſe any modern improver, who delights in laying all things open, that he might in one morning fall down the populous part of the Thames, and with his ſingle hatchet among the willows, lay open as many maſked edifices of the true modern ſize and figure, as, properly diſpoſed and fancifully variegated with freſh paint, would make Hounſlow-heath a rival to many an admired garden of this age.

A philoſopher would not ſuppoſe that the maſter of the place aſſumed any merit to himſelf from ſuch trifles; he would hardly imagine that even the moſt elegant of palaces could add any degree of worth to the poſſeſſor, whoſe character muſt be raiſed and ſuſtained by his own dignity, wiſdom, and hoſpitality; remembering the maxim of Tully, '*Non domo dominus, ſed domino domus honeſtanda eſt.*' But to judge with the common obſerver, and to reaſon with the general race of Improvers, if it be abſolutely neceſſary for every man to ſhew his taſte in theſe matters, let him endeavour to compaſs ſolidity, duration, and convenience in the manſion he inhabits; and not attempt to diſplay his magnificence in a number of edifices, which, whatever they may ſeem to imitate, are UNNECESSARY-HOUSES.

N° 70. THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1754.

Ψυχης Ιατρειον.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

YOUR correſpondent in your ſixty-third paper has, I muſt confeſs, ſhewn no leſs ingenuity than the Duke de Vivonne did wit in his celebrated anſwer to Lewis the fourteenth, upon that king's aſking him at table, *Mais à quoi ſert de lire? La lecture*, ſaid the duke, *fait à l'eſprit ce que vos perdrix font à mes joües.* But whatever new doctrines theſe gentlemen are pleaſed to broach, that BOOKS are the FOOD of the MIND, I muſt beg leave to ſay, that they have from time immemorial been called PHYSIC, not FOOD: and for this I appeal to the famous inſcription on the Alexandrian library, which I have placed at the head of my letter, PHYSIC FOR THE SOUL.

For my own part, I can truly ſay that I have conſidered all books as PHYSIC from my earlieſt youth; and ſo indeed have moſt of my ſchool-fellows and acquaintance, and nauſeated them accordingly: nor can any of us at this time endure the ſight or touch of them, not even a preſent from the author, unleſs it be as thoroughly gilt as the moſt loathſome pill, or qualified and made palatable by the ſyrup of a dedication.

Thoſe who have endeavoured to conquer this diſguſt, have given the moſt forcible proofs of the truth of my argument: many

many of them by venturing to preſcribe to themſelves, have ſo injudiciouſly taken their potions, that their minds have been thrown into various ill habits and diſorders. Some have fallen into ſo lax a ſtate, that they could neither digeſt nor keep any thing whatſoever. Nay, I have been acquainted with ſuch as have taken the moſt innocent and ſalutary of theſe medicines, but by over-doſing themſelves, and making no allowance for their own corrupt and acrimonious humours, have fallen into the moſt violent agitations, diſcharging ſuch a quantity of undigeſted and virulent matter, that they have poiſoned the neighbourhood round. Some, only upon taking the quantity of a few pages, have ſtared, raved, foamed at the mouth, and diſcovered all the ſymptoms of madneſs; while the very ſame doſe has had the contrary effect upon others, operating only as an opiate.

The true and genuine FOOD of the MIND is NEWS. That this is inconteſtable, appears from the number of ſouls in this metropolis who ſubſiſt entirely upon this diet, without the leaſt addition of any other nouriſhment whatſoever. In all ages and countries the poets have conſtantly deſcribed the avidity with which it is taken, by the figurative expreſſions of eating or drinking. Shakſpeare uſes a more general term:

With open mouth SWALLOWING *a taylor's* NEWS.

Another witty author calls NEWS the MANNA of the day: alluding to that food with which the Iſraelites were ſupplied in the wilderneſs from day to day, and which in a very little

time became ſtale and corrupt: as indeed Providence has in its wiſdom ordained that all kinds of ſuſtenance ſhall be in their nature corruptible, to remind man continually of the dependency of his ſtate on earth. Whereas PHYSIC (particularly of the modern chymical preparation) preſerves its efficacy and virtues uncorrupted and unimpaired by time; a property it has in common with BOOKS; which never ſuffer by age, provided they are originally well compoſed, and of good ingredients. The principal of theſe ingredients are generally thought to be wit; and I fancy Mr. Fitz-Adam, by the quantity of it with which you now and then ſeaſon your ſpeculations, that you have adopted that opinion. But let me tell you, ſir, that though my ſuppoſition ſhould be true, you are in the wrong to rely upon it too much: for though this ſeaſoning ſhould happen to preſerve them for the admiration of future times, it is certainly your buſineſs to accommodate yourſelf to the taſte of the preſent. If therefore you would make ſure of cuſtomers, give us NEWS; for which there is as conſtant a demand as for daily bread: and as for your wit, which is a luxury, treat it as the Dutch do their ſpices; burn half of it, and you may poſſibly render the remaining half of ſome value. But if you produce all you have for the market, you will ſoon find it become a mere drug, and bear no price.

I am,

Your friend and well-wiſher,

A. B.

I have

I have publiſhed this letter juſt as I received it: and as a proof that my correſpondent is not ſingular in his opinion of wit, I muſt obſerve that the ſagacious author of the late excellent abridgment of the hiſtory of France expreſſes a doubt that the preſent age may depreciate wit, as the laſt exploded learning. '*Prenons garde que le* 18me *ſiecle ne decriè l'eſprit, comme le* 17me *avoit decriè l'erudition.*

The ſixteenth century produced the greateſt number of men of the moſt profound erudition: and notwithſtanding thoſe of the ſeventeenth deſpiſed them for their laborious application, it is evident that it was owing to thoſe labours that their ſucceſſors attained knowledge with ſo much eaſe.

Towards the end of the laſt century, ſome poſſeſſed, and many affected, a pure taſte in literature; and ſetting up for a ſtandard the writings of the ancients, very liberally rewarded thoſe who imitated them the neareſt, in chaſtity of compoſition. But no ſooner had Monſieur Galland tranſlated the Arabian tales, than the whole French nation ran mad, and would never after read any thing but wretched imitations of their moſt wild extravagancies; for it ought to be obſerved, that ſome of thoſe original ſtories contain uſeful morals and well-drawn pictures from common life: and it may be to thoſe ſtories, perhaps, that we owe that ſpecies of writing which is at once ſo entertaining and inſtructive; and in which a very eminent wit, to the honour of this nation, has ſhewn himſelf ſo incomparably ſuperior in drawing natural characters. But theſe were not the parts which had the fortune to

pleaſe:

pleaſe: the enchantments, the monſters and transformations engaged all their attention; inſomuch that the famous Count Hamilton, with a pleaſant indignation at this folly, wrote a tale of wonders, with deſign to ridicule theſe idle books by an aggravated imitation: but with an effect ſo directly contrary to his intention, that to this day France is continually producing little pieces of that extravagant turn; while England, that land of liberty, equally indifferent to works of wit, and encouraging the licentiouſneſs of the old comedy, can reliſh nothing but perſonal character, or wanton romance. Hence ariſes that ſwarm of memoirs, all filled with abuſe or impurity, which, whatever diſtinctions my preſent correſpondent may make with relation to FOOD and PHYSIC, are the POISON of the MIND.

The beſt antidote to this poiſon, and the moſt ſalutary in every reſpect, is that ſpecies of writing which may properly be termed REGIMEN; which, partaking of the qualities both of PHYSIC and FOOD, at once cleanſes and ſuſtains the patient. Such have I ſtudied to make theſe my papers; which are therefore neither given daily for ſuſtenance, nor occaſionally as medicine, but regularly and weekly as an ALTERATIVE. I have been extremely careful in the compoſition, that there ſhall not be wanting a proper quantity of ſweet, acid, and ſalt; yet ſo juſtly proportioned, as not to cloy, ſour, or lacerate the weakeſt ſtomach. The ſucceſs I have met with will be better proved by the atteſtations of my patients, than by any boaſts of my own. Out of many hundreds of theſe atteſtations,

I ſhall

I ſhall content myſelf at preſent with only publiſhing the following

Extract of a letter from Bath.

SIR,

I CAN aſſure you with the greateſt truth, that my three eldeſt daughters were for more than a whole winter moſt ſtrangely affected with a NAKEDNESS in the SHOULDERS, inſomuch that the thinneſt and ſlighteſt covering whatſoever was almoſt inſupportable, eſpecially in public. The beſt advice in the place was procured, but the diſeaſe increaſed with ſo much violence, that many expreſſed their opinion that every part of the body was in danger of the infection. At laſt, when nothing elſe would do, they were prevailed upon to enter into a regular courſe of your papers, and in a very few weeks, to the ſurprize of every body in the rooms, were perfectly cured. I therefore beg of you, good ſir, to let the bearer have thirty dozen of the papers, for which he will pay you.

I am,

SIR, &c.

The original letter, ſealed with a coronet, may be ſeen at Mr. Dodſley's in Pall-mall.

No. 71. THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1754.

Ne ſcutică dignum horribili ſectêre flagello. HOR.

I FLATTER myſelf it muſt have been frequently remarked, that I have hitherto executed the office I have undertaken without any of that harſhneſs which may deſerve the name of ſatire, but on the contrary with that gentle and good-humoured ridicule, which rather indicates the wiſhes of paternal tenderneſs, than the dictates of magiſterial authority. My edicts carry nothing with them penal. After I have ſpent five pages out of ſix to ſhew that the ladies diſfigure their perſons, and the gentlemen their parks and gardens, by too much art, I make no other concluſion, than by cooly informing them, that each would be more beautiful, if nature was leſs diſguiſed.

A certain great traveller, happening to take Florence in one of his tours, was much careſſed and admired by the Great Duke. The variety of countries he had ſeen, and his vivacity in deſcribing the cuſtoms, manners, and characters of their inhabitants, rendered him highly entertaining. But it happened a little unfortunately that he had taken a fancy to adopt one of the faſhions of the eaſt, that of wearing whiſkers, which he did in the fulleſt and largeſt extent of the mode. The Great Duke could by no means reliſh this faſhion; and as conſtantly as he finiſhed his ſecond bottle, his diſguſt would break out, though never with greater harſhneſs than in the

following words, 'Signor Giramondo, I am not duke of Tuſcany while you wear thoſe whiſkers.' In like manner I ſay, I am not Adam Fitz-Adam while the ladies wear ſuch enormous hoops, ſuch ſhort petticoats, and ſuch vaſt patches near the left eye; or while gentlemen ruin their fortunes and conſtitutions by play, or deform the face of nature by the fopperies of art.

The moderation of the duke of Tuſcany, who, with the help of a pair of ſciſſars, might ſo eaſily have removed the object which at once offended and degraded him, is greatly to be preferred to the tyranny of Procruſtes, whoſe delicate eye for proportion was apt to take ſuch offence at an over-grown perſon, that he would order him to be ſhortened to the juſt ſtandard by cutting off his feet. But a tyrannical ſyſtem cannot be laſting: and violent meaſures muſt deſtroy that harmony which I am deſirous ſhould long ſubſiſt between me and thoſe whom I have undertaken to govern, even were it probable that I could carry ſuch meaſures into execution. But nothing expoſes weakneſs ſo much as threats which we are not able to enforce. It is told us in the Acts, 'that forty of the Jews bound themſelves under a curſe, that they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul.' We hear no more of thoſe Jews, though the apoſtle ſurvived their menaces. I flatter myſelf that I have no leſs zeal for the aboliſhing folly and falſe taſte; yet I am ſo far from uttering any ſuch threats, that I very frankly confeſs I intend to eat and drink as heartily as if there was no ſuch thing as folly remaining in the world. My

enemies, indeed, have been pleaſed to throw out, that it is owing to my deſire of continuing to gratify thoſe appetites, that I have not long ago intirely ſuppreſſed all folly whatſoever. They make no ſcruple of aſſerting that there would not have been ſo much as a patch, pompoon, or Chineſe rail remaining amongſt us, if I had not thought proper to borrow a piece of policy from the rat-catchers, who ſuffer a ſmall part of the vermin to eſcape, that their trade may not be at an end. But I muſt take the liberty of acquainting theſe gentlemen, that they know as little of me, as of human nature, the chace after folly being like hunting a witch; if you run her down in one ſhape, ſhe ſtarts up in another, ſo that there is no manner of danger that the game will be deſtroyed. And I moſt ſolemnly declare, that wherever I have ſeen a beautiful face, or a fine garden, very groſsly deformed by injudicious attempts at amendment, I have laboured with the greateſt earneſtneſs to effect a reformation. But where the conduct of my pupils, though ſometimes faulty in itſelf, has been harmleſs in its conſequences, I have conſtantly forborn, and will as conſtantly forbear, an officious reprehenſion of it, however diſagreeable ſuch forbearance may appear in the eyes of theſe gentlemen.

It is upon this plan that I have ſuppreſſed innumerable complaints from ſplenetic and ill-humoured correſpondents: as a ſpecimen of which complaints I ſhall lay before my readers the beginnings of ſome of their letters.

SIR,

I AM greatly offended at the inconſiſtent behaviour of a lady

lady of my acquaintance. You ſee her in a morning at St. James's church, and in the evening at the play-houſe in Drury-lane. One would think that either religion ſhould drive plays out of her head, or plays religion. Pray, Mr. Fitz-Adam, tell her how abſurd——

SIR,

I trouble you with this letter to make my complaints of a very great evil, and to deſire your animadverſions upon it. I returned yeſterday from a month's viſit to a family in the country, where, in every particular but one, we paſſed our time as became reaſonable beings. When the weather was good we walked abroad; when bad, we amuſed ourſelves within doors either with entertaining converſation, or inſtructive books. But it was the cuſtom of the family (though in all other reſpects very worthy people) conſtantly to play at cards for a whole hour before ſupper. Surely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, this method of killing time——

SIR,

I am ſhocked at the indecency of the modern head-dreſs. Do the ladies intend to lay aſide all modeſty, and go naked?——

This is the manner in which undiſtinguiſhing zeal treats things that are in themſelves indifferent: for is it not matter of abſolute indifference whether a lady wears on her head a becoming ornament of clean lace, or her own hair? Or if

there be any preference, would it not be ſhewn both from nature and experience to be on the ſide of the hair?

Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,
Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonias opes
Permutare velis crine Liciniæ?

HORACE, we ſee, prefers a beautiful head of hair to the riches of a king. But I cannot help giving it as my opinion, that Licinia's hair flowed in natural ringlets, without being tortured by irons, or confined by innumerable pins. Yet though I have ſeen with patience the cap diminiſhing to the ſize of a patch, I have not with the ſame unconcern obſerved the patch enlarging itſelf to the ſize of a cap. It is with great ſorrow that I already ſee it in poſſeſſion of that beautiful maſs of blue which borders upon the eye. Should it increaſe on the ſide of that exquiſite feature, what an eclipſe have we to dread! But ſurely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a plaiſter, which the brighteſt jewel in the univerſe would want luſtre to ſupply.

I find that I am almoſt inſenſibly got upon the only ſubject which is likely to move my indignation, and carry me beyond the bounds of that moderation which I have boaſted of above. I ſhall therefore conclude this paper with offering terms of compoſition to thoſe of my fair readers, who are willing to treat with me. The firſt is, that thoſe young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themſelves from patches all at once, ſhall be allowed to wear them in what number, ſize, and figure they pleaſe, on ſuch parts of the body as are,

or

or ſhould be, moſt covered from ſight. The ſecond (and I ſhall offer no more) is, that any lady, who happens to prefer the ſimplicity of ſuch ornaments to the glare of her jewels, ſhall, upon diſpoſing of the ſaid jewels for the benefit of the Foundling or any other hoſpital, be permitted to wear (by way of publiſhing her good deeds to the world) as many patches on her face as ſhe has contributed hundreds of pounds to ſo laudable a benefaction. By purſuing this method, the public will be benefited, and patches, though no ornament, will be an honour to the ſex.

N° 72. THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1754.

Ne cures ea quæ ſtultè miraris & optas,
Diſcere & audire & meliori credere non vis. HOR.

IT is an obſervation of the duke de Rochefaucault, 'that there are many people in the world who would never have been in love if they had never heard talk of it.' As ſtrange as this aſſertion may appear, there is nothing more certain, than that mankind purſue with much greater ardour, what they are talked into an admiration of, than what they are prompted to by natural paſſions; nay, ſo great is the infatuation, that we frequently ſee them relinquiſhing real gratifications, for the ſake of following ideal notions, or the accidental mode of thinking of the preſent times.

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The ſtory of the princeſs Parizade in the Arabian tales, is a proper illuſtration of what I have here advanced. I ſhall give my readers a ſhort abſtract of this ſtory, as it may furniſh matter for reflection, and a very uſeful moral, to ſuch of them as regulate their whole conduct, and even their deſires by FASHION.

This princeſs, the happieſt as well as moſt beautiful of her ſex, lived with her two beloved brothers in a ſplendid palace, ſituated in the midſt of a delightful park, and the moſt exquiſite gardens in the eaſt. It happened one day, while the princes were hunting, that an old woman came to the gate, and deſired admittance to the oratory, that ſhe might ſay her prayers. The princeſs no ſooner knew of her requeſt than ſhe granted it, giving orders to her attendants, that after the good woman's prayers were ended, they ſhould ſhew her all the apartments of the palace, and then bring her into the hall where ſhe herſelf was ſitting. Every thing was performed as directed; and the princeſs, having regaled her gueſt with ſome fruits and ſweet-meats, among many other queſtions, aſked her what ſhe thought of the palace.

'Madam,' anſwered the old woman, 'your palace is beautiful, regular, and magnificently furniſhed; its ſituation is delightful, and its gardens are beyond compare. But yet, if you will give me leave to ſpeak freely, there are three things wanting to make it perfect.'—— 'My good mother,' interrupted the princeſs Parizade, 'what are thoſe three things? I conjure you in God's name to tell me what they are; and if there be

a poſſibility of obtaining them, neither difficulties nor dangers ſhall ſtop me in the attempt.' 'Madam,' replied the old woman, 'the firſt of theſe three things is the Talking Bird, the ſecond is the Singing Tree, and the third is the Yellow or Golden Water.' 'Ah, my good mother,' cried the princeſs, 'how much am I obliged to you for the knowledge of theſe things! They are no doubt the greateſt curioſities in the world, and unleſs you can tell me where they are to be found, I am the moſt unhappy of women.' The old woman ſatisfied the princeſs in that material point, and then took her leave.

The ſtory goes on to inform us, that when the two princes returned from hunting, they found the princeſs Parizade ſo wrapt up in thought, that they imagined ſome great misfortune had befallen her, which when they had conjured her to acquaint them with, ſhe only lifted up her eyes to look upon them, and then fixed them again upon the ground, telling them that nothing diſturbed her. The entreaties of the two princes, however, at laſt prevailed, and the princeſs addreſſed them in the following manner.

'You have often told me, my dear brothers, and I have always believed, that this houſe, which our father built, was complete in every thing; but I have learnt this day that it wants three things; theſe are the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water. An old woman has made this diſcovery to me, and told me the place where they are to be found, and the way thither. Perhaps you may look upon theſe

theſe rarities as trifles; but think what you pleaſe, I am fully perſuaded that they are abſolutely neceſſary; and whether you value them or not, I cannot be eaſy without them.'

The ſequel tells us, that after the princeſs Parizade had expreſſed herſelf with this proper ſpirit upon the occaſion, the brothers, in pity to her wants, went in purſuit of theſe NECESSARIES, and that failing in the enterprize, they were one after another turned into ſtone.

The application of this tale is ſo univerſal, that the enumerating particulars is almoſt an unneceſſary labour. The whole faſhionable world are ſo many Parizades; and things not only uſeleſs in their natures, but alſo ugly in themſelves, from having been once termed CHARMING by ſome faſhionable leaders of modern taſte, are now become ſo NECESSARY that *nobody can do without them.*

But though this ſtory happens to be told of a lady, the folly it particularizes is chiefly to be found in the other ſex: I mean, in reſpect to the pernicious conſequences attending vain and chimerical purſuits.

If we enter into the ſtricteſt examination of theſe idle longings in the women, we ſhall find that they ſeldom amount to any thing more than a diſſipation of their pin-money, without any other ill conſequence than that of turning their thoughts from ſome real good, which they actually poſſeſs, to an imaginary expectation. The paſſion for ſhells, old china, and the like, is confeſſedly trifling; but it is only blameable in proportion to the anxiety with which it is purſued: but what is this

this in compariſon of the deſolation of ambition, the waſte of magnificence, and the ruin of play?

Madame Monteſpan's coach and ſix mice was not a more idle, though it was a leſs miſchievous folly, than the armies of her lover, Lewis the fourteenth. The ambition of that monarch to emulate the conquerors of antiquity; of Cæſar to rival Alexander; of Alexander to reſemble the hero of his darling poem, the Iliad; the deſigns of Pyrrhus, and the project of Xerxes; what were they but counterparts to a paſſion for the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water?

To deſcend a little into private life, how many do we ſee daily talked into a rage for building, gardening, painting, and divers other expences, to the embarraſſing a fortune which would more than ſufficiently ſupply the neceſſaries of life? Among the numbers who have changed a ſober plan of living for one of riot and exceſs, the greateſt part have been converted by the arguments in a drinking ſong. Thouſands have taken the ſame fruitleſs and expenſive journey, becauſe they have heard that it is very JOHN TROTT not to have viſited France, and that a perſon who has not been abroad has SEEN NOTHING. I was once told by a gentleman, who had undone himſelf by keeping running horſes, that he owed his ruin to a ſtrong impreſſion made upon him, when a boy, by his father's butler, who happened to declare in his hearing, 'that it was a creditable thing to keep good cattle; and that if he was a gentleman, he ſhould take great pleaſure in being always well mounted.'

But to apply our fable to the moſt recent inſtance of this ſpecies of infatuation: How often have we ſeen an honeſt country gentleman, who has lived a truly happy life, bleſſed in his family, amuſed with his farms and gardens, entertained by his own beneficence, uſefully employed in the adminiſtration of juſtice, or in reconciling the differences of his litigious neighbours; but who being talked into an opinion of the great ſervice a man might do his country, as well as honour to himſelf, by getting into parliament, has given up all his real enjoyments and uſeful occupations for this imaginary phantom, which has only taught him by experience, what he might have learnt from example, that the FAMILY INTEREST, as it is called, is too often the deſtruction of the FAMILY ESTATE.

As to all thoſe gentlemen who have gained their elections, I moſt ſincerely wiſh them joy: and for thoſe who have been diſappointed, and who now may have leiſure to turn their thoughts from their country to themſelves, I beg leave to recommend to them the pleaſures, and, I may add, the duties of domeſtic life: in compariſon of which all other advantages are nothing more than the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water.

N° 76. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1754.

Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. HOR.

AT this ſeaſon of the year, when every man is raiſing his ſhare of duſt on the public roads, in order to feaſt his lungs with freſh air, and his eyes with novelty, I am led to conſider a modern character, ſcarce ever touched upon before, and which hitherto has obtained no other name from the public than the general one of an IMPROVER.

In former times, when the garden was made for fruit, the water for fiſh, and the park for veniſon, the ſervants preſided in their ſeveral departments, and the lord of the manor and his gueſts had nothing to do but to ſit down and cram themſelves with the products of each. But ſince the genius of TASTE has thought fit to make this iſland his principal reſidence, and has taught us to enjoy the gifts of nature in a leſs ſenſual manner, the maſter of the place thinks it incumbent on him to change the old ſyſtem, to take all under his own care, and to ſee that every thing be of his own doing. ALTERATION therefore muſt of neceſſity be the firſt great principle of an IMPROVER. When he ſhews you a plantation, it is conſtantly prefaced with, 'Here ſtood a wall.' If he directs your eye over an extent of lawn, 'There,' ſays he, 'we were crowded up with trees.' The lake, you are told, was the ſpot

where ſtood the old ſtables or the kitchen-garden; and the mount was formerly a horſe-pond. When you have heard this, you are next of all to know how every thing is to *be altered ſtill farther:* for as the IMPROVER himſelf never enjoys the preſent ſtate of things, he labours to diſturb the ſatisfaction you expreſs, by telling you that on the mount is to be a building; that the water is to be altered in ſhape, ſize, and level, and muſt have a caſcade and a bridge; that the largeſt trees in the plantation muſt be cut down, to give air and ſunſhine to ſhrubs and flowers.—In ſhort, the deſcription of what *is to be*, continues through the whole evening of your arrival; and when he has talked you to ſleep, and it is evident that you can hear no longer, he compaſſionately diſmiſſes you to reſt, knowing that late hours are incompatible with his deſigns upon you in the morning. Innocent of theſe deſigns, you enjoy the quiet of your chamber, comforting yourſelf that you muſt have ſeen and heard all, and that *the bitterneſs of* IMPROVEMENT *is over*. Or if you are ſuſpicious of any remaining fatigue, and are therefore prepared with the proper remonſtrances and evaſions, they will avail you nothing againſt an old practiſed IMPROVER: for the inſtant you have breakfaſted, he propoſes your taking a turn or two in the bowling-green for a little freſh air; to which you readily aſſent; and without imagining there can be any occaſion for ſtepping out of your ſlippers, you advance with him to the end of the green, where a door in a ſunk fence unexpectedly opens to the park. And here, as he aſſures you *the graſs is ſhort*, you

are

are led through all the pleaſures of unconnected variety, with this recommendation, that it is but a little way from the Palladian portico to the Gothic tower; from the Lapland to the Chineſe-houſe; or from the temple of Venus to the hermitage. By this time you are inſenſibly enticed to a great diſtance from the houſe; when on a ſudden he ſhews you over the park-wall a number of labourers mending the highway; and, *ſince you are got ſo far*, wiſhes you to go a little farther, that he may take this opportunity to give a few neceſſary inſtructions, and that the road may be mended with the advantage of your opinion and concurrence. In vain do you pull out your watch; in vain remonſtrate to him how late it is, or how rude it will be to make the ladies wait dinner: in vaid do you try to move him by ſtroking your chin, and ſhewing him a moſt perſuaſive length of beard, or implore his compaſſion on your Morocco ſlippers, pleading that if you had expected ſo long a walk, you would have put on your ſtrong ſhoes.—He knows that if you had apprehended a walk of half the diſtance, he never could have moved you from your eaſy chair; and being thoroughly ſenſible that it will not be in his power to get you ſo far again, is reſolved to make his advantage of the preſent opportunity; ſo leads you to every ditch that is emptying, or brick-kiln that is reeking for him; to his barn that is to be turned into a church, or to his farm that is to be made a ruin for the ſake of his proſpect; till at length he brings you ſo late home, that you are obliged

to

to ſit down undreſſed to a ſpoiled dinner with a family out of humour.

I remember the good time, when the price of a haunch of veniſon with a country friend was only half an hour's walk upon a hot terrass; a deſcent to the two ſquare fiſh-ponds overgrown with a frog-ſpawn; a peep into the hog-ſtye, or a viſit to the pigeon-houſe. How reaſonable was this, when compared with the attention now expected from you to the number of temples, pagoda's, pyramids, grotto's, bridges, hermitages, caves, towers, hot-houſes, &c. &c. for which the day is too ſhort, and which brings you to your meal fatigued and overcome with heat, denied the uſual refreſhment of clean-linen, and robbed of your appetite!

Having now ſufficiently warned the VISITOR of what he is to guard againſt, it is but juſt I ſhould give ſome few hints for the ſervice of the IMPROVER, whom I muſt always conſider (a little vanity excepted) as acting upon principles of benevolence, and from a deſire of giving pleaſure. It is this principle that blinds and miſleads his judgment, by ſuggeſting to him that he ſhall find from the VISITOR and others, who come to ſee his works, returns of equal civility and good-humour. But it will be expedient for him to reflect that theſe gentlemen do not always bring with them that deſire to be pleaſed, which, by his own diſpoſition, he is too apt to ſuppoſe, and which one would think, ſhould be eſſential to every party of pleaſure: for (excluſive of that natural inclination to

cenſure, which ſo generally attends all exerciſe of the judgment) on theſe occaſions, every occurrence of the day will probably adminiſter to the ſpleen of the critic. If the weather be too hot or too cold for him; if it be windy or ſhowery; if he has ſlept ill the night before; if he is hungry or ſick; if he is tired or ſore; if he has loſt a bett upon the road; if he has quarrelled with his friend; if he has been rebuked by his wife; or, in ſhort, if any thing has offended him, he is ſure to take his revenge in full, by finding fault with every thing that was deſigned for his entertainment. In this diſpoſition of mind, there is nothing ſafe but the ſhady gravel walk, with the few plain and neceſſary reſting-places, which leads to the undiſguiſed farm, or the navigable river. He will be ſure to allow you no poſtulatum. He abſolutely denies the exiſtence of hermits, mandarins, and the whole heathen ſyſtem of divinities. He diſputes the antiquity of your ruin, and the genuineneſs of your hermitage: nay, he will deſcend to cavil at the bell with which the hermit is ſuppoſed to ring himſelf to prayers. He is ſo cruel as to controvert your ſuppoſition that the new-made water is a river, though he knows it muſt have coſt you an immenſe ſum, and that it covers the richeſt meadow-ground you are maſter of. He leads the company to every ſunk fence which you chuſe ſhould be unobſerved. If he ſuſpects a building to be new-fronted, he finds out a private way to the decayed ſide of it; happy if he can diſcover it to have been a ſtable

or

or a pig-ſtye. His report of your place, after he has left it, is exactly of a piece with his behaviour while there. He either deſcribes it as a bog that will not bear a horſe, or as a ſand that cannot produce a blade of graſs. If he finds in reality neither bog nor barren ſand, his wiſhes ſupply his belief, and he labours to perſuade himſelf and others that one of theſe defects is the characteriſtic of your ſoil, but that you hate to be told of it, and always deny it.

One cannot but admire his ingenuity in particular caſes, where it has been judged impoſſible to find a fault. If you lead him to a knowl of uncommon verdure, varied with the fortunate diſpoſition of old oaks, commanding the moſt rural ſcenes, and, at a proper diſtance, the view of a large city, he ſhrugs up his ſhoulders and tells you it wants water. If your principal object be a lake, he will ſtrain a point to report it green and ſtagnated; or elſe take the advantage of a thunder-ſtorm to pronounce it white or yellow. If you have a ſtream, he laments the frequency of floods; if a tide-river, the ſmell of mud at low-water. He detects your painted caſcade, miſconſtrues your inſcriptions, and puns upon your motto's. Within doors he doubts if your pictures are originals, and expreſſes his apprehenſions that your ſtatues will bring the houſe down.

As I wiſh moſt ſincerely to reconcile theſe gentlemen to each other, I ſhall recommend to the IMPROVER the example of a particular friend of mine. It is ſaid in Milton, that before

before the angel diſcloſed to Adam the proſpect from the hill in paradiſe, he

——purged with euphraſy and rue
His viſual nerve, for he had much to ſee:

ſo this gentleman (borrowing the hint from Milton, but preferring a more modern opthalmic) upon the arrival of his VISITORS, takes care to purge their viſual nerves with a ſufficient quantity of CHAMPAIGN; after which, he aſſures me, they never SEE a fault in his IMPROVEMENTS.

N° 99. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1754.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſâ nocte premit Deus;
Ridetque, ſi mortalis ultra
Fas trepidat. Quod adeſt, memento
Componere æquus. HOR.

IT requires very little experience of the world to diſcover that mankind ſeldom enjoy the preſent hour, but are almoſt continually employing their thoughts about the future. This diſpoſition may indeed ſerve to delude ſome people into a happineſs, which, otherwiſe, they would never know; and we ſometimes ſee men engaging in projects apparently diſadvantageous to themſelves, that they may enjoy the comfortable thought of having benefited their families. But unfortunately this is not the general turn of mankind; and, I am

afraid, ſtill leſs ſo of my countrymen than of any others: they are conſtantly looking towards the dark ſide of the proſpect, fearing every thing, and hoping nothing.

This unhappy diſpoſition ſeems to ſpread its baleful influence more fatally in this month, than in any other of the whole year: for beſides the colds, vapours, and nervous diſorders with which individuals are afflicted, the STATE always ſuffers exceedingly during this month. I myſelf remember THIS COUNTRY UNDONE every November for theſe forty years. The truth is, that to make amends for that levity and diſſipation of thought which horſe-racing and rural ſports have occaſioned in the ſummer, every zealous Engliſhman ſits down at this ſeaſon ſeriouſly to conſider the ſtate of the nation; and always, upon mature reflection, concludes that matters are ſo exceeding bad, that the buſineſs of government cannot poſſibly be carried on through another ſeſſion. The products of the preſs, either proceeding from perſons really affected by the ſeaſon, or cunningly deſigned to ſuit the gloomy diſpoſition of the buyer, all tend to increaſe this diſorder of the mind. *Serious Conſiderations*, *The Tears of Trade*, *The Groans of the Plantations*, and the like, are the titles that ſpread the ſale of pamphlets at this ſeaſon of the year; while *The Cordial for low Spirits*, and *The Pills to purge Melancholy* have no chance for a vent, till the ſpring has given a turn to the blood, and put the ſpirits into a diſpoſition to be pleaſed.

There are indeed many recreations and amuſements in this metropolis, that are deſigned as ſo many antidotes to the

general gloom; but though we have had this year the greateſt importation of entertainment that ever was known, I doubt, there are many inhabitants of this city who are at preſent ſo totally poſſeſſed with the ſpleen, that they do not know of half the number of dancers, ſingers, mimics, and beauties, which are already arrived. It is, however, comfortable to reflect on that happy revolution, which is conſtantly brought about by the Chriſtmas holidays and the lengthening of the days. Thoſe who ſeemed ſo lately to be loſt in deſpair, grow into ſpirits on a ſudden; and plays, operas, balls, pantomimes, and burlettas, diffuſe an univerſal ecſtaſy.

But even in the midſt of this higheſt tide of ſpirits, I am ſorry to ſay it, the moſt groundleſs ſuppoſitions of what may poſſibly happen, ſhall ſpread a cloud over all our joy. The idea of an invaſion, a comet, or an earthquake, ſhall keep the whole town in an agony for many weeks. In ſhort, every apprehenſion ſhall in its turn make an impreſſion on our imaginations, except that of a FUTURE STATE.

That this great event ſhould not occupy thoſe minds which are totally engroſſed by the PRESENT, is not much to be wondered at; but that it ſhould be the only view towards which theſe LOOKERS-FORWARD never turn their eyes, is an inconſiſtency altogether unaccountable.

When Falſtaff's wench is ſitting upon his knee, her hint ſeems to be a little ill-timed, when ſhe adviſes him *to patch up his old body for Heaven*; and his reply is ſuitable to the place and occaſion; *Peace, good Doll; do not ſpeak like a*

death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end. Mrs. Quickly was no leſs blameable on the other ſide, when finding him ſo near his end that he began to cry out, ſhe ſays, *Now I, to* COMFORT *him, bid him he ſhould not think of* GOD.

I avoid entering ſeriouſly and particularly into this ſubject, that I may not give my paper the air of a ſermon: and inſtead of uſing arguments of a religious caſt, I deſire only to recommend a propriety and conſiſtency of thought and conduct. It is therefore that I would adviſe my readers either to throw aſide, not for this month only, but for their whole lives, this gloomy curioſity that will avail them nothing, and to enter into a free and full enjoyment of the PRESENT; or if, of neceſſity, they muſt direct their whole atttention to the FUTURE, let it be to that expectation, which they may depend upon with the utmoſt certainty, which will afford the moſt profitable exerciſe for their inquiſitive thoughts, and which will be the only inſtance where an anxious concern for the FUTURE can poſſibly be of ſervice to them.

I have been principally led into this train of thinking by a letter which I received yeſterday by the penny-poſt, and which I ſhall here communicate to my readers, as a proper concluſion of this paper.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I am juſt returned from a ſhort viſit to ſome relations of mine, who live in a large old manſion-houſe in the country. The gloomy aſpect of the place, the unpleaſing appearance of nature

nature at the fall of the leaf, and the alteration of weather with the change of the ſeaſon, made me acquieſce in the received opinion, that there is really ſomething dreadful in the influence of this month of November; which, however, we who live in London, have no ſuch apparent reaſon to be affected with.

The melancholy impreſſion which I received from the place, was greatly increaſed by the turn of its inhabitants. My uncle and aunt are bleſſed with a competent fortune, and two fine children; but they neither enjoy the one, nor educate the other; their whole attention being engroſſed by objects, which, in their eſtimation, are of much greater conſequence. My uncle is continually employed in computing the year in which this kingdom is to become a province to France; and my aunt is no leſs occupied in endeavouring to fix the exact time of the Millenium.

A younger brother of my uncle's, who lives in the family, and who is a very great mathematician, has been buſied many years in calculations, which, he aſſerts, are of the utmoſt importance to the world, as they affect the duration and well-being of it. He is greatly apprehenſive that, from Sir Iſaac Newton's ſyſtem, the time will come when this earth, round as it was at firſt created, will be as flat as a pancake: but long before this event can happen, it muſt certainly ſuffer a more palpable inconvenience. He has made a diſcovery that the profuſion of man conſumes faſter than the earth produces. Vaſt fleets, and enormous buildings, have waſted almoſt all our oak; and the firs of Norway are beginning to fail. What

ſhall

ſhall we do, he ſays, when the coal, ſalt, iron, and lead mines, are exhauſted? And beſides, may it not happen before theſe events take place, that ſuch vaſt excavations, inconſiderately made, may give a pernicious inequality to the balance of the globe? Theſe arguments are ſlighted by his brother, who is more immediately alarmed for the balance of Europe; but they have great weight with my aunt, as they evince the neceſſity of a renewal, and tend to haſten, as well as prove, the eſtabliſhment of the Millenium.

A farther account of the anxieties of this family may poſſibly be the ſubject of another letter: I ſhall, however, conclude this with diſcovering to you my own. I am in great pain leſt the young ſquire ſhould turn out a vulgar and imperious blockhead, from having been left all his life to ſervants; and I am ſorry to ſay, that the event which my uncle and aunt have moſt immediate reaſon to apprehend, is my couſin Mary's running away with the butler.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

A. Z.

N° 102. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1754.

Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

AS an Engliſhman, I gratefully applaud the zeal you ſhew for aſcertaining our language; and am equally ready to acknowledge

knowledge the uſe and even the neceſſity of the NEOLOGICAL dictionary, mentioned in your laſt paper. I muſt, however, beg leave ſo far to diſſent from you as to doubt the propriety of joining to the fixed and permanent ſtandard of our language, a vocabulary of words which periſh and are forgot within the compaſs of the year.

That we are obliged to the ladies for moſt of theſe ornaments to our language, I readily acknowledge; but it muſt alſo be acknowledged that it would be degrading their invention to ſuppoſe they would deſire a perpetuity of any thing whoſe loſs they can ſo eaſily ſupply. It would be no leſs an error to imagine that they wanted a repoſitory for their words after they have worn them out, than that they wiſhed for a wardrobe to preſerve their caſt-off faſhions. Novelty is their pleaſure: ſingularity and the love of being before-hand is greatly flattering to the female mind. From hence ariſes the preſent taſte for planting, and the pleaſure the ladies take in ſhewing their exotics, as giving them an opportunity of talking Greek. With what reſpectful pleaſure do their admirers gaze, while their pretty mouths troll out the Toxicodendron, Chryſanthemum, Orchis, Tragopogon, Hypericum, and the like?

From hence only can we account for that jargon which the French call the *Bon ton*, which they are obliged to change continually, as ſoon as they find it prophaned by any other company but one ſtep lower than themſelves in their degrees of politeneſs. A lady armed with a new word, exults with a conſcious

conſcious ſuperiority, and exerciſes a tyranny over thoſe who do not underſtand her, like the delegates of the law, with their *Capias*, *Latitat*, and *Venire facias*: but a word which has been a month upon the town loſes its force, and makes as poor a figure as the law put into Engliſh.

In order therefore to interpret every new word, and what is ſtill more important, to give the different acceptations of the ſame words, according to the various ſenſes in which they are received and underſtood in the different parts of this extenſive metropolis, I would recommend a ſmall portable vocabulary to be annually publiſhed and bound up with the almanack. It is of great conſequence that a work of this nature ſhould be duly and carefully executed, becauſe though it is very grievous to be ignorant, it is much more terrible to be deceived or miſled; and this is greatly to be apprehended from the abuſe of turning old words from their former ſignification to a ſenſe not only very different, but often directly contrary to it. The coining a new word, that is to ſay, a new ſound, which had no ſenſe previouſly affixed to it, will probably have no other ill effect than puzzling for a while the underſtanding and memory: but what ſhall we ſay to the turn which the preſent age has taken of giving an entire new ſenſe to words and expreſſions, and that in ſo delicate a caſe as the characters of men? I remember when a certain perſon informed a large company at the polite end of the town, that, in the city, a GOOD MAN was a term meant to denote a man who was able and ready at all times to pay a bill at ſight, the whole aſ-

ſembly

ſembly ſhook their heads, and thought it was a ſtrange perverſion of language. And yet theſe very perſons are not aware that the phraſes they commonly uſe would appear equally ſtrange on the other ſide Temple-bar. A SILLY FELLOW, for inſtance, would there be thought a weak young man, who had been ſo often impoſed upon that he was not worth a groat; inſtead of that, it is the moſt common term for one who poſſeſſes the very fortune, talents, miſtreſs, or preferment, which his deſcriber wiſhes to have. In like manner, a SILLY WOMAN implies one who is more beautiful, young, happy, and good-natured, than the reſt of her female acquaintance. ODD MAN is a term we frequently hear vociferated in the ſtreets, when a chairman is in want of a partner. But when a lady of quality orders her porter to let in no ODD PEOPLE, ſhe means all decent, grave men, women who have never been talked of, many of her own relations, and all her huſband's.

Beſides thoſe words which owe their riſe to caprice or accident, there are many which having been long confined to particular profeſſions, offices, diſtricts, climates, &c. are brought into public uſe by faſhion, or the reigning topic on which converſation has happened to dwell for any conſiderable time. During the great rebellion they talked univerſally the language of the ſcriptures. *To your tents, O Iſrael*, was the well-known cry of faction in the ſtreets. They beat the enemy *from Dan even unto Beerſheba*, and expreſſed themſelves in a manner which muſt have been totally unintelligible, except in thoſe extraordinary times, when people of all ſorts hap-

pened to read the Bible. To theſe ſucceeded the WITS of CHARLES's days; to underſtand whom it was neceſſary to have remembered a great deal of bad poetry; as they generally began or concluded their diſcourſe with a couplet. In our memory the late war, which began at ſea, filled our mouths with terms from that element. The land war not only enlarged the ſize of our ſwords and hats, but of our words alſo. The peace taught us the language of the ſecretary's office. Our country ſquires made *treaties* about their game, and ladies *negociated* the meeting of their lap-dogs. Parliamentary language has been uſed *without doors*. We drink claret or port according to the ſtate of our *finances*. To ſpend a week in the country or town is a *meaſure*; and if we diſlike the *meaſure*, we put a *negative* upon it. With the rails and buildings of the Chineſe, we adopted alſo for a while their language. A doll of that country we called a joſs, and a ſlight building a pagoda. For that year we talked of nothing but palanquins, nabobs, mandarins, junks, ſepoys, &c. To what was this owing, but the war in the Eaſt-Indies?

I would therefore farther propoſe, in order to render this work complete, that a ſupplement be added to it, which ſhall be an explanation of the words, figures and forms of ſpeech of the country, that will moſt probably be the ſubject of converſation for the enſuing year. For inſtance: Whoever conſiders the deſtination of our preſent expedition, muſt think it high time to publiſh an interpretation of Weſt-India phraſes, which will ſoon become ſo current among us, that no man will be fit

to appear in company, who ſhall not be able to ornament his diſcourſe with thoſe jewels. For my part, I wiſh ſuch a work had been publiſhed time enough to have aſſiſted me in reading the following extract of a letter from one of our colonies.

—— 'The *Chippowajs* and *Orundaks* are ſtill very troubleſome. Laſt week they *ſcalped* one of our Indians: but the *Six nations* continue firm; and at a meeting of *Sachems* it was determined *to take up the hatchet*, and *make the war-kettle boil.* The French deſired *to ſmoak the calumet of peace*, but the *half-king* would not conſent. They offered the *ſpeech-belt*, but it was refuſed. Our governor has received an account of their proceedings, together with *a ſtring of wampum*, and *a bundle of ſkins to brighten the chain.*'

A work of this kind, if well executed, cannot fail to make the fortune of the undertaker: for I am convinced that A GUIDE *to the* NEW-ENGLISH *tongue* muſt have as great a ſale as the Britiſh Peerage, Baronetage, Regiſter of Races, Liſt of the Houſes, and other ſuch-like nomenclators, which conſtitute the uſeful part of the modern library.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

C. D.

N° 104. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1754.

Seria cum poſſim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu cauſa es, Lector.——MART.

THIS being the day after the feſtival of Chriſtmas, as alſo the laſt Thurſday of the old year, I feel myſelf in a manner called upon for a paper ſuitable to the ſolemnity of the occaſion. But upon reflection I find it neceſſary to reject any ſuch conſideration, for the ſame reaſon that I have hitherto declined giving too ſerious a turn to the generality of theſe eſſays. Papers of pleaſantry, enforcing ſome leſſer duty, or reprehending ſome faſhionable folly, will be of more real uſe than the fineſt writing and moſt virtuous moral, which few or none will be at the pains to read through. I do not mean to reproach the age with having no delight in any thing ſerious; but I cannot help obſerving, that the demand for moral eſſays (and the preſent times have produced many excellent ones) has of late fallen very ſhort of their acknowledged merits.

The world has always conſidered amuſement to be the principal end of a public paper: and though it is the duty of a writer to take care that ſome uſeful moral be inculcated, yet unleſs he be happy in the peculiar talent of couching it under the appearance of mere entertainment, his compoſitions will be uſeleſs: his readers will ſleep over his unenlivened inſtructions, or be diſguſted at his too frequently overhauling old worn-

worn-out ſubjects, and retailing what is to be found in every library in the kingdom.

Innocent mirth and levity are more apparently the province of ſuch an undertaking as this; but whether they are really ſo or not, while mankind agree to think ſo, the writer who ſhall happen to be of a different opinion, muſt ſoon find himſelf obliged either to lay aſide his prejudices or his pen. Nor ought it to be ſuppoſed in the preſent times, when every general topic is exhauſted, that there can be any other way of engaging the attention, than by repreſenting the manners as faſt as they change, and enforcing the novelty of them with all the powers of drawing, and heightening it with all the colouring of humour. The only danger is, leſt the habit of levity ſhould tend to the admiſſion of any thing contrary to the deſign of ſuch a work. To this I can only ſay, that the greateſt care has been taken, in the courſe of theſe papers, to weigh and conſider the tendency of every ſentiment and expreſſion; and if any thing improper has obtained a place in them, I can truly aſſert that it has been only owing to that inadvertency which attends a various publication; and which is ſo inevitable, that (however extraordinary it may ſeem to thoſe who are now to be told it) it is notorious that there are papers printed in the Guardian which were written in artful ridicule of the very undertakers of that work, and their moſt particular friends.*

In

* No. 40 of the Guardian was written by Pope, and contains an artful and ingenious ridicule of Philips's Paſtorals. As Philips was a friend of Addiſon, it is

In writings of humour, figures are ſometimes uſed of ſo delicate a nature, that it ſhall often happen that ſome people will ſee things in a direct contrary ſenſe to what the author and the majority of readers underſtand them. To ſuch the moſt innocent irony may appear irreligion or wickedneſs. But in the miſapprehenſion of this figure, it is not always that the reader is to blame. A great deal of irony may ſeem very clear to the writer, which may not be ſo properly managed as to be ſafely truſted to the various capacities and apprehenſions of all ſorts of readers. In ſuch caſes the conductor of a paper will be liable to various kinds of cenſure, though in reality nothing can be proved againſt him but want of judgment.

Having given my general reaſons againſt the too frequent writing of ſerious papers, it may not be improper to ſpeak more particularly of the ſeaſon which gave riſe to theſe reflections, and to ſhew, that as matters ſtand at preſent, it would not even be a ſanction for ſuch kind of compoſitions. Our anceſtors conſidered Chriſtmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a chearful feſtival; and accordingly diſtinguiſhed it by devotion, by vacation from buſineſs, by merriment and hoſpitality. They ſeemed eagerly bent to make themſelves and every body about them happy. With what punctual zeal did they wiſh one another a *merry Chriſtmas!* and what an omiſſion would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without *the compliments of the ſeaſon!*

The

is not likely Steele would have admitted his paper had he been aware of the real intention of the writer. E.

The great hall reſounded with the tumultuous joys of ſervants and tenants, and the gambols they played ſerved as amuſement to the lord of the manſion and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to ſoften the rigour of the ſeaſon, and to mitigate the influence of winter. What a fund of delight was the chuſing King and Queen upon Twelfth-night! and how greatly ought we to regret the neglect of mince-pies, which, beſides the idea of merry-making inſeparable from them, were always conſidered as the teſt of ſchiſmatics! How zealouſly were they ſwallowed by the orthodox, to the utter confuſion of all fanatical recuſants! If any country gentleman ſhould be ſo unfortunate in this age as to lie under a ſuſpicion of hereſy, where will he find ſo eaſy a method of acquitting himſelf, as by the ordeal of plum-porridge?

To account for a revolution which has rendered this ſeaſon (ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed formerly) now ſo little different from the reſt of the year, will be no difficult taſk. The ſhare which devotion had in the ſolemnization of Chriſtmas is greatly reduced; and it is not to be expected, that thoſe who have no religion at any other time of the year, ſhould ſuddenly bring their minds from a habit of diſſipation to a temper not very eaſy to be taken up with the day. As to the influence which vacation from buſineſs and feſtal mirth have had in the celebration of the holidays, they can have no particular effect in the preſent times, when almoſt every day is ſpent like an anniverſary rejoicing, when every dinner is a feaſt,

the

the very taſting of our wines hard drinking, and our common play gaming. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that there is nothing remaining in this town to characterize the time, but the orange and roſemary, and the bellman's verſes.

The Romans allotted this month to the celebration of the feaſt called the Saturnalia. During theſe holidays every ſervant had the liberty of ſaying what he pleaſed to his maſter with impunity.

——— *Age, libertate Decembri,*
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere.——

I wiſh with all my heart that the ſame indulgence was allowed to ſervants in theſe times, provided that it would be a reſtraint upon their licentiouſneſs through the reſt of the year.

The moſt fatal revolution, and what principally concerns this ſeaſon, is the too general deſertion of the country, the great ſcene of hoſpitality. Of all the follies of this age, it is the leaſt to be accounted for, how ſmall a part of ſuch as throng to London in the winter, are thoſe who either go upon the plea of buſineſs, or to amuſe themſelves with what were formerly called the pleaſures of the place. There are the theatres, muſic, and, I may add, many other entertainments, which are only to be had in perfection in the metropolis: but it is really a fact, that three parts in four of thoſe who crowd the houſes which are already built, and who are now taking leaſes of foundations which are to be houſes as faſt as hands can make them, come to town with the ſole view of paſſing their time over a card-table.

To

To what this is owing I am at a loſs to conceive; but I have at leaſt the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that I have not contributed to the growth of this folly; nor do I find, upon a review of all my papers, that I have painted this town in ſuch glowing and irreſiſtible colours, as to have cauſed this forcible attraction. I have not ſo much as given an ironical commendation of crowds, which ſeem to be the great allurements; nor have I any where attempted to put the pleaſures of the town in competition with thoſe of the country. On the contrary, it has been, and will be, my care during the continuance of this work, to delineate the manners and faſhions of a town-life ſo truly and impartially, as rather to ſatisfy than excite the curioſity of a country reader, who may be deſirous to know what is doing in the world. If at any time I ſhould allow the metropolis its due praiſes, as being the great mart for arts, ſciences, and erudition, I ought not to be accuſed of influencing thoſe perſons who pay their viſits to it upon very different conſiderations: nor can any thing I ſhall ſay, of the tendency above-mentioned, be pleaded in excuſe for coming up to town merely to play at cards.

N° 106. THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1755.

Satis Eloquentiæ——SALLUST.

HAVING received a letter of a very extraordinary nature, I think myſelf obliged to give it to the public, though I am afraid many of my readers may object to the terms of art, of which I cannot diveſt it: but I ſhall make no apology for what may any way tend to the advancement of a ſcience, which is now become ſo faſhionable, popular, and flouriſhing.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

As all ſorts of perſons are at this preſent juncture deſirous of becoming ſpeakers; and as many of them, through the neglect of parents or otherwiſe, have been totally ungrounded in the firſt principles or rudiments of rhetoric, I have with great pains and judgment ſelected ſuch particulars as may moſt immediately, and without ſuch rudiments, conduce to the perfection of that ſcience, and which, if duly attended to, will teach grown gentlemen to ſpeak in public in ſo complete a manner, that neither they nor their audience ſhall diſcover the want of an earlier application.

I do not addreſs myſelf to you like thoſe who correſpond with the daily papers, in order to puff off my expeditious method by referring you to the many perſons of quality, whom I have taught in four-and-twenty hours; I chuſe openly and

fairly to ſubmit my plan to your inſpection, which will ſhew you that I teach rather how to handle antagoniſts than arguments.

I diſtinguiſh what kind of man to cut with a ſyllogiſm, and whom to overwhelm with the ſorites; whom to enſnare with the crocodile, and whom to hamper in the horns of the dilemma. Againſt the pert, young, bold aſſerter, I direct the *argumentum ad verecundiam.* This is frequently the moſt deciſive argument that can be uſed in a populous aſſembly. If, for inſtance a forward talker ſhould advance that ſuch an ancient poet is dull, you put him at once both to ſilence and ſhame, by ſaying, that Ariſtotle has commended him. If the diſpute be about a Greek word, and he pronounces it to be inelegant, and never uſed by any author of credit, you confound him by telling him it is in Ariſtophanes; and you need not diſcover that it is in the mouth of a bird, a frog, or a Scythian who talks broken Greek.

To explain my *argumentum ad ignorantiam* (which appears to be of the leaſt uſe, becauſe it is only to be employed againſt a *modeſt man*) let us ſuppoſe a perſon ſpeaking with diffidence of ſome tranſaction on the continent: you may aſk him with a ſneer, Pray, ſir, *were you ever abroad?* If he has related a fact from one of our American iſlands, you may aſſert he can know nothing of the affairs of that iſland, *for you were born there*; and to prove his ignorance, aſk him *what latitude it is in.*

In loquacious crowds, you will have much more frequent occaſions for uſing my *argumentum ad hominem*; and the mi-

nute particulars into which men are led by egotiſm, will give you great advantages in preſſing them with conſequences drawn from their ſuppoſed principles. You may alſo take away the force of a man's argument, by concluding from ſome equivocal expreſſion, that he is a jacobite, a republican, a courtier, a methodiſt, a freethinker, or a jew. You may fling at his country, or profeſſion: he talks like an apothecary, you believe him to be a tooth-drawer, or know that he is a taylor. This argument might be of great uſe at the bar in examining witneſſes, if the lawyers would not think it inconſiſtent with the dignity and politeneſs of their profeſſion.'

By this ſketch of my plan, you may ſee that my pupils may moſt properly be ſaid to ſtudy men: and the principal thing I endeavour to teach them from that knowledge, is, the art of diſcovering the different ſtrength of their competitors, ſo as to know when to anſwer, and when to lie by. And as I entirely throw out of my ſyſtem the *argumentum ad judicium*, which, according to Mr. Locke, 'is the uſing of proofs drawn from any of the foundations of knowledge,' there will be nothing in my academy that will have the leaſt appearance of a ſchool, and of conſequence nothing to make a gentleman either afraid or aſhamed of attending it.

Inquire for A. B. at the bar of the Bedford coffee-houſe.

* * *

As the foregoing letter ſo fully explains itſelf, I ſhall take no other notice of it; but in complaiſance to my correſpondent,

ent, ſhall throw together a few looſe obſervations on our preſent numerous ſocieties for the propagation of eloquence. And here I cannot but pleaſe myſelf with the reflection, that as dictionaries have been invented, by the help of which thoſe who cannot *ſtudy* may learn arts and ſciences; here is now found a method of teaching them to thoſe who cannot *read*.

Theſe foundations are inſtituted in the very ſpirit of Lycurgus, who diſcountenanced all written laws, and eſtabliſhed in their ſtead a ſyſtem of policy called RHETRA, from its being ſpoken, which he ordered to be the daily ſubject of diſcourſe, and ordained mixed aſſemblies for that end, where the young might be taught, by attending to the converſation of the old.

In Turkey, where the majority of the inhabitants can neither write nor read, the charitable care of that conſiderate people has provided a method of compenſating the want of thoſe arts, and even the uſe of the preſs, by having a relay of narrators ready to be alternately elevated on a ſtool in every coffee-houſe, to ſupply the office of news-papers and pamphlets to the Turkiſh quidnuncs and critics.

Speech being the faculty which exalts man above the reſt of the creation, we may conſider eloquence as the talent which gives him the moſt diſtinguiſhed pre-eminence over his own ſpecies; and yet Juvenal makes no ſcruple to declare, that it would have been better for Cicero, to have been a mere poetaſter, and for Demoſthenes to have worked under his

his father as a blackſmith, than to have frequented the ſchools of rhetoric.

Diis ille adverſis genitus fatoque ſiniſtro,
Quem pater, ardentis maſſæ fuligine lippus,
A fornace et forcipibus, gladioſque parante
Incude, ac luteo Vulcano, ad Rhetora miſit.

I am glad to find that our blackſmiths and other artiſans have a nobler way of thinking, and the ſpirit to do for themſelves what the father of Demoſthenes did for him. And I ſee this with the greater pleaſure, as I hope I may conſider the ſeminaries which are daily inſtituted as riſing up in ſupport of truth, virtue, and religion, againſt the libels of the preſs. It is not to be doubted but that we are ſafe on the ſide of oral argumentation, as no man can have the face to utter before witneſſes ſuch ſhameful doctrines as have too frequently appeared in anonymous pamphlets. If it ſhould ever be objected that the frequency of ſuch aſſemblies may poſſibly, in time, produce ſophiſtry, quibbling, immorality and ſcepticiſm, becauſe this was the caſe at Athens, ſo famous for its numerous ſchools of philoſophy, where, as Milton ſays,

Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry;
And in themſelves ſeek virtue, and to themſelves
All glory arrogate, to GOD *give none:*
Rather accuſe him under uſual names,
Fortune and Fate:——

I anſwer, that theſe falſe doctrines of GOD and the ſoul were thus bandied about by a parcel of heathens, blind and ignorant at beſt, but for the greateſt part the moſt uſeleſs, idle, and

and profligate members of the ſtate; and that it is not therefore to be apprehended, in this enlightened age, that men of ſober lives, and profitable profeſſions, will run after ſophiſts, to waſte their time, and unhinge their faith and opinions. However, as the perverſeneſs of human nature is ſtrange and unaccountable, if I ſhould find theſe modern ſchools in any way to contribute to the growth of infidelity or libertiniſm, I hereby give notice that I ſhall publicly retract my good opinion of them, notwithſtanding all my prepoſſeſſions in favour of eloquence.

Though the following letter is written with all the ſpleen and acrimony of a rival orator, I think myſelf obliged, from the impartiality I obſerve to all my correſpondents, to give it a place in this paper.

SIR,

As all intruders and interlopers are ever diſagreeable to eſtabliſhed profeſſions, I am ſo incenſed againſt ſome late pretenders to oratory, that though I daily fulminate my diſpleaſure *ex cathedrâ*, I now apply to you for a more extenſive proclamation of my reſentment.

I have been for many years an ORATOR of the STAGE ITINERANT: and from my earlieſt youth was bred under the auſpices of Apollo, to thoſe two beloved arts of that deity, PHYSIC and ELOQUENCE: not like theſe pretenders, who betray not only a deficiency of erudition, but alſo a moſt manifeſt want of generoſity; a virtue, which our profeſſors have

have ever boasted. Universal benevolence is our fundamental principle. We raise no poll-tax on our hearers: our words are gratuitous, like the air and light in which they are delivered. I have therefore no jealousy of these mercenary spirits: my audiences have only been led aside by novelty; they will soon grow weary of such extortioners, and return to the old stage. But the misfortune is, that these innovations have turned the head of a most necessary servant of mine, commonly known by the name of Merry Andrew: and I must confess it gives me a real uneasiness, when one of his wit and parts talks of setting up against me.

Yours,

CIRCUMFORANEUS.

N° 107. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1755.

—— Quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in historiâ —— JUV.

AS the French have lately introduced an entire new method of writing history, and as it is to be presumed we shall be as ready to ape them in this, as in all other fashions, I shall lay before the public a loose sketch of such rules as I have been able hastily to throw together for present use, till some great and distinguished critic may have leisure to collect his ideas,

ideas, and publiſh a more complete and regular ſyſtem of the modern art of writing hiſtory.

For the ſake of brevity I ſhall enter at once upon my ſubject, and addreſs my inſtruction to the future hiſtorian.

Remember to prefix a long preface to your hiſtory, in which you will have a right to ſay whatever comes into your head: for all that relates to your hiſtory may with propriety be admitted, and all that is foreign to the purpoſe may claim a place in it, becauſe it is a preface. It will be ſufficient therefore if I give you only a hint upon the occaſion, which, if you manage with dexterity, or rather audacity, will ſtand you in great ſtead.

Be ſure you ſeize every opportunity of introducing the moſt extravagant commendations of Tacitus; but be careful how you enter too minutely into any particulars you may have heard of that writer, for fear of diſcovering that you have *only* heard of them. The ſafeſt way will be to keep to the old cuſtom of abuſing all other hiſtorians, and vilifying them in compariſon of him. But in the execution of this, let me intreat you to do a little violence to your modeſty, by avoiding every inſinuation that may ſet him an inch above yourſelf.

Before you enter upon the work, it will be neceſſary to diveſt yourſelf entirely of all regard for truth. To conquer this prejudice, may perhaps coſt you ſome pains; but till you have effectually overcome it, you will find innumerable difficulties continually obtruding themſelves to thwart your deſign of writing an entertaining hiſtory in the modern taſte.

The next thing is to find out ſome ſhrewd reaſon for rejecting all ſuch authentic papers as are come to light ſince the period you are writing of was laſt conſidered; for if you cannot cleverly keep clear of them, you will be obliged to make uſe of them; and then your performance may be called dull and dry; which is a cenſure you ought as carefully to avoid, as to contend for that famous compliment which was paid the author of the hiſtory of Charles the Twelfth, by his moſt illuſtrious patron, who is himſelf an hiſtorian, *Plus beau que la verité.*

I am aware of the maxim of Polybius, 'that hiſtory void of truth, is an empty ſhadow.' But the motto of this paper may ſerve to convict that dogmatiſt of ſingularity, by ſhewing that his own countrymen diſavowed his pretended axiom even to a proverb. Though we may allow truth to the firſt hiſtorian of any particular æra, the nature of things requires that truth muſt gradually recede, in proportion to the frequency of treating the ſame period; or elſe the laſt hand would be abſolutely precluded from every advantage of novelty. It is fit therefore that we modernize the maxim of Polybius, by ſubſtituting the word WIT in the place of TRUTH; but as all writers are not bleſſed with a ready ſtore of wit, it may be neceſſary to lay down ſome other rules for the compiling of hiſtory, in which it is expedient that we avail ourſelves of all the artifices which either have been, or may be made uſe of, to ſurprize, charm, ſadden, or confound the mind of the reader.

In

In treating of times that have been often written upon, there can be no ſuch thing as abſolute novelty; therefore the only method to be taken in ſuch caſes, is to give every occurrence a new turn. You may take the ſide of Philip of Macedon againſt Demoſthenes and the obſtinate republicans; and you will have many inſtances to ſhew how wantonly whole ſeas of blood have been ſhed for the ſake of thoſe two infatuating ſounds, LIBERTY and RELIGION. It was a lucky hit of an Engliſh biographer, that of writing the vindication and panegyric of Richard the Third; and I would adviſe you to attempt ſomething of the ſame nature. For inſtance: you may undertake to ſhew the unreaſonableneſs of our high opinion of queen Elizabeth, and our falſe notions of the happineſs of her government. For as to lives and characters, you have one principal rule to obſerve; and that is, to elevate the bad, and depreciate the good. But in writing the characters of others, always keep your own (if you have any value for it) in view; and never allow to any great perſonage a virtue which you either feel the want of, or a notorious diſregard for. You may queſtion the moral character of Socrates, the chaſtity of Cyrus, the conſtancy of the martyrs, the piety and ſincerity of the reformers, the bravery of Cromwell, and the military talents of king William; and you need never fear the finding authorities to ſupport you in any detraction, among the writers of anecdotes; ſince Dion Caſſius, a grave hiſtorian, has confidently aſſerted that Cicero proſtituted his wife, trained up his ſon in drunkenneſs, committed inceſt with his daughter, and lived in adultery with Cerellia.

I come next to ornaments; under which head I conſider ſentences, prodigies, digreſſions, and deſcriptions. On the two firſt I ſhall not detain you, as it will be ſufficient to recommend a free uſe of them, and to be new if you can. Of digreſſions you may make the greateſt uſe, by calling them to your aid whenever you are at a fault. If you want to ſwell your hiſtory to a folio, and have only matter for an octavo, (ſuppoſe, for example, it were the ſtory of Alexander) you may enter into an inquiry of what that adventurer would have done, if he had not been poiſoned; whether his conqueſts, or Kouly Khan's, were the moſt extraordinary: what would have been the conſequence of his marching weſtward; and whether he would have beat the duke of Marlborough. You may alſo introduce in this place a diſſertation upon fire arms, or the art of fortification. In deſcriptions, you muſt not be ſparing, but outgo every thing that has been attempted before you. Let your battles be the moſt bloody, your ſieges the moſt obſtinate, your caſtles the moſt impregnable, your commanders the moſt conſummate, and their ſoldiers the moſt intrepid. In deſcribing a ſea-fight, let the enemy's fleet be the moſt numerous, and their ſhips the largeſt that ever were known. Do not ſcruple to burn a thouſand ſhips, and turn their crews half-ſcorched into the ſea; there let them ſurvive a while by ſwimming, that you may have an opportunity of jamming them between their own and the enemy's veſſels: and when you have gone through the dreadful diſtreſſes of the action, conclude by blowing up the admiral's own ſhip, and ſcatter-

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ing officers of great birth and bravery in the air. In the ſacking of a town, murder all the old men and young children in the cruelleſt manner, and in the moſt ſacred retreats. Deviſe ſome ingenious inſults on the modeſty of matrons. Raviſh a great number of virgins, and ſee that they are all in the height of beauty and purity of innocence. When you have fired all the houſes, and cut the throats of ten times the number of inhabitants they contained, exerciſe all manner of barbarity on the dead bodies. And that you may extend the ſcene of miſery, let ſome eſcape, but all naked. Tear their uncovered limbs; cut their feet for want of ſhoes; harden the hearts of the peaſants againſt them, and arm the elements with unuſual rigour for their perſecution: drench them with rain, benumb them with froſt, and terrify them with thunder and lightning.

If in writing voyages and travels you have occaſion to ſend meſſengers through an uninhabited country, do not be overtender or ſcrupulous how you treat them. You may ſtop them at rivers, and drown all their ſervants and horſes: infeſt them with fleas, lice, and muſquitoes, and when they have been eaten ſufficiently with theſe vermin, you may ſtarve them to a deſire of eating one another; and if you think it will be an ornament to your hiſtory, e'en caſt the lots, and ſet them to dinner. But if you do this, you muſt take care that the ſavage chief to whom they are ſent, does not treat them with man's fleſh; becauſe it will be no novelty: I would rather adviſe you to alter the bill of fare to an elephant, a rhinoceros,

noceros, or an alligator. The king and his court will of courſe be drinking out of human ſkulls; but what ſort of liquor you muſt fill them with, to ſurprize an European, I muſt own I cannot conceive. In treating of the Indian manners and cuſtoms, you may make a long chapter of their conjuring, their idolatrous ceremonies, and ſuperſtitions; which will give you a fair opportunity of ſaying ſomething ſmart on the religion of your own country. On their marriages you cannot dwell too long; it is a pleaſing ſubject, and always, in thoſe countries, leads to polygamy, which will afford occaſion for reflections moral and entertaining. When your meſſengers have their audience of the king, you may as well drop the buſineſs they went upon, and take notice only of his civilities and politeneſs in offering to them the choice of all the beauties of his court; by which you will make them amends for all the difficulties you have led them into.

I cannot promiſe you much ſucceſs in the ſpeeches of your ſavages, unleſs it were poſſible to hit upon ſome bolder figures and metaphors than thoſe which have been ſo frequently uſed. In the ſpeeches of a civilized people, inſert whatever may ſerve to diſplay your own learning, judgment, or wit; and let no man's low extraction be a reſtraint on the advantages of your educatien. If in an harangue of Wat Tyler, a quotation from the claſſics ſhould come in pat, or in a ſpeech of Muley Moluch a ſentence from Mr. Locke, let no conſideration deprive your hiſtory of ſuch ornaments.

To conclude, I would adviſe you in general not to be ſparing of your ſpeeches, either in number or length: and if you

alſo take care to add a proper quantity of reflections, your work will be greedily bought up by all members of oratories, reaſoning ſocieties, and other talkative aſſemblies of this moſt eloquent metropolis.

N° 108. THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1755.

Hoc eſt Româ decedere? Quos ego homines effugi, cum in hos incidi?
CICERO ad ATTICUM.

I HAVE generally obſerved when a man is talking of his country-houſe, that the firſt queſtion uſually aſked him is, 'Are you in a good neighbourhood?' From the frequency of this inquiry one would be apt to imagine that the principal happineſs of a country life was generally underſtood to reſult from the neighbourhood: yet whoever attends to the anſwer commonly made to this queſtion, will be of a contrary opinion. Aſk it of a lady, and you will be ſure to hear her exclaim, 'Thank God! we have no neighbours!' which may ſerve to convince you that you have paid your court very ill, in ſuppoſing that a woman of faſhion can endure the inſipid converſation of a country neighbourhood. The man of fortune conſiders every inferior neighbour as an intruder on his ſport, and quarrels with him for killing that game, with which his very ſervants are cloyed. If his neighbour be an equal, he is of conſequence more averſe to him, as being in perpetual conteſt with him as a rival. His ſenſe of a ſuperior may be

be learnt from thoſe repeated advertiſements, which every body muſt have obſerved in the public papers, recommending a houſe upon ſale, for being ten miles diſtant from a lord. The humouriſt hides himſelf from his neighbour; the man of arrogance deſpiſes him; the modeſt man is afraid of him; and the penurious conſiders a length of uninhabited fen as the beſt ſecurity for his beef and ale.

If we trace this ſpirit to its ſource, we ſhall find it to proceed partly from pride and envy, and partly from the high opinion that men are apt to entertain of their own little clans or ſocieties, which the living in large cities tends greatly to increaſe, and which is always accompanied with a contempt for thoſe who happen to be ſtrangers to ſuch ſocieties, and conſequently, a general prejudice againſt the UNKNOWN. The truth of the matter is, that perſons UNKNOWN are, for that very reaſon, perſons that we have no deſire to KNOW.

A man of a ſociable diſpoſition, upon coming into an inn, inquires of the landlord what company he has in the houſe: the laudlord tells him, 'There is a fellow of a college, a lieutenant of a man of war, a lawyer, a merchant, and the captain in quarters;' to which he never fails to add, 'and I dare ſay, ſir, that any of them will be very glad of your company;' knowing that men drink more together than when alone. 'Have you nobody elſe?' ſays the gueſt ſullenly. 'We have nobody elſe, ſir.' 'Then get me my ſupper as faſt as you can, and I'll go to bed.' The ſame behaviour is practiſed by each of theſe gentlemen in his turn; and for no other reaſon than that

that none of the company happens to be either of his profeſſion or acquaintance.

But if we look with the leaſt degree of wonder at the manner in which the greateſt part of mankind behave to ſtrangers, it ſhould aſtoniſh us to ſee how they treat thoſe whom they are intimately acquainted with, and whom they rank under the ſacred titles of neighbours and friends. Yet ſuch is the malignity of human nature, that the ſmalleſt foible, the moſt venial inadvertency, or the ſlighteſt infirmity, ſhall generally occaſion contempt, hatred, or ridicule, in thoſe very perſons who ought to be the foremoſt to conceal or palliate ſuch failings. Death, accident, robbery, and ruin, inſtead of exciting compaſſion, are only conſidered as the great ſources of amuſement to a neighbourhood. Does any diſgrace befal a family? The tongues and pens of all their acquaintance are inſtantly employed to diſperſe it through the kingdom. Nor is their alacrity in divulging the misfortunes of a neighbour at all more remarkable than their humanity in accounting for them. They are ſure to aſcribe every trivial evil to his folly, and every great one to his vices. But theſe are ſlight inſtances of malevolence; your true neighbour's ſpleen is never effectually rouſed but by proſperity. An unexpected ſucceſſion to a large fortune; the diſcovery of a mine upon your eſtate; a prize in the lottery; but moſt of all, a fortunate marriage, ſhall employ the malice and invention of a neighbourhood for years together.

Envy is ingenious, and will ſometimes find out the prettieſt conceits imaginable, to ſerve her purpoſes: yet it is obſervable, that ſhe delights chiefly in contradiction. If you excel in any of the elegant arts, ſhe pronounces at once that you have no taſte; if in wit, you are dull; if you live in apparent harmony with your wife and family, ſhe is ſure you are unhappy; if in affluence or ſplendor, ſhe knows that you are a beggar. It muſt indeed be confeſſed, that envy does meet with great provocations; and there are people in the world, who take extraordinary pains to appear much more happy, rich, virtuous, and conſiderable, than they really are: but, on the other hand, were they to take equal care to avoid ſuch appearances, they would not be able abſolutely to eſcape her rancour.

I was entertained laſt ſummer by a friend in the country, who ſeemed to have formed very juſt ideas of a neighbourhood. This gentleman had a conſiderable eſtate left him, which he had little reaſon to expect; and having no particular paſſion to gratify, it was indifferent to him how he diſpoſed of this large addition to his income. He had no deſire of popularity, but had a very great diſlike to an ill name; which made him altogether as anxious to ſcreen himſelf from detraction, as others are to acquire applauſe. Some weeks paſſed away in that common dilemma into which an increaſe of fortune throws every thinking man, who knows that by hoarding up he muſt become the averſion, and by ſquandering the

the contempt of all his neighbours. But diſliking the appearance of parſimony more than extravagancy, he propoſed laying out a conſiderable ſum all at once, upon rebuilding his houſe: but that deſign was ſoon over-ruled by the conſideration that it would be ſaid he had deſtroyed a very convevient manſion, for the ſake of erecting a ſhowy outſide. He next determined to new-model his gardens, from an opinion that he ſhould oblige all ſorts of people, by affording bread to the induſtrious, and pleaſant walks to the idle: but recollecting that in the natural beauties of his grounds he had great advantages over the old gardens of his neighbours, and from thence knowing that he muſt become the object of their ſpleen and abuſe, he laid aſide alſo that invidious deſign. In the ſame manner he was obliged to reject every propoſal of expence, that might in any way be conſidered as a monument of ſuperiority; therefore, to avoid the other cenſure of penurioufneſs, he reſolved at laſt to procure the beſt cook that could be had for money. From that time he has taken no thought but to equip himſelf and his attendants in the plaineſt manner, keeping religiouſly to the ſole expence of a conſtant good table, and avoiding in that, as well as in every thing elſe, whatever has the leaſt appearance of oſtentation. Thus has he made himſelf inoffenſively remarkable, and, what was the great point of his life, eſcaped detraction; excepting only that a certain dignified widow, who had been originally houſe-keeper to her late huſband, takes occaſion frequently to declare, ſhe does not care to dine with him, becauſe the

diſhes are ſo ill ſerved up, and ſo taſteleſs, that ſhe can never make a dinner.

I know not how to cloſe this ſubject more properly, than by ſketching out the characters of what are called GOOD and BAD NEIGHBOURS.

A GOOD NEIGHBOUR is one, who having no attention to the affairs of his own family, nor any allotment for his time, is ready to diſpoſe of it to any of his acquaintance, who deſire him to hunt, ſhoot, dance, drink, or play at cards with them: who thinks the civilities he receives in one houſe no reſtriction upon his tongue in another, where he makes himſelf welcome by expoſing the foibles or misfortunes of thoſe he laſt viſited, and lives in a conſtant round of betraying and leſſening one family or another.

A BAD NEIGHBOUR is he who retires into the country, from having been fatigued with buſineſs, or tired with crowds; who, from a punctilio in good breeding, does not ſhew himſelf forward in accepting of the viſits of all about him, conſcious of his love of quiet, and fearing leſt he ſhould be thought tardy in his returns of civility. His deſire of being alone with his family, procures him the character of reſerved and moroſe; and his candid endeavours to explain away the malicious turn of a tale, that of contradictory and diſagreeable. Thus vindicating every one behind his back, and conſequently offending every one to his face, he ſubjects himſelf to the perſonal diſlike of all, without making one friend to defend him.

If

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If after this it be aſked, what are the duties of neighbourhood? I anſwer in the words of Mr. Addiſon, in that incomparable eſſay of his on the employment of time. 'To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.'

I have always conſidered the ninety-third Spectator, from whence the foregoing paſſage is taken, as the moſt valuable leſſon of that eminent moraliſt; becauſe a due obſervance of the excellent plan of life, which he has there delineated, can never fail to make men HAPPY and GOOD NEIGHBOURS.

N° 116. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1755.

Perſonam, thyrſumque tenent, et subligar Acci. JUV.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM left guardian to three young ladies, whoſe father was my intimate acquaintance at the time he made his addreſſes to their late mother: and I very well remember he could not obtain

obtain admittance till he had firſt procured himſelf the ornament of a ſtar and ribbon, and would never have gained the lady but from the happy thought of adding another lace to his liveries. As it appeared to me that his ſucceſs was owing to theſe exteriors, I conceived no great opinion of the good ſenſe of his lady; but as ſhe made my friend a good wife, I reflected that ſhe might juſtly be influenced by the ribbon, as it marked the conſequence of her lover, and by the additional lace, as it ſeemed to beſpeak his riches. It is, however, ſtill a doubt with me, whether ſhe ever felt a ſincere paſſion for the man ſhe married; and what increaſes this doubt is, that I could never diſcover in either of her daughtoms, any ſymptoms of what I can properly call love. The eldeſt, who reads romances, is continually profeſſing a ſincere diſpoſition to requite (after a proper time) the pains of one who ſhall enterprize, fight, ſtarve, or catch cold for her. The ſecond would be happy with a ſcare-crow, who, with the dignity of a title, ſhould diſcover what ſhe calls a Taſte, in tricking out his perſon with embroidery, laces, jewels, and trinkets. The third would never deſire to *ſee* the object of her paſſion; provided ſhe might receive reams of paper filled with flames, darts, arrows, and ſuch miſſive weapons, which do moſt execution from a diſtance. Laſt week my three wards came into my room, deſiring leave to go to the next maſquerade. I gave a haſty conſent, imagining there could be no danger for ladies whom I knew to be ſafe on the ſide of love; but ſince I have recollected my thoughts, I am

apprehenſive that the eldeſt may be caught by ſome *avanturier*, with ſounding language and a romantic habit; the ſecond by a Turkiſh emperor not worth ten chequins; and the youngeſt by a ſmooth-tongued flattering poet, who when he has pulled off his borrowed habit of a ſhepherd, has perhaps no other to put on.

You will not be ſurpriſed, after this repreſentation, to hear me complain of the diſtreſs my promiſe has brought upon me; but as I never break my word with them, I muſt for once truſt them to their fate. But I cannot forbear intreating you, while the impreſſion is ſtrong in my mind, to write a paper on the dangerous conſequences which theſe fantaſtic diverſions may bring upon young people, by giving a wild and extravagant turn to their imaginations. You will perhaps wonder to hear the effects which my raſh conſent has already produced. This morning I found the eldeſt of my young ladies dreſſed out, as ſhe told me, in the character of Cyrus, in a ſuit of Perſian armour of her own contrivance. The ſecond, who is of a large ſize, and has contracted a remarkable unwieldineſs by the ſtate ſhe obſerves in never moving off her couch, was at the ſame time under the hands of one of the dancers at the theatre, who was lacing her up in a habit made after that which ſhe wears herſelf in one of her ſerious dances. The youngeſt was a muſe, and expreſſed great ſatisfaction in the negligent flow of her robe, but complained that ſhe had not *ſettled her head.* I could not help ſaying I was ſorry I had contributed my part to the *unſettling it.* This

was

was very ill received; which indeed I might have foreſeen, as well from the oppoſition which it implied to her diverſion, as becauſe the muſe, of all things in the world, deteſts a pun.

This, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is a very ominous beginning of an affair, which I am afraid will have a worſe end. If it be attended with any of the conſequences which I apprehend, you ſhall hear farther from me; in the mean time, I hope to hear from you on this ſubject, and am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PRUDENTIO.

As I have received no farther intelligence from this correſpondent, and as it is now near a month ſince his letter came to hand, I am apt to think that none of thoſe dreadful conſequences have happened, which he ſo greatly apprehended, and that the three ladies eſcaped without any other accident than now and then a laugh at their affectation.

I muſt confeſs I am one of thoſe who think a maſquerade an innocent amuſement, and that people have long ſince left off going to it with any deſign either good or bad: not that the vices objected to it are left off, but that they are carried on with leſs difficulty in other places, and without the ſuſpicion that would attend them there. And I may venture to ſay, if people will keep from the dangers of the gaming-table, they will run no other hazard at the maſquerade, than that of making themſelves ridiculous. I will go ſtill farther, by proteſting againſt

againſt the injuſtice of charging this diverſion in particular, with the miſchiefs of play, or the affected follies mentioned in my correſpondent's letter, by ſuppoſing that the men game higher, or that the women dreſs more fantaſtically in the Hay-market than elſewhere. That it is an unprofitable amuſement, and not worthy the anxiety and pains that are uſually beſtowed upon it, I very readily acknowledge, but have nothing farther to ſay againſt it.

And here I cannot help obſerving, for the information of the declaimer againſt the preſent times, that our anceſtors beſtowed more thought and trouble on their elaborate fooleries of this kind, than their poſterity have done ſince; and that they were ſometimes attended with more dangerous conſequences. Witneſs the famous *Balet des Ardens*, where Charles the ſixth of France and ſeveral young gentlemen of his court, in order to repreſent ſavages, endeavoured to imitate hair by ſticking flax upon their cloſe jackets of canvaſs, which were beſmeared for that purpoſe with pitch and other inflammable matter, and all, excepting the king, chained themſelves together ſo faſt, that a ſpark of fire from a flambeau falling upon one of their dreſſes, burnt two of them to death before they could be ſeparated, and ſcorched the others ſo that the greateſt part of them died in a few days.

Henry the Eighth was the firſt who brought theſe diverſions into England; and as they were very amuſing from their novelty, they were frequently exhibited in that reign with great

ſucceſs. It is perhaps to a building erected by that monarch for an occaſional maſquerade, that the firſt idea of Ranelagh owes its birth. It will not, I believe, be denied, that the modern Ranelagh is rather an improvement upon the old one; a deſcription of which, together with the diſaſter that befel it, is thus particularly ſet forth by the hiſtorian of thoſe times.

'The king cauſed to be builded a banqueting-houſe, eight hundred feet in compaſs, like a theatre, after a goodly device, builded in ſuch a manner as (I think) was never ſeen. And in the midſt of the ſame banqueting-houſe was ſet up a great pillar of timber, made of eight great maſts, bound together with iron bands for to hold them together: for it was a hundred and thirty-four feet in length, and coſt ſix pounds thirteen ſhillings and four pence, to ſet it upright. The banqueting-houſe was covered over with canvas, faſtened with ropes and iron as faſt as might be deviſed; and within the ſaid houſe was painted the heavens, with ſtars, ſun, moon, and clouds, with divers other things made above over men's heads. And about the high pillar of timber that ſtood upright in the midſt, was made ſtages of timber for organs and other inſtruments to ſtand upon, and men to play on them. But in the morning of the ſame day, wherein the building was accompliſhed, the wind began to riſe, and at night blew off the canvas, and all the elements, with the ſtars, ſun, moon, and clouds; and all the king's feats that were made with great riches, beſides all other things, were all daſhed and loſt.'

Thus fell the firſt Ranelagh, though built (according to this hiſtorian) as ſtrong as could be deviſed. The modern Ranelagh has proved itſelf to be a ſtronger building, having as yet been affected by no ſtorms but thoſe of the legiſlature; and (if our magiſtrates had thought proper) we might ſtill have challenged all Europe to ſhew us the diverſion of a maſquerade in the perfection with which it was there exhibited, either for the ſpaciouſneſs of the room, the beauty of the ladies, the ſplendour of their jewels, or the elegance of their habits. That the choice of the latter may no longer be a torture to the invention, or occaſion the ſame hurry, embarraſſment, and diſappointment, that I am told have happened on ſome late occaſions, it may be proper to take notice that my ingenious and accurate friend, Mr. Jefferys of St. Martin's-lane, is now engraving ſelect repreſentations of the moſt approved modes of dreſs of all thoſe nations who have diſcovered either taſte or fancy in that ſcience. And I hope that in this undertaking he will acquit himſelf as well to the polite world, as he has to the commercial, by the great care and pains he has beſtowed in aſcertaining the geography of thoſe parts of the globe with which this country is moſt particularly connected, and which may ſometimes furniſh topics for converſation to the full as entertaining as the moſt earneſt preparations for a ſubſcription maſquerade.

No. 118. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1755.

Vicinas urbes alit. HOR.

INSTEAD of lamenting that it is my lot to live in an age when virtue, ſenſe, converſation, all private and public affections, are totally ſwallowed up by the ſingle predominant paſſion of gaming, I endeavour to divert my concern by turning my attention to the manners of the times, where they happen to be more elegant, more natural, or more generally uſeful than thoſe of preceding ages. I am particularly pleaſed with conſidering the progreſs which a juſt taſte and real good ſenſe have made in the modern mode of gardening. This ſcience is at preſent founded on ſuch noble and liberal principles, that the very traveller now receives more advantages from the embelliſhments he rides by, than the viſitor did formerly, when art and privacy were the only ideas annexed to a garden.

The modern art of *laying out ground* (for ſo we muſt call it, till a new name be adopted to expreſs ſo complicated an idea) has ſpread ſo widely, and its province is become ſo extenſive, as to take in all the advantages of gardening and agriculture. If we look back to antiquity, we ſhall find the gardens of Alcinous in Homer, and the paintings of rural ſcenery in Virgil, hardly to correſpond with the genius of the poets, or the beatitude they have placed in them. The

villa's

villa's of Cicero and Pliny, which they have ſo affectionately deſcribed, do not raiſe our admiration. A favourable aſpect, variety of portico's and ſhades of plane trees, ſeem to be their greateſt merit. Their ſucceſſors in that happy climate have made their gardens repoſitories for ſtatues, bas relieves, urns, and whatever is by them entitled *virtù*; the diſpoſition of which ornaments, together with ſome ſtraight walks of ever-green oaks, and tricks in water, complete their ſyſtem.

In France the genius of *Le Nautre* would probably have ſhewn itſelf in more beautiful productions than the Tuilleries and Verſailles, had it not been ſhackled by lines and regularity, and had not elegance and taſte been over-laid by magnificence.

This forced taſte, aggravated by ſome Dutch acquiſitions, for more than half a century deformed the face of nature in this country, though ſeveral of our beſt writers had conceived nobler ideas, and prepared the way for thoſe improvements which have ſince followed. Sir William Temple, in his gardens of Epicurus, expatiates with great pleaſure on that at More-Park in Hertfordſhire; yet after he has extolled it as the pattern of a perfect garden for uſe, beauty, and magnificence, he riſes to nobler images, and in a kind of prophetic ſpirit points out a higher ſtyle, free and unconfined. The prediction is verified upon the ſpot; and it ſeems to have been the peculiar deſtiny of that delightful place to have paſſed through all the transformations and modes of taſte, having exerciſed the genius of the moſt eminent artiſts ſucceſſively, and

and ſerving as a model of perfection in each kind. The boundleſs imagination of Milton, in the fourth book of Paradiſe Loſt, ſtruck out a plan of a garden, which I would propoſe for the entertainment and inſtruction of my readers, as containing all the views, objects, and ambition of modern deſigning.

It is the peculiar happineſs of this age to ſee theſe juſt and noble ideas brought into practice, regularity baniſhed, proſpects opened, the country called in, nature reſcued and improved, and art decently concealing herſelf under her own perfections.

I enlarge upon this ſubject, becauſe I would do juſtice to our nobility and men of fortune, who by a ſeaſonable employment of the poor, have made this their private amuſement a national good. It is notorious that in the ſeaſon of the harveſt, the ſcarcity of hands to gather in the fruits of the earth is ſo great, that few of our farmers can find men to do their work for three months, unleſs they can keep them in employment the other nine. Here the new mode of gardening comes in greatly to the aſſiſtance of the labourer; and as it conſiſts chiefly in the removal of earth, the whole coſt goes directly to his ſupport.

It has been the conſtant cry of all politicians and writers on trade, that taxes ſhould be laid on luxury. How happy is it that luxury ſhould take ſo large a ſhare in the payment of that tax, which lies moſt heavy on the preſent times! I mean the poor's rate. Our manufactures, it muſt be granted, are of the greateſt

greateſt national benefit; inaſmuch as they maintain multitudes of families, which all the private fortunes in a country would be inſufficient to ſupport. But the fact is, that in the harveſt ſeaſon there is always the greateſt ſcarcity of huſbandmen in thoſe countries where manufactures are moſt known to flouriſh; and it is alſo a fact, that our manufactures afford no ſupport to the huſbandman in the other ſeaſons: ſo that I know of nothing that can procure to him the neceſſaries of life in the winter, but the judicious allotment of that uncomfortable ſeaſon to the works above-mentioned, which are now carrying on with vigour in almoſt every part of England.

I muſt alſo do our men of taſte the juſtice to acknowledge, that they have been the chief promoters even of our manufactures. One of the firſt embelliſhers of the gardens in the preſent mode, was the ſame nobleman who eſtabliſhed the looms for the carpets at Wilton. In the north, whole countries have been civilized, induſtry encouraged, and variety of manufactures inſtituted by the magnificent charity of the noble perſon, who among the leaſt of his perfections muſt be allowed to be the beſt planter in Europe. And if ever this country ſhould boaſt the eſtabliſhment of the art of weaving tapeſtry, ſhe will be beholden to the ſame Royal hand to which ſhe owes (if I may name it after the exalted bleſſings of LIBERTY and PEACE) the adorning Windſor park.

Whatever may have been reported, whether truly or falſely, of the Chineſe gardens, it is certain that we are the firſt of the Europeans who have founded this taſte; and we have been

ſo

ſo fortunate in the genius of thoſe who have had the direction of ſome of our fineſt ſpots of ground, that we may now boaſt a ſucceſs equal to that profuſion of expence which has been deſtined to promote the rapid progreſs of this happy enthuſiaſm. Our gardens are already the aſtoniſhment of foreigners, and, in proportion as they accuſtom themſelves to conſider and underſtand them, will become their admiration. And as the good taſte of our writers has lately invited the literati from all parts of Europe to viſit us, this other taſte will greatly contribute to make the growing faſhion of travelling to England more general; and by this means we may hope to ſee part of thoſe ſums brought back again, which this country has been from year to year ſo unprofitably drained of.

But to ſet this ſcience in the ſtrongeſt light of a political benefit, let us conſider what pains have been unſucceſsfully taken for many years paſt by the beſt patriots of Spain, to introduce, not only manufactures, but even agriculture itſelf, among the ſtarving inhabitants. Theſe conceited Quixotes, who pleaſe themſelves with boaſting that the ſun is continually enlightening ſome part of their dominions, are ſo ſatisfied with this important reflection, that they ſeem to deſire no other advantage from his beams. Uſtariz, their lateſt and beſt writer on commerce, has beſtowed whole pages in deſcribing the wretched condition of families, the mortality of weakly children, the preſent race uſeleſs, the growing hope cut off, and all this becauſe the inhabitants cannot be perſuaded to uſe the moſt obvious means for their ſuſtenance and preſervation, the

the tilling of the earth. Yet there is a way to induce even the proudeſt Spaniard to apply himſelf earneſtly to the cultivation of his country: I mean by the force of example. If the grandees would make it a faſhion; if they would talk, as one may frequently hear the firſt men of this nation, of the various methods of improving land, and pique themſelves upon their ſucceſs in huſbandry, the imitative pride of the yeoman might be uſefully turned into another channel. He would be ambitious of having his fields as green as thoſe of his neighbour; he would then take his ſtately ſtrides at the tail of his plough, and (as Addiſon ſays of Virgil) 'throw about his dung with an air of majeſty.' He would then find a nobler uſe for the breed of cattle than the romantic purpoſe of a bull-feaſt; and his vanity, thus properly directed, would in a few years make his country the fineſt garden in the univerſe.

If the noble Duke who cloathed the ſands of Claremont with ſuch exquiſite verdure, had made the ſame glorious experiment in Spain, he would have brought no leſs riches, and much more happineſs to that nation, than the conqueſts of Philip, or the diſcoveries of Columbus.

N° 119. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1755.

Sanctius his animal, mentiſque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera poſſit. OVID.

IT has been hinted to me ſince the publication of my laſt week's paper upon gardening, that while I am acknowledging

the merit of the Great in making that ſcience uſeful to their poor neighbours and the public, I forget to make mention of thoſe liberal geniuſes, under whoſe immediate direction all theſe improvements are carried on, while their benevolent patrons are employed in other ſervices to their country in its capital. And as I am never backward in doing juſtice to men of merit, I have devoted this paper to the celebration of the extenſive and various talents, which the almoſt omniſcient profeſſors of gardening may ſo juſtly boaſt.

The good old Engliſh nobleman or country ſquire, whoſe delight was a garden, uſed to take from the tail of the plough a ſet of animals whom he conſidered as beings of the ſame order with thoſe who drew it; and ſetting them to work by the garden line, was far from thinking what they were to do could be of importance enough to require his attention; therefore leaving them to lean over their ſpades, and ſettle their ſeveral plans for poaching, wood-ſtealing, ſkittle-playing, and pſalm-ſinging, he went and enjoyed himſelf with his dogs and horſes. But ſince we have laid aſide that plain and eaſy direction, 'Follow the ſtraight line,' and have in its ſtead ſubſtituted that exceeding difficult one, 'Follow nature,' the above-mentioned animals have never been truſted a moment to themſelves, but have had a creature of a ſuperior kind ſet over them, whoſe office is beſt explained by the ſcolloping-wheel in the machines for turning, which is continually putting the others out of their courſe, and preventing them from making circles, or any other regular figures.

This

This office is of late grown ſo reſpectable, that the true adept in it may juſtly be ſtiled the high-prieſt of nature. But it is not nature alone that he ſtudies; all arts are inveſtigated by his comprehenſive genius. He muſt be well acquainted with optics, hydroſtatics, mechanics, geometry, trigonometry, &c.; and ſince it has been thought neceſſary to embelliſh rural ſcenes with all the varieties of architecture, from ſingle pillars and obeliſks, to bridges, ruins, pavillions, and even caſtles and churches, it is not enough for our profeſſor to be as knowing as Solomon in all the ſpecies of vegetables, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyſſop on the wall; he muſt alſo rival that monarch in building, as well as his other talents. A knowledge of optics enables him to turn every *deceptio viſus* to advantage. Hydroſtatics are moſt immediately neceſſary, ſince it is decreed that every place muſt have a piece of water; and as every piece of water muſt have a boat of a particular contrivance, mechanics come in to his aſſiſtance; and he is carried over the glaſſy ſurface by ſnakes, birds, dolphins, dragons, or whatever elſe he pleaſes. The application of trigonometry is obvious; and if your gardens continue to increaſe in extent, in the ſame proportion that they have done lately, geometry will be ſoon called in, to meaſure a degree of the earth upon the great lawn. But ſuch extenſion of property cannot be acquired without a turn for the law, and a knowledge of all the variety of tenures, forfeitures, ejectments, and writs of *ad quod damnum*. Statuary and painting are ſiſter arts; but our general lover has poſſeſſed them both, in ſpite of their conſanguinity.

guinity. And as for poetry, though he knows her to be the greateſt jilt in the univerſe, he has made an attempt upon her under every tree that has a broad ſtem and a ſmooth bark. A knowledge of Latin is needful to judge of the effect of an inſcription; and Greek, Phœnician, Tuſcan, and Perſic, are ornaments to a ruin.

Happy is the man of fortune, who has ſuch a director to influence and guide his taſte, as the demon of Socrates is ſaid to have continually accompanied that philoſopher to regulate his morals. Milton very humourouſly deſcribes a man, who without having the inward call, was deſirous of being thought as religious as the reſt of his neighbours of thoſe times. 'This man,' ſays he, 'finds himſelf out ſome factor, to whoſe care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs; ſome divine of note and eſtimation; and makes the perſon of that man his religion. He entertains him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally ſupped, and ſumptuouſly laid aſleep: riſes, is ſaluted, and after being well breakfaſted, his religion walks abroad, and leaves his kind entertainer in the ſhop, trading all day *without his religion.*' Juſt in this manner does the mere man of faſhion in theſe times think it neceſſary to have a TASTE; but though he does not commonly carry his TASTE about him, he is ſeldom ſo imprudent as to take any ſteps in his garden *without his* TASTE.

In an age ſo liberal of new names, it ſeems extraordinary that theſe univerſal connoiſſeurs have as yet obtained no title of

of honour, or diſtinction. This may help me to crown their panegyric with a word on their modeſty: for to that alone muſt we attribute their having ſo long been without one; eſpecially as they might as eaſily have immortalized their own names, as any of the ancient ſages, who called their profeſſion after themſelves, the Pythagorean, Platonic, or Epicurean philoſophy. Nor have they ſhewn leſs modeſty in their expectation of returns for their ineſtimable ſervice, as will appear upon a compariſon of their rewards with thoſe of the ancient artiſts.

Mandrocles, who built the famous bridge over the Boſphorus, at the command of Darius, was rewarded by that monarch with a crown, and ten times the coſt of that expenſive undertaking. Whereas a tenth of the expence is reckoned a modern job; and no artiſt in our memory has aſpired to any higher honour than that of knighthood. The next great work we read of, was the canal of mount Athos; for which it was impoſſible that the director ſhould receive any other than an honorary reward, becauſe he died as ſoon as it was finiſhed. His name was Artachæus; he was in ſtature the talleſt of all the Perſians, and his voice ſtronger than that of any other man; two very uſeful accompliſhments in an overſeer and director of multitudes. Xerxes, truly ſenſible of his merit, buried him with great pomp and magnificence, employed his whole army in erecting a ſumptuous monument to his memory, and by direction of an oracle, honoured him as a hero with ſacrifices and invocations.

How

How different from this was the treatment of our countryman, captain Perry! A genius whoſe remembrance muſt make this nation both proud and aſhamed. His performances are ſufficient to give credit to the works above-mentioned, which before appeared fabulous. But what was his reward for projecting the junction of the Don and the Volga? For creating an artificial tide, and floating or laying dry the largeſt veſſels in a few hours? But rather let me aſk, what was his reward for that national work at home, the ſtopping Daggenham breach? I am ſorry to anſwer, that he was perſecuted and ſuffered to ſtarve, for the debts he had contracted in accompliſhing an undertaking ſo eſſential to the commerce of this kingdom, and the exiſtence of its metropolis.

I hope our men of fortune will make more generous returns to thoſe who adminiſter ſo eſſentially to their pleaſures: and I would have them diſtinguiſh between thoſe dull mechanical rogues, whoſe thoughts never wander beyond the ſphere of gain, and the generous ſpirit who is warmed by his profeſſion, and who thinks himſelf paid by the exquiſite ſcenery which his raptured imagination has produced. And when the baleful cypreſs ſhall alone of all his various plantations accompany him to the grave, let his muniſicent patron, in the moſt conſpicuous part of his gardens, erect a temple to his memory, and inſcribe it with propriety and truth, GENIO LOCI.

N° 123. THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1755.

——Dapibus, ſupremi
Grata Teſtudo Jovis.—— HOR.

IF there be truth in the common maxim, 'That He deſerves beſt of his country, who can make two blades of graſs grow where only one grew before,' how truly commendable muſt it be (ſince it is ſo great a merit to provide for the beaſts of the field) to add to the ſuſtenance of man! and what praiſes are due to the inventor of a new diſh! By a new diſh, I do not mean the confounding, haſhing, and diſguiſing of an old one; I cannot give that name to the French method of tranſpoſing the bodies of animals; ſerving up fleſh in ſkins of fiſh, or the eſſence of either in a jelly; nor yet to the Engliſh way of macerating ſubſtances, and reducing all things to one uniform conſiſtency and taſte, which a good houſewife calls potting: for I am of opinion, that Louis the fourteenth would not have given the reward he promiſed for the invention of a ſixth order of architecture, to the man who ſhould have jumbled together the other five.

My meaning is, that as through neglect or caprice we have loſt ſome eatables, which our anceſtors held in high eſteem, as the heron, the bittern, the crane, and, I may add, the ſwan, it ſhould ſeem requiſite, in the ordinary revolution of things, to replace what has been laid aſide, by the introduction of ſome eatable

eatable which was not known to our predeceſſors. But though invention may claim the firſt praiſe, great honour is due to the reſtorer of loſt arts; wherefore, if the earth does not really furniſh a ſufficient variety of untaſted animals, I could wiſh that gentlemen of leiſure and eaſy fortunes would apply themſelves to recover the ſecret of fattening and preparing for the table ſuch creatures, as from diſuſe we do not at preſent know how to treat: and I ſhould think it would be a noble employment for the lovers of antiquity, to ſtudy to reſtore thoſe infallible reſources of luxury, the ſalt-water ſtews of the Romans.

Of all the improvements in the modern kitchen, there are none can bear a compariſon with the introduction of Turtle. We are indebted for this delicacy, as well as for ſeveral others, to the generous ſpirit and benevolent zeal of the Weſt-Indians. The profuſion of luxury, with which the Creolian in England covers his board, is intended only as a foil to the more exquiſite dainties of America. His pride is to triumph in your neglect of the former, while he labours to ſerve you from the vaſt ſhell, which ſmokes under his face, and occaſions him a toil almoſt as intolerable, as that of the ſlaves in his plantations. But he would die in the ſervice rather than ſee his gueſts, for want of a regular ſupply, eat a morſel of any food which had not croſſed the Atlantic ocean.

Though it was never my fortune to be regaled with the true Creolian politeneſs, and though I cannot compliment my

my countrymen on their endeavours to imitate it, I ſhall here give my readers a moſt faithful account of the only turtle feaſt, I ever had the honour to be preſent at.

Towards the latter end of laſt ſummer, I called upon a friend in the city, who, though no Weſt-Indian, is a great importer of turtle for his own eating. Upon my entrance at the great gates, my eyes were caught with the ſhells of that animal, which were diſpoſed in great order along the walls; and I ſtopt ſo long in aſtoniſhment at their ſize and number, that I did not perceive my friend's approach, who had traverſed the court to receive me. However, I could find he was not diſpleaſed to ſee my attention ſo deeply engaged upon the trophies of his luxury. Come, ſays he, if you love turtle, I'll ſhew you a ſight; and bidding me follow him, he opened a door, and diſcovered ſix turtles ſwimming about in a vaſt ciſtern, round which there hung twelve large legs of mutton, which he told me were juſt two days proviſion for the turtles; for that each of them conſumed a leg of mutton every day. He then carried me into the houſe, and ſhewing me ſome blankets of a peculiar ſort: Theſe, ſays he, are what the turtles lie in o'nights; they are particularly adapted to this uſe; I have eſtabliſhed a manufacture of them in the Weſt-Indies. But ſince you are curious in theſe matters, continued he, I'll ſhew you ſome more of my inventions. Immediately he unlocked a drawer, and produced as many fine ſaws, chizels, and inſtruments of different contrivance, as would have made a figure in the apparatus of an anatomiſt. One was deſtined

to ſtart a rib; another to ſcrape the calipaſh; the third to diſjoint the vertebræ of the back-bone; with many others, for purpoſes which I could not remember. The next ſcene of wonder was the kitchen, in which was an oven, that had been rebuilt with a mouth of a moſt uncommon capacity, on purpoſe for the reception of an enormous turtle, which was to be dreſt that very day, and which my friend inſiſted I ſhould ſtay to partake of. I would gladly have been excuſed; but he would not be denied; propoſing a particular pleaſure in entertaining a new beginner, and aſſuring me, that if I ſhould not happen to like it, I need not fear the finding ſomething to make out a dinner; for that his wife, though ſhe knew it would give him the greateſt pleaſure in the world, could never be prevailed on to taſte a ſingle morſel of turtle. He then carried me to the fiſh, which was to be the feaſt of the day, and bid me obſerve, that, though it had been cut in two full twenty hours, it was ſtill alive. This was indeed a melancholy truth: for I could plainly obſerve a tremulous motion almoſt continually agitating it, with, now and then, more diſtinguiſhable throbbings. While I was examining theſe faint indications of ſenſibility, a jolly negro wench, obſerving me, came up with a handful of ſalt, which ſhe ſprinkled all over the creature. This inſtantly produced ſuch violent convulſions, that I was no longer able to look upon a ſcene of ſo much horror, and ran ſhuddering out of the kitchen. My friend endeavoured to ſatisfy me, by ſaying, that the head and heart had been cut in pieces twenty hours before; and that the

whole was that inſtant to be plunged in boiling water; but it required ſome reflection, and more, or perhaps leſs philoſophy than I am maſter of, to reconcile ſuch appearances to human feelings. I endeavoured to turn the diſcourſe, by aſking what news? He anſwered, 'There is a fleet arrived from the Weſt Indies.' He then ſhook his head, and looked ſerious; and after a ſuſpence, which gave room for melancholy apprehenſions, lamented, that they had been very unfortunate the laſt voyage, and loſt the greateſt part of their cargo of turtles. He proceeded to inform me of the various methods which had been tried for bringing over this animal in a healthy ſtate; for that the common way had been found to waſte the fat, which was the moſt eſtimable part: and he ſpoke with great concern of the miſcarriage of a veſſel, framed like a well-boat, which had daſhed them againſt each other, and killed them. He then entered upon an explanation of a project of his own, which being out of my way, and much above my comprehenſion, took up the greateſt part of the morning. Upon hearing the clock ſtrike, he rung his bell, and aſked if his turtle-cloaths were aired. While I was meditating on this new term, and, I confeſs, unable to divine what it could mean, the ſervant brought in a coat and waiſtcoat, which my friend ſlipt on, and folding them round his body like a night-gown, declared, that, though they then hung ſo looſe about him, by that time *he had ſpoke with the turtle*, he ſhould ſtretch them as tight as a drum.

Upon the firſt rap at the door, there entered a whole ſhoal of gueſts: for the turtle-eater is a gregarious, I had almoſt ſaid, a ſociable animal; and I thought it remarkable, that, in ſo large a number, there ſhould not be one who was a whole minute later than the time: nay, the very cook was punctual; and the lady of the houſe appeared, on this extraordinary day, the moment the dinner was ſerved upon the table. Upon her firſt entrance, ſhe ordered the ſhell to be removed from the upper end of the table, declaring ſhe could not bear the ſmell or ſight of it ſo near her. It was immediately changed for a couple of boiled chickens, to the great regret of all who ſat in her neighbourhood, who followed it with their eyes, inwardly lamenting that they ſhould never taſte one of the good bits. In vain did they ſend their plates and ſolicit their ſhare; the plunderers, who were now in poſſeſſion of both the ſhells, were ſenſible to no call but that of their own appetites, and, till they had ſatisfied them, there was not one that would liſten to any thing elſe. The eagerneſs, however, and diſpatch of their rapacity having ſoon ſhrunk the choice pieces, they vouchſafed to help their friends to the coarſer parts, as thereby they cleared their way for the ſearch after other delicacies; boaſting aloud all the while, that they had not ſent one good bit to the other end of the table.

When the meat was all made away with, and nothing remained but what adhered to the ſhell, our landlord, who during the whole time had taken care of nobody but himſelf, began to exerciſe his various inſtruments; and, amidſt his efforts

efforts to procure himſelf more, broke out in praiſe of the ſuperior flavour of the ſpinal marrow, which he was then helping himſelf to, and for the goodneſs of which the company had his word.

The gueſts having now drank up all the gravy, and ſcraped the ſhells quite clean, the cloth was taken away, and the wine brought upon the table. But this change produced nothing new in the converſation. No hunters were ever more loud in the poſthumous fame of the hero of their ſport, than our epicures in memory of the turtle. To give ſome little variety to the diſcourſe, I aſked if they had never tried any other creature which might poſſibly reſemble this excellent food: and propoſed the experiment of an alligator, whoſe ſcales ſeemed to be intended by nature for the protection of green fat. I was ſtopt ſhort in my reaſoning by a gentleman, who told me, that, upon trial of the alligator, there had been found ſo ſtrong a perfume in his fleſh, that the ſtomach nauſeated, and could not bear it; and that this was owing to a ball of muſk, which is always diſcovered in the head of that animal. I had however the ſatisfaction to perceive, that my queſtion did me no diſcredit with the company; and before it broke up, I had no leſs than twelve invitations to turtle for the enſuing ſummer. Beſides the honour herein deſigned me, I conſider theſe invitations, as having more real value than ſo many ſhares in any of the bubbles of the famous South-ſea year; and I make no doubt, but that, by the time they become due, they will be marketable in Change-alley. For

as

as the gentlemen at White's have borrowed from thence the method of transferring the ſurplus dinners which they win at play, it is probable they will, in their turn, furniſh a hint to the alley, where it will ſoon be as common to transfer ſhares in turtle, as in any other kind of ſtock.

N° 206. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1756.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis, ut omni parte laborent,
Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas. HOR.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

AS the hiſtory of my life may be of ſome ſervice to many of your readers, I ſhall relate it with all the openneſs and ſimplicity of truth. If they give a due attention to the errors and miſtakes of my conduct, they will paſs over thoſe of my ſtyle. I am no ſcholar, having had a private education under the eye of my mother. Inſtead of converſing or playing with other boys, I went a viſiting with her; and, while ſhe and my tutor were at Cribbage, in which they paſſed a conſiderable part of the day, I read ſuch books as I found lying about her room; the chief of which were the Atalantis, Ovid's Art of Love, novels, romances, miſcellaneous poems, and plays. From theſe ſtudies I contracted an early taſte for gallantry, and, as nothing pleaſed me ſo much as the comedies

comedies of the laſt age, my thoughts were conſtantly engroſſed with the enviable ſituation of the heroes of thoſe pieces. Your Dorimants and your Horners ſtruck my imagination beyond the brighteſt characters in Pope's Homer; and, though I liked the gallantry of fighting ten years for a woman, yet I thought the Greeks might have found a readier way of making themſelves amends, by viſiting their friends at Troy, and taking revenge in kind. Such were the exploits to command my admiration, and ſuch the examples which I looked up to: and, having manifeſt advantages of perſon, I entertained moſt extravagant conceits of my future triumphs. Yet, even in the height of thoſe extravagancies, I had no hope of obtaining every favour that I ſolicited; much leſs ſhould I have been perſuaded, that ſuch uncommon ſucceſs could be productive of any thing but conſummate happineſs. The hiſtory of my life will prove the contrary; and I chuſe to record it, with a view of ſhewing what a ſucceſſion of trouble, diſtreſs, and miſery, aroſe from the very completion of my deſires.

I was precipitately ſent to Oxford, on being diſcovered in an intrigue with a young girl, whom my tutor had lately married, and who had a prior attachment to me. As my love for her was exceſſive, this ſeparation was inexpreſſibly painful; and I learned from it, that paſt joys were no conſolation for preſent diſappointment. I found the univerſity life ſo little ſuited to my taſte, that I ſoon prevailed upon my mother to let me come to London. Before I had been a week

week in town, I was introduced to a young woman, whom I took ſo great a fancy to, that the very violence of my paſſion made me deſpair of ſucceſs. I was, however, ſo agreeably diſappointed, that I could ſcarce conceal the tranſports of joy which poſſeſſion gave me: but this joy was more than balanced, when, at the end of ſome months, I was told of the condition, into which this kind creature was brought by her compliance with my deſires. My anxiety upon this event was too great to be reſtrained; and honour, which alone had ſtopped the overflowings of my joy, prompted me to give a looſe to my concern. I bewailed with remorſe and tears the ſhame and miſery of deluded innocence, and curſed myſelf as the author of ſo much ruin and infamy. I ſpared no expence to render her unhappy ſituation as comfortable as it could be made, and ſhut myſelf up with her till the expected time of her delivery. That fatal hour infinitely increaſed our mutual ſhame, by giving birth to a little negro, which, though it delivered me at once from the pangs of conſcience, put me to an immoderate expence in bribes to the nurſes, to keep the ſecret of my diſgrace.

This unlucky adventure had almoſt ſpoiled me for a man of gallantry; but I ſoon loſt all remembrance of ill uſage in the innocent ſmiles and gentle ſweetneſs of a young lady, who gave me every mark of tender love and conſtancy. Our mutual fondneſs made it impoſſible for us to bear that ſeparation, which diſcretion required. As ſhe gave up all her acquaintance for my ſake, ſhe ſoon found herſelf abandoned by them; ſo that

that our conſtant living together, which hitherto had been choice, was now become an abſolute neceſſity. This confinement, though it did not abate, but, if poſſible, increaſed my tenderneſs, had ſo different an effect upon her temper, as to cauſe a total change in her behaviour to me and all about her: ſhe ſtormed day and night like a fury, and did every thing to drive me from her company: yet if ever I went from her upon the moſt urgent buſineſs, ſhe would throw herſelf into fits, and upbraid me with the moſt bitter reproaches. On my being ſent for to attend my mother in her laſt moments, ſhe threatened with horrid imprecations, that if I left her then, I ſhould never ſee her more. I had ſcarce broke from her menaces, when ſhe flew from her lodgings in an agony of paſſion, and has not been heard of ſince.

Soon after the death of my mother, a lady of quality, who viſited her, and who had caſt an envious eye upon her diamonds, which were not contemptible, took occaſion to make ſome advances towards me. Whenever we met, her diſcourſe always turned upon the great merits of my mother, and the taſte which ſhe ſhewed in the choice and manner of wearing her jewels: and this converſation as conſtantly ended in an aſſignation at her own houſe. Though I was at firſt a little proud to find my preſents meet ſo ready an acceptance, I was not exceedingly flattered in the progreſs of this amour; eſpecially when I came to perceive, that the ſtrongeſt recommendation I had to her favour was growing weaker every day. I found alſo that a declaration, which I had made, of not loving cards,

did not contribute to ſtrengthen my intereſt in that family.

My next affair was with a lady, who was really fond of me; and I thought myſelf then at the height of my wiſhes: for ſhe managed ſo diſcreetly, that we had not the leaſt interruption from her huſband at home; but her conduct abroad was a perpetual ſcene of indiſcretion and tyranny. She obliged me to attend her every night to the opera, and never to ſtir from her ſide. She would carry me to the moſt frequented plays, and keep me in a whiſper during the moſt intereſting ſcenes. Not ſatisfied with this, ſhe made me walk with her eternally in the park, the old-road, and Kenſington gardens; and to complete her triumph, ſhe dragged me, a miſerable object! about the ſtreets of London, with the ſame pityleſs oſtentation, as the inhuman conqueror trailed the lifeleſs carcaſe of Hector round the walls of Troy. To complete my misfortunes, it happened that the *beau monde* eſtabliſhed a new mode of gallantry; and all knights amorous were required to make love after the new faſhion, and attend their fair on horſeback. Unluckily for me, my mother not ſuſpecting that horſemanſhip would ever become, here, a requiſite in gallantry, had made it no part of my Engliſh education; therefore being an abſolute novice, I procured the quieteſt beaſt that was to be got, and hoped that I was properly mounted: but I ſoon found my miſtake; for the dullneſs of the beaſt tended to bring a moſt diſgraceful ſuſpicion on the ſpirit of the rider; and I was obliged at all events to undertake

take a more mettleſome ſteed. The conſequence was this: the moment I joined my miſtreſs, ſhe drew out her handkerchief, which fluttering in the wind, ſo frightened my horſe, that he carried me directly into the ſerpentine river. While I was taken up with my own danger and diſgrace, her horſe, which had ſtarted at the ſame time, ran a different way, and as ſhe was no otherwiſe qualified for a rider, but by the conſciouſneſs of being a woman of faſhion, ſhe was thrown againſt a tree and killed on the ſpot. The remembrance of her fondneſs for me, though ſo troubleſome while living, was the cauſe of great affliction to me after her death: and it was near a twelvemonth before I ſettled my affections on a new object. This was a young widow, who, though ſhe did not give me the ſame occaſion of complaint as the laſt, created me no leſs pain by turning the tables upon me. Inſtead of requiring my conſtant attendance, ſhe would complain that I haunted and dogged her: and would frequently ſecrete herſelf, or run on purpoſe into ſuſpicious company, purely to give me uneaſineſs. Though confeſſedly her favourite, I have frequently been denied admittance, when the moſt worthleſs pretenders have been let in: and when I have offered her tickets for a concert which ſhe liked, ſhe has refuſed them, and accepted a party to a dull play, with the moſt deſpicable of my rivals. When we have been at the ſame table at cards, ſhe has made it remarked by the whole aſſembly, that her eyes and her diſcourſe have been induſtriouſly kept from me; and ſuch has been her cruelty, that when I have deſired the honour of walking with

her the next morning, ſhe has anſwered with a ſignificant ſneer, ſhe was very ſorry ſhe could not have my company, for ſhe intended to *ride*. With all this, who could imagine I was the happy man? and yet, as I ſpared no pains or coſt in the inquiry, I can venture to pronounce, that no other perſon whatever ſhared her favours with me. Of all the tortures that can be deviſed for the puniſhment of poor lovers, there are none ſo excruciating as this inequality of behaviour.

Not to trouble you with a farther detail of the plagues and diſquietudes, the diſcoveries, expences, fines, and dangers, which are incident to gallantry in general, I ſhall only tell you, that I at laſt perceived there was no peace or comfort for the votaries of Venus, but under the auſpices of Hymen. To overcome my inveterate prejudices againſt the conjugal ſtate, ſo long deſpiſed, inſulted, and injured by me, was the great difficulty: but, as the thorough detection of the vanity and folly of every degree of gallantry had by no means extinguiſhed my unalterable love for the ſex, I found upon mature reflection, that marriage was my only reſource, and that I ſhould run no great riſque in exchanging the *real* for the *imaginary* pains of love.

Having taken this reſolution, I ſtept into the ridotto, fixed my eyes upon a very engaging figure, and immediately advertiſed for the young lady in blue and ſilver; requiring only a certificate of her good-humour. I went to the coffee-houſe, received a letter for A. B. and in the ſpace of a few months, from being a reſtleſs, tyrannized, tormented wretch, I found myſelf

myſelf a huſband, a cuckold, and a happy man. I lived ten years in a ſtate of perfect tranquillity; and I can truly ſay, that I once met with a woman, who, to the day of her death, behaved to me with conſtant attention and complacency.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. Z.

[THE FOLLOWING PAPER WAS NEVER PUBLISHED.]

Or have we taſted of the inſane root.
That takes the reaſon priſoner. SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

I AM a perſon of unbounded curioſity, but being principally affected by natural hiſtory, when I hear of any thing new in that branch of ſcience, I never reſt till I have thoroughly ſatisfied my ſight, touch, taſte, or whatever ſenſe is moſt immediately concerned in the inquiry.

I was the firſt who received the electrical ſtroke from a thunder cloud: I have been at the bottom of the ſea in the diving bell; I have climbed to the top of moſt of the conſiderable ruins in England, and deſcended to the bottom of all the principal mines and coal-pits. I have taſted the pickle of Duke Humphrey, and the embalming of an Egyptian mummy.

mummy. I have been bit by a viper to prove the efficacy of ſallad oil; and by a tarantula, to ſhew the powers of muſic. I have taken all the noſtrums that I have ever ſeen adverti ſed. I have weighed my ſilver againſt ginſeng, and my gold againſt pouſt. Pouſt, Mr. Fitz-Adam, is the drug which the Mogul, in his great lenity, makes uſe of for the ſecurity of his throne. Abhorring the ſanguinary policy of the Turks, he gives his brothers this medicine; and as it is the conſtant effect of the genuine pouſt to give an extravagant and chimerical turn to the imagination, no perſon that has ever been known to have ſwallowed it can poſſibly be admitted to the conduct of affairs in a monarchical government. In democracies, it has been of eminent ſervice, as it both inſpires the ſchemiſt with new projects for the good of his country, and animates the demagogue with ſuch powers of perſuaſion as are beſt ſuited to a popular aſſembly. I muſt confeſs to you I was, for the firſt time, diſappointed and impoſed upon. I felt all the force of the noſtrums abovementioned, and was perfectly ſenſible of the powers of electricity, which ſtunned me for ſome hours, and deprived my right eye of its ſight for ever, but I have not perceived the leaſt effects of the pouſt to this moment. Being thoroughly mortified with this impoſition, I grew ſo diſguſted with the purſuits of mere curioſity, that I reſolved no longer to run all over the town after every hearſay, but to ſhut myſelf up and inveſtigate ſome one particular point, the aſcertaining of which might be of univerſal benefit to mankind.

Reflecting that the food of man was the thing of general concern to the whole ſpecies, I betook myſelf to the thorough conſideration of this ſubject, and recollecting that I had formerly turned over the ſyſtem of the learned Spaniſh doctor Huarte in a ſlight and curſory manner, I now applied myſelf to the ſtudy of it in good earneſt. This celebrated author, in his Examen de Ingenios, has laid a great ſtreſs on the importance of Diet; he aſſerts, that, in ſome inſtances, the effects of it have been apparent in the poſterity of ſuch as have kept to any very particular regimen, even at the diſtance of ſome thouſands of years. But, according to that learned obſerver, the moſt common meats have a certain effect on the next generation. The food, ſays he, which parents ſhould eat in order to have children of great underſtanding, (which is the moſt common quality in Spain) is partridge, turkey, and white bread, with a due quantity of ſalt, for no aliment quickens the intellectual faculties like that mineral.

Pigeons, goats fleſh, leeks, garlick, pepper, and vinegar, will produce a child of a lively imagination and great quickneſs of parts, but wanting both in judgment and memory, and theſe, he obſerves, are the moſt prejudicial members of ſociety, becauſe this native heat inclines them to raſh and vicious courſes, and at the ſame time gives them talents and ſpirits to purſue them.

I have ſelected theſe few inſtances out of the many arguments which that great phyſician has made uſe of to recommend a proper diet to parents, but though it may require all the

the learning he has employed to prove his point, the immediate effects of diet on the present race are easily demonstrated.

Let us consider the beef-eaters, fire-eaters, toad-eaters, &c. &c. How justly are the effects of beef acknowledged by those curious spectators, who, crowding the stairs and outward rooms of St. James's palace, to see what they call great men, are first struck with the majestical bulk, and goodly presence of those who are such in reality; I have myself seen those beef-eaters, on a twelfth night, protect their royal master, by opposing to the invasion of a rude multitude such a bulwark of back and sides, as no other diet could have rendered equal to so important a service.

I cannot pretend to say much of the fire-eater; and you will not wonder that I should decline the friendship of a person who is in so inflamatory a regimen.

As for the toad-eaters; the ill effects of their diet are sufficiently notorious, and I can suppose that nothing but the most raging hunger and necessity could have driven mankind to the first tasting it; yet such is the force of custom and example, that not only the necessitous, but even the greatest men have greedily devoured this pernicious repast. Hudibras says,

> The King of Cambay's daily food
> Is Asp, and Basilisk, and Toad;
> Which makes him have so foul a breath,
> Each night he stinks a Queen to death.

The

The truth is, this peſtilential diet has ſo wonderful an effect on the breath, that thoſe who are kept on it are known to poiſon all they converſe with. On the ſubject of liquors, we cannot hear a better reaſoner than Sir John Falſtaff, "A good ſherries ſack," ſays that philoſopher, "aſcends me into the brain, and makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes. The cold blood which Prince Harry did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like barren land, manured with good ſtore of fertile ſherries, that he is become valiant. There's never any of your demure boys come to any proof, for their thin drink doth ſo over cool their blood that they fall into a kind of male green ſickneſs; and then when they marry they get wenches."

Champagne has always been reckoned a liquor which infallibly produces wit in the perſons who drink largely of it; and from hence it is, that this talent is become ſo common among us, that it has ceaſed to be, as it formerly was, a mark of diſtinction. For this reaſon we never hear now-a-days of the wits, the wits coffee-houſe, or Mr. ſuch-a-one the wit, becauſe champagne is drank in moſt houſes in London, both public and private; to this it may be objected, that of the vaſt quantities of champagne that are ſuppoſed to be ſwallowed, there is but a ſmall portion that is genuine; I anſwer, that the ſame may be ſaid of the wit, but it is enough that by the courteſy of the times, they both paſs muſter. Horace has declared, after Cratinus, that no water drinker can poſſibly write good verſes. This is ſo true, that whoever will obſerve,

may tell by the taſte of a birth-day ode, whether the laureat takes his ſack in kind or money. Prior ſuppoſes that a ſlender meal can only ſupply force ſufficient for a ſong or an ode.

> Salads, and eggs, and lighter fare
> Tune the Italian ſpark's guitar.

This may ſuffice for occaſional raptures, and perhaps inſpire the lover with poetry as laſting as his paſſion; but for the ſolid epic, which ſhould laſt for ages, it is neceſſary that the bard ſhould qualify himſelf with a due preparation of the ſubſtantial. The poets, from Homer downwards, have all been convinced of theſe truths, but it may not be amiſs to hint to the gentlemen and ladies, their patrons, that they would probably find their authors more ſtrong in their panegyrics, if they would but try the effects of a more ſolid entertainment than a diſh of tea or coffee. I remember, upon a complaint of the diſorderly behaviour of a wanton young horſe, the wife of a great ſtateſman cryed out, give him coffee. If coffee be phyſic for a horſe, how totally muſt it extinguiſh all the fire in writers of love odes! It certainly damps the ardour of encomium, and doth not excite the paſſion of dedication; the utmoſt I can allow is, to ſuppoſe it may be of ſome ſervice to a party-writer, as it may tend to fix his wandering thoughts, and make all his ideas center in politics: but tea, which is productive of no good effect, is the moſt pernicious of all things to the Britiſh conſtitution, and the true Engliſh ſpirit. Young fellows, in former days, uſed to be ſcouring

all over the town, nicking ſaſhes, ſweating porters, and knocking down watchmen, at hours when our milkſops are playing at cards with the ladies, or ſitting like ladies at a concert, from whence they tamely ſink into the inglorious effeminacy of a downbed, at an age when they ſhould lie moſt nights of their lives in a round-houſe.

Your humble ſervant,

DELIRUS.

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